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THE

QUEEN'S HIGHWAY

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MOUNT STEPHEN & KICKINGHORSE RIVER.

THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

BY

STUART CUMBERLAND, F.R.G.S.

CHEVALIER OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST, ETC.

AUTHOR OF 'BESUCHER AUS DEM JENSEITS' 'THE RABBI'S SPELL' ETC.

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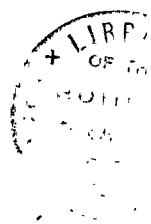
WITH NUMEROUS COLLOTYPE ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS



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LONDON

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CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET

1887

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TO

CANADA'S TRUEST FRIEND

THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T.

I Dedicate this Book

S. C.

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Chart of the World, showing new Route through Canada.

Map of the Dominion of Canada.

THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROVINCE OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN—THE ISLAND PORTION.

I. VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND.

FROM Her Majesty's dominions lying under the soft effulgence of the Southern Cross to those in the North Pacific is a long cry; but, with the opening of the new line (the Canadian Pacific) across Canada, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific, the Antipodes and the 'Province of the Midnight Sun'—British Columbia—will, in the immediate future, be brought nearer together by many days.

At present there is no direct communication between Australia and Canada, and we have to thank American enterprise for carrying us over the 7,000 miles which separate British possessions in the North and South Pacific. This consists of a monthly mail service between Sydney, N.S.W., and San Francisco,

the steamers stopping at Auckland, N.Z., the Samoan group (sometimes), and Honolulu *en route.*

The time occupied in making this trip is from twenty-four to twenty-five days.

On arriving at San Francisco, a weekly steamer —which, by the bye, you invariably miss by a day or so—takes you on to Victoria, Vancouver Island. There are two vessels, both of American build, running on this route: one, the *Queen of the Pacific*, is a fair ship; whilst the other, the *Mexico*, is a wooden tub, possessing neither speed nor comfort. It was my misfortune to journey by the latter.

The transcontinental railway, I learned, would be in working order in the early part of July; so I took the June mail from Sydney in order to be the first passenger to make the through journey from the Antipodes to England over the new route. I was not only, however, the first through passenger, but, I believe positively, the first person to go over the line of rail between the Pacific and the Atlantic in a journalistic sense, I having been commissioned by a syndicate of Australasian, Indian, and English newspapers to give a description of the country through which runs this new Queen's Highway.

In recording my travels I have earnestly sought to make our kinsfolk in the South Pacific more fully acquainted with the vast provinces and territories comprised in the Dominion of Canada; for I am con-

vinced that with the bringing of the Australasian colonies and Canada together not only will trade, to their common advantage, spring up between them, but the bonds of kinsmanship will be materially strengthened—which in these days of disunion and rumours of disunion must not be underrated.

I have also endeavoured to show India the advantages of this new line, which, failing the Suez Canal route, may in time of necessity be the only safe road by which she could have touch with Great Britain. An increased trade between the East Indies and Canada will, I also hope, arise from this closer communication.

I have also, in my letters to China and Japan, done all that I could to impress upon those countries the advantages to be derived from the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Commerce between this portion of Asia and the Dominion cannot fail to materially increase. Canada's products, such as timber, coal, skins, and oil, are in ever-increasing demand in those countries, whilst their teas are welcomed in the Dominion for home consumption or reshipment. Already traders have taken advantage of the new route, and tea ships from Asia are constantly arriving at Port Moody, the present terminus of the trans-continental railway.

'The Queen's Highway' is in no way a reprint of any newspaper letters, as they only form the basis

of the present work ; and in order to lend additional interest to the descriptions contained herein I have had the pages interspersed with numerous striking illustrations. Many of the pictures are from photographs exhibited in the Canadian Court at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, and kindly given me for the purpose of illustrating this book by Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada, to whom I am indebted for other kindnesses.

Many books have been written about Canada, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise especially having with pen and pencil done much towards making the country known ; but in 'The Queen's Highway' I shall, I think, be the first person to describe the country lying between the two oceans in a connected form.

. . . . . .

Coming north from the 'Golden City,' you sight Vancouver Island as soon as you round Cape Flattery.

Victoria, its chief town, lies in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and it is some sixty miles from the point of entrance. This strait divides the island from the mainland of the United States, Washington Territory. Further on it runs into an island-dotted sea, called Puget Sound. North of it commences the Strait of Georgia, and there ends the territory over which float the *Stars and Stripes*, and there begins the mainland of British Columbia, which, save where it is cut into

by Alaska—the land acquired by the United States of Russia—has a stretch northward of close upon 760 miles, where it finally loses itself in the weird loneliness of the Arctic Ocean.

This important province of British North America has an estimated area of 390,344 square miles, containing about 250,000,000 acres, in which limits are included Vancouver Island, the Queen Charlotte group, and about a thousand small islands adjacent thereto. The southern boundary of the province is in the 49th parallel, and its northern the 60th degree of north latitude. British Columbia, it will thus be seen, is greater than California, Oregon, and Washington Territory combined.

Looking eastward from the Strait of Georgia, if the eye could carry so far, it would rest upon nothing but British land for close upon 4,000 miles. It is through this vast tract of country, comprising timber limits of inexhaustible extent, mineral belts of untold wealth, and millions upon millions of corn-producing acres and rich grazing lands, that this new railway runs, serving to connect the Pacific with the Atlantic, and giving us the only highway we have to Asia and the Antipodes. From the moment the traveller arrives in Victoria until Liverpool is reached he will have been under no flag other than the British.

Victoria is not only the capital of Vancouver

Island, but it is the centre of government of the entire province. It contains a population of about 12,000, of which upwards of 3,000 are Mongolians. There is a tax upon the entrance of each Chinaman to the extent of $50; yet this does not appear to have a deterrent effect, as visitors from the Flowery Land are constantly arriving, and they pay their entrance fee with a bland resignation which is highly commendable. One and all of them appear to be doing very well. They have a quarter to themselves, and their houses are clean and well built. They are engaged in all kinds of manual labour, and nothing comes amiss to them, from tilling the soil or lumbering in the woods to doing the family washing or waiting at table.

Opinions are divided here, as elsewhere, as to whether the Chinese are a blessing or an injury; but at the present moment I, for my part, fail to see how the Europeans could do without them.

The principal feature of the Chinese quarter is the theatre, where are nightly performed portions of plays which drag their wearisome way for months before they are finally finished. With the plays of the Celestials it seems to be all 'act-drops' without 'curtain.' The English have just erected a very handsome theatre of their own, and it is by far the largest and best equipped temple of the Muses that I have seen in a town of its size in any part of the

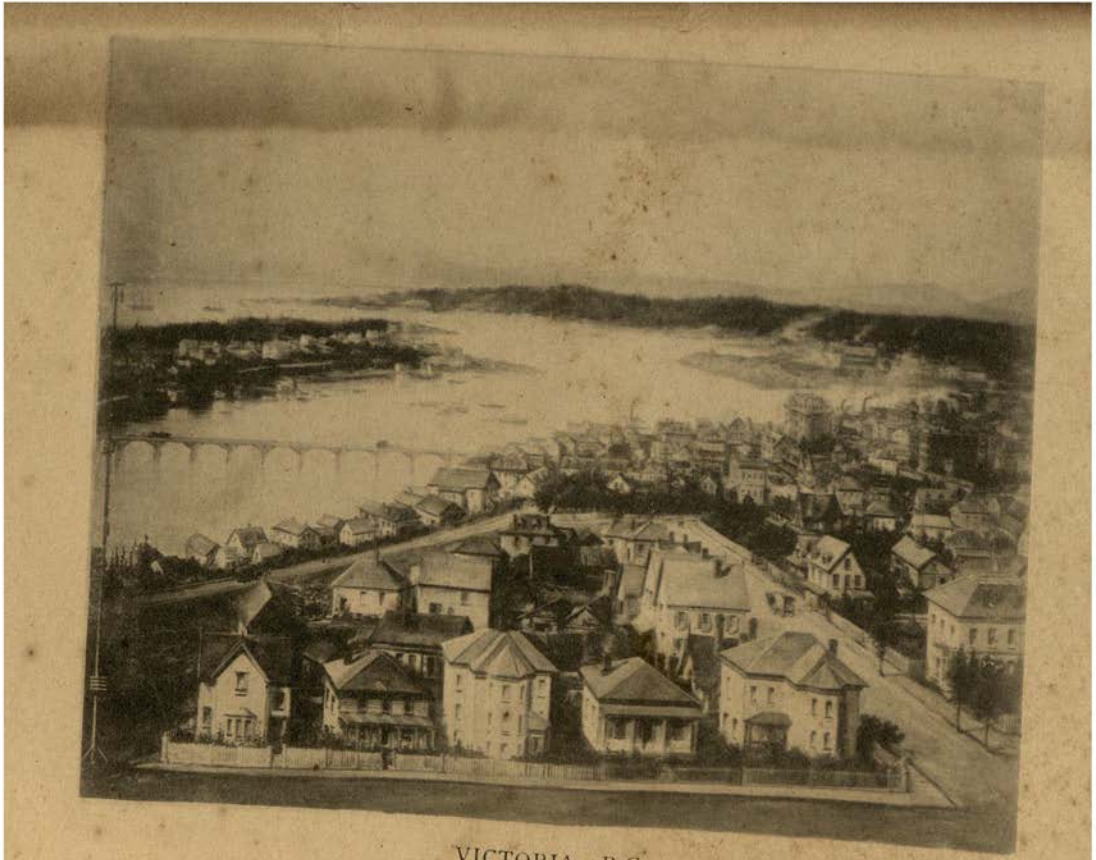
world. But then Victoria is big in its ideas, and promises to possess, ere long, imposing commercial houses, banks, churches, and other public buildings; and, in its general go-aheadness, it already has electricity to light up its streets. True, the Government buildings are not much; they are built in the Swiss style of architecture, and seen from across the river they look like so many dolls' houses. But very good laws are passed inside of them, and the inhabitants can get within their precincts all the justice they want. In this matter they are better situated than the people of the neighbouring State of California, who erect costly buildings in which to administer the law, only to find that the law is neither so well nor so justly administered in their marble halls as it is in Victoria's wooden courts.

In reference to the government of British Columbia, whilst the Provincial Government—whose head-quarters are in Victoria—has control over all local affairs, the Canadian Government regulates all matters connected with trade and navigation, the customs and excise, the administration of justice, militia and defence, and the postal service. The province is, at present, represented in the Dominion Parliament by three senators and six members of the House of Commons. Its own Legislature consists of a Lieutenant-Governor appointed by the Governor-General of Canada, an Executive Council of four

members, and a Legislative Assembly of twenty-five members, elected by the people for a term of four years. In practice the Executive Council holds office at the will of the Assembly.

Victoria is not a bustling place, neither is it sleepy; but there is an air of old-worldism, of quiet content about it, affording a striking contrast to the active towns I left behind me in Australia. The streets are neither very long nor very broad (the principal ones are Government Street and Yate Street), but the houses therein are in the main substantially built, whilst in various parts buildings of improved style and greater size are in the course of erection. The shops are well supplied, and London goods can be purchased for a slight advance upon London prices. There is a first-class hotel (Driard House), where, for twelve shillings a day, one can get much better accommodation than is afforded in many of the larger provincial towns in England. Although everything is reckoned by dollars, and the currency is American money, there is little of the Yankee element in Victoria. It is distinctly British, and the people are more in the habit of looking towards England than to Canada; indeed, many have never got over the bitterness engendered within them by the incorporation of British Columbia with the Dominion of Canada.

As in the case of the Great North-West, it was



VICTORIA, B.C.

the Hudson's Bay Company who first brought this place in commercial touch with Europe. From a mere fort of the Company's has sprung the present city, which, with its railway and shipping connections, promises finally to become one of the most important ports in the North Pacific. The harbour of Victoria, whilst it is of considerable extent, does not in its natural state afford accommodation for vessels drawing more than 18 feet of water; but Esquimault (which I shall deal specially with in another chapter), although it is some 3½ miles distant, will ere long be part and parcel of Victoria; and it possesses a magnificent harbour, capable of containing vessels of almost any draught. Esquimault, it is asserted, will in the immediate future be a naval depôt of the highest importance, and already a scheme is in hand for the fortifying and defending of the harbour and its approaches. But of this in another place.

Victoria, from the time that the consolidated Hudson's Bay Company founded its trading ports in these regions, became the general supply point. This was in 1843, and the Company named the stockade, where stands the present block, Fort Victoria, in honour of her Majesty the Queen. Then the trade of the entire country was almost exclusively in furs, and the route taken by the ships engaged in this trade was round Cape Horn; so that the island was separated from the mother country by nearly 20,000

miles of water. The journey was then one of months, now it is one of days. With the present connection, and at the present rate of speed, the distance between Liverpool and Victoria can be readily encompassed within fourteen or fifteen days. Outside of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships very few vessels touched at either Victoria or the mainland, and life for the early settlers must, under such circumstances, have been dreary in the extreme. In 1856 a gold craze swept over these parts, gold having been discovered on the mainland, on the Columbia and Fraser Rivers. Speculators and experts, vagabonds and idlers, rushed in their thousands to Fort Victoria, as the centre from which they could eventually depart in their search for the precious metal. At one time it was estimated that there were, consequent upon this rush, not less than 30,000 people encamped in the neighbourhood. It was, I believe, chiefly owing to the firmness displayed by Sir James Douglas, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Victoria, that lawlessness was kept under, and the rabble did not attempt to serve the fort as the Barbarians and mercenaries served ancient Carthage.

Whilst gold was discovered in considerable quantities, it by no means panned out so well as was expected, and the wave of excitement gradually subsided. Of thousands who had rushed in search of fortune, the greater part returned in poverty.

Several hundreds remained behind, some in possession of wealth, others in the search for it. The craze, however, was the chief means of making the colony known, and it in a measure caused Victoria and other towns on the Columbia and Fraser to be built up. Gold is still found in the neighbourhood of these rivers, some of the old claims being even yet worked at a profit.

It was in 1849, some seven years previously to this, that Vancouver Island was constituted a Crown colony; whilst two years later, in 1858, the mainland, the paradise of the Indian fur-hunter, was also made a colony with the name of British Columbia. It had previously gone by several names, the chief one being New Georgia, a title bestowed upon it by the explorer, Captain George Vancouver. At that time Vancouver and British Columbia were separate colonies, but in 1866 they were united, and so they remained till 1871, when they were incorporated in the Dominion of Canada. In thus forfeiting its independence the colony received certain handsome concessions from the Dominion Government, one of the chief conditions being that a railway should be built opening up the country from the Rocky Mountains to the sea. After several delays this promise has been fulfilled, and British Columbia is now as much an integral portion of Canada as are the Upper and Lower Provinces.

The island of Vancouver is oblong in shape, extending north-westwardly parallel with the mainland, from which it is separated by the island-dotted channel of the Gulf of Georgia, a distance of close upon 300 miles. It has a varying width of from thirty to fifty miles, and its area is estimated at 12,000 square miles. Whilst being densely timbered, much of this land is altogether unsuitable for cultivation, and would not pay for the clearing. The timber, however, is in places very large and sound, and lumbering industries cannot fail to be remunerative for many years to come. The interior of the island is generally mountainous, some of the peaks attaining an altitude of from 6,000 to 9,000 feet. There is but very little level land in any part of the island, and, so far as is yet known, the arable tracts are principally confined to the extreme south-eastern portion. I am, however, assured that there is some fairly level land at the extreme north which would repay the agriculturist. But the good land is in patches—here and there, between the forks of rivers and between the mountains and the water, and in no part is it sufficient to warrant agricultural operations upon an extensive scale. A great—the greater part, in fact, of the country is unknown. The interior of the island is still a *terra incognita*, and, save in and about the coast, there are neither roads nor settlements. Victoria, Esquimault, and Nanimo, the great coal centre, are the only

places of note. About midway between Victoria and Nanimo there is a small agricultural settlement called Cowichan; and on the same east coast, engaged in similar undertakings, are Maple Bay, Chimainus, and Somenos. Saanich is at the extreme south-east; whilst Comox, a logging centre, is sixty miles further north than Nanimo. What land there is is good, and anything will grow on it. With the draining of the marshes, of which there is no end, rich pasturage will be afforded, and the island should have no equal in the matter of hay-producing.

The climate of Vancouver Island is, to my thinking, the most delightful in the world. There is a certain balminess about the air which at once creates contentment; and one speedily arrives at the laudable condition of being at peace with all mankind. In summer—and I speak from experience—it is never too hot; and the winters, I am assured, are never too cold. True, rain falls somewhat heavily in the autumn, but winter brings with it little frost and less snow. Sometimes the inhabitants get a fortnight's sleighing or an equal amount of skating, but the winter in such case will have been exceptional. Flowers bloom and flourish in the Victorian gardens all the year round. The whole island is Flora's paradise.

Sweet old-fashioned English flowers abound in profusion, keeping the settlers, in memory at least,

in touch with the mother country beyond the seas.

There are beautiful drives around Victoria, and the roads are excellent. There is the scent of wild flowers about everywhere as the team spanks along the macadamised roads. A few late dog-roses peep from out of the hedges, exhaling a delicate perfume, which eventually gets lost in the overpowering odours of the trailing honeysuckle, which is in extraordinary abundance. Here there are natural hedges of it, whilst there its waxen petals are beating out their perfume on the trunk of an oak as the soft July wind fans them up and down.

Ferns are in countless profusion. The banks are a quivering mass of them, whilst they nod like plumes from the crests of moss-grown stones. In some places they burst like tufts of waving hair from the sides of monster trees, or hang like curling feathers from the lower branches. There are water-ferns and rock-ferns, wood-ferns and tree-ferns; some coarse and vulgar, others delicate and well-bred, all forming one great family of healthy, flourishing, well-to-do plants.

Most of the larger trees have already fallen by the woodman's axe, but there are still a few left within the city limits sufficient to give you an idea of the timber wealth of the island. They are in great variety—hemlocks, cedars, maples and firs, oaks and

dogwood, and the evergreen arbutus, which is heavier than oak, and resembles box in its grain. In the copses grow the wild cherry and prickly raspberry, and trailing over the rocky banks are the blueberry and blackberry ; in the swamps is to be found a species of gooseberry, and the hedges are often red with raspberries, or purple and white with varieties of wild currants.

Singing birds are scarce, but game is plentiful. Grouse rise up from beneath your feet at almost every step you take in the woods, and not infrequently cross the road just in front of your horse's nose when you are out driving. Deer and mountain goats are in plenty within a short distance of the town. Fishing, for those who care for it, can be had anywhere.

The views afforded by a drive along the coast roads are simply exquisite. Between the pines, little lakes sparkle and ripple in the sun, whilst frogs croak amongst the browning rushes, or a fish splashes suddenly upwards in chase of a gaudy fly which has been temptingly skimming the surface of the water. A duck, with shining blue wings, may whirl from out of the lily leaves with a hoarse note of alarm, or a water-fowl duck his black head in fear beneath the water. To the right is an Indian camp, and the blue smoke rises high above the top of the tallest cedar in curling, lingering columns, whilst the air is odorous with burning pine fumes. As the team mounts a hill

higher than the others, one can look down in the valleys. A green expanse strikes the eye, although here and there a streak of blue denotes the existence of a stream, and the patches of red glowing in the sunlight speak of habitations. At this point one unconsciously draws in the pure air, and invigorated thereby continues to open one's mouth the wider—this consciously, of course. The resinous perfume of the firs tickles one's nostrils, and one sniffs and sniffs as if it were impossible to have enough. A feeling of exhilaration creeps over one, and all the petty troubles and worries of everyday existence are momentarily forgotten. As the horses descend, the way leads through some scrubby timber, such as dwarf spruce and bark-shedding arbutus ; we are approaching the shore. The stones rattle from the rocks on either side, and the sand flies up in stinging clouds from beneath the horses' hoofs. Round the race-course we speed, and then down to the pebble-strewn beach, where break the white-crested waves of the Pacific. The gulls and other white and black plumaged sea-birds are spreading their wings in the sun or are diving after fish. An Indian is mending his nets, and a Chinaman is collecting mussels from off the rocks, the haunts of the ghastly octopi. Some children are bathing close inshore ; the water is not deep, but the bathers are fearful of venturing out too far because of the devil-fish. Some half-breeds are

propelling a canoe, which is fantastic with carved emblems and gaudy with colour; and spread over the surface of the water are frail sail-boats.

There is no coast in the world which affords such facilities for safe boating as does Vancouver Island. Everywhere the land seems to run out in forks as if to enfold the water; and the water, nothing loth, rushes into the land's embrace and nestles there, wearing away the soil into placid blue basins. Some waves more daring than the others rush still further onward, piercing a way into the interior, creating numerous little inner seas, which afford safe boating at all times. The same thing occurs on the mainland, and there is no doubt of the coast-line being the most wonderful in the world. It was this peculiarity of bay-indented shores and tortuous inlets which so struck the Earl of Dufferin when he paid a visit to British Columbia in his capacity as Governor-General. In a speech delivered in Victoria his Excellency said, with regard to this matter, 'Such a spectacle as its coast-line presents is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day, for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories, and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at

every turn an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. When it is remembered that this wonderful system of navigation, equally well adapted to the largest line-of-battle ship and the frailest canoe, fringes the entire seaboard of your province, and communicates at points, sometimes more than a hundred miles from the coast, with a multitude of valleys stretching eastward into the interior, while at the same time it is furnished with innumerable harbours on either hand, one is lost in admiration at the facilities for intercommunication which are thus provided for the future inhabitants of this wonderful region.'

For a long time Vancouver Island was thought to be part and parcel of the mainland, and the early Spanish and English explorers designated it as such. It was, I believe, Vancouver himself who, in 1792, cleared up the matter by exploring Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia. Just previously to this the Spanish had taken possession of a small English settlement at Nootka Sound, on the west coast of the island, and held it in the name of their sovereign. This act almost precipitated a war between the two countries. An understanding was, however, eventually arrived at; and in a treaty, signed in 1790, Spain undertook to vacate Nootka Sound, without prejudice to what she considered to be her general

rights in the region. On the arrival of Captain Vancouver two years later, Don Bodega y Quadra, acting commissioner for Spain under the treaty, surrendered the post of Nootka Sound to him.

One can well understand how the early navigators were united in the matter of imagining Vancouver Island to be a part of the mainland, as in parts chains of small islands almost connect the two; and, in the original survey of the transcontinental railway, it was intended to carry the railway over one of these chains on to the island. This scheme being found to be impracticable was eventually abandoned, and the railway was built some distance further south, with a terminus at Burrard's Inlet, distant upwards of sixty miles from Victoria.

So that, instead of there being a complete line of rail from the British Columbian capital to the far east, there are these miles of sea to be got over before one strikes the iron highway. It is in order to lessen the water distance that Mr. Dunsmuir (the British Columbian millionaire) has built a railroad along the coast from Victoria to Nanimo, a distance of ninety miles, leaving only some seventeen miles to be got over by steamer. This will be a distinct advantage to winter traffic. Mr. Dunsmuir—who, by the bye, is not only absolutely without 'side,' but is the most obliging millionaire I have ever had the pleasure of meeting—was good enough to place at my disposal

a special train, in order that I might go over the track as far as it was then constructed. At that time no portion of it was open to traffic; but it is now, I believe, in working order, and available for the public. The line goes through some charming scenery. The train glides in and out of the woods, giving you a glimpse of the sea as you go along, or winds its way wearily round the purple hills. At one moment you are many feet above the sea, in another you are almost on the same level as the waves. Up and down, in and out you go, yet the grading is never dangerous, and the views are ever enchanting. I had a seat on an open platform in front of the engine, and at first a nervous shivering came over me as the engine pushed us along. As we went downhill I thought that the chair upon which I was sitting must slide off, leaving a mass of unrecognisableness upon the rocks below; or that as we toiled uphill the stool must fall backwards, passing me under the wheels of the tender. The position was a novel one, but I very soon got used to it, and from my point of vantage I could take in everything there was to be seen.

Whilst there is a great deal of bridging on this line there is but very little tunnelling; indeed, I do not think there is more than one tunnel of importance along its whole length. The country *en route* was wild in the extreme, there being scarcely a sign of cultivation. But the soil was anything but

generous. Much of it was rank clay, whilst large portions of the high ground consisted almost entirely of gravel. Here and there were patches of ground with a thick topsoil of decayed vegetable matter, but the country generally was nothing more than picturesquely barren. Picturesque it was, without doubt; and as one ran along the side of a mountain, with the blue sea below sparkling and gently foaming over its bed of many-coloured stones, and the dark setting of firs behind, the scene was little short of the sublime.

On several occasions startled deer dashed hastily over the iron rails or watched us curiously from their leafy fastnesses as we rushed past. Mingling with the fresh salt breezes from the sea were the pungent odours of resin-yielding pines, the fainter scents of wild-flowers, and the somewhat sickly smells of ripening berries. A supreme silence reigned, alone broken by the puffing of the engine, or the dull boom of the blasters at work in the distance. The air was intoxicating, and, leaning back in my seat in meditative peacefulness, I drank my fill.

In the fulness of time country residences of the rich of Victoria will dot the valleys or nestle amongst the hills along the line of rail, and the inhabitants of the city will make these views common property with their cheap excursions and picnic parties. As yet, no part of the country through which I passed had

been vulgarised by man ; in fact, outside of those engaged in the construction of the railway, neither forest nor valley had known the presence of any living person.

It is not for the purpose of affording pleasure resorts for the people of Victoria that the line has been built, although naturally its promoters are anxious to secure sufficient public patronage to make it a paying concern; but in order, firstly, that there should be a direct highway to the coal mines at Nanimo ; and secondly, that the agricultural country —and there is, I understand, some very good land further on towards Nanimo—should be opened up for settlement. As Esquimault is to be developed into a first-class naval station, this bringing of the coal centres into direct connection with it will be of the highest advantage to it.

Nanimo is a town of about 4,000 inhabitants, and on account of the wealth of its coal deposits it is in a flourishing condition. Mr. Dunsmuir is the great man of the place; he is the owner of the principal coal mines in the district. Nanimo possesses in Departure Bay a harbour capable of containing the largest ships. Vessels trading in these waters invariably coal there, as the coal is superior to any other found on the Pacific coast. It is bituminous, and very large quantities are shipped to San Francisco and other American ports, as well as to the

Sandwich Islands and Asia. The value of such coal supplies to the British squadron in the Pacific is naturally incalculable. The coal-fields are said to be of immense extent, reaching in one direction over 100 miles. Coal, I should add, is not confined to Nanimo, as rocks of the tertiary age containing lignite occur at Sooke, and at various points on the south-east coast.

There are but very few Indians in the immediate vicinity of Victoria, disease and the advance of civilisation having combined to dispose of them. A small tribe of, I believe, Timpseans still occupy a reservation across an arm of the sea opposite the city. Desiring to make their personal acquaintance, I hired a boat of a half-caste, who pulled me to the opposite shore.

From him I could gain no sort of information, for whilst brown in skin he was, he said, white at heart. It is curious how all half-castes renounce their mother's folk and only claim kindred with their father's race. This stain of white blood to them brings with it nothing of shame ; on the contrary, they are proud of their bastardy, and they glory in the extra readiness with which they pick up the white man's vices. The red man, no matter how pure-blooded he may be, is but a poor creature in their eyes ; for to be quite red is to shiver in rags in the forests or on a barren reservation, and in his

ignorance killing himself with poisonous fire-water, all for the want of knowing what to take and how to take it; whilst to have a dash of white blood in one's veins is to live in the warmth of the cities, to wear serviceable cast-off European clothes, and, above all, to know how to mix drinks, and what spirits make the best mixture.

On landing at the foot of the hill where stood the native encampment, several lean and hungry dogs, with wolfish heads and bushy tails, came out and sniffed the air. Immediately after, they set up a chorus, but whether of welcome or defiance I could not at the moment determine. I am not at any time particularly fond of strange dogs in out-of-the-way places, especially when such places are the legitimate homes of the dogs; and I invariably fight shy of intruding myself on their privacy.

On this occasion I firmly grasped my stick, and paused—I had almost written retreated—until I should have assured myself as to the actual intentions of the furry-coated brutes who held guard over the reservation. Indian dogs are not benevolent-looking animals, and their general appearance is not such as to inspire confidence at first sight. They have a horrid habit of hanging out their tongues and rolling their eyes in a fine frenzy, as if their leading ambition in life was to make a summary meal of the trembling paleface. Their wolfish origin betrays itself in every

movement; and, however much one likes to sit behind them in a sledge whilst they wildly career over the snow, one certainly has good reason for fighting shy of them when they are out of harness and their appetites are keen.

After hesitating awhile I determined upon advancing. At this, a long, uncouth, yellow brute—yellow dogs, by the bye, are always the worst—approached several paces nearer me and commenced growling. What a cold that dog appeared to have! and how hoarse his growl seemed! never before do I remember having fallen in with a canine with such a deep bass voice. I shook my stick at him, and he, by way of response, showed his big yellow fangs and coughed out a growl. I picked up a stone and flung it with all my force. My aim is generally good, but on this occasion it fell wide of the mark. My foe was evidently used to this method of attack. During this contest the rest of the dogs remained perfectly passive, as if awaiting events. The big yellow dog was evidently the cock of the walk, and had been told off to do duty for them. They seemed fearful of exciting his wrath, and they yelped approval every time he succeeded in dodging the stone, whilst they equally showed admiration for my skill by indiscriminately scattering every time I jerked a stone in their direction.

Whilst I was stooping to pick up a piece of rough

rock, with the avowed intention of smashing my assailant at one desperate blow, a loud and terrific yell sounded above me, and a moment later the big yellow dog was speeding towards a shed with his tail between his legs, and a bend in his back as if something heavy had fallen across it. Of the other dogs there was not a vestige ; instead, smiling blandly from his position, was a dusky-faced Indian. In his hand he held a canoe paddle, which amply accounted for the yellow dog's discomfiture.

'Him bad dog,' said the brave, with an emphatic grunt ; 'him cost white man much fire-water.'

I looked quickly at him, expecting to discover some expression of humour, but his face was gravity itself.

The feat of disposing of the said dog was certainly worth something, so I threw him a 'short-bit,' and in a twinkling he had disappeared with it.

I am convinced that this dog was a source of income to its owner, for on another occasion it attacked me in a precisely similar manner ; but this time I felt certain that its master was in hiding close by, so I called out to him, and, on his approach, the whole tribe of canines retreated as before.

The coast now being clear, I approached the dwelling-houses of the 'noble red man.' For filth and squalor commend me to the Indians of this reservation. Their houses were like so many cow-

sheds, and the people were stalled off in compartments much after the fashion of cows. The atmosphere of these rooms was by no means savoury, and the general appearance of them was such as to impress the casual visitor with the idea that insect powders were in this encampment unknown quantities. These houses had neither the picturesqueness of the wigwam nor its utility; and the clothes they wore were altogether unsuited for their requirements.

Most of the women were hideously ugly, whilst the men looked dirty and utterly debased.

In one shed I, however, came across a young squaw of singular beauty. Her type, curiously enough, was almost pure Grecian. It was a face such as I had seen in Athens and in Alexandria. Her eyes were very soft and large, and there was a sweet shyness about them which made her doubly attractive.

She was very young, but in her arms she carried a 'papoose'—her 'papoose.' It was a bright-eyed little fellow, seemingly half starved, and his hunger apparently gave additional shrillness to his voice.

A 'bit' silenced him.

The young squaw could not speak a word of English, and all the time I was there she hung her head in seeming shyness.

Presently we were joined by her father, a noisy old ruffian. He had evidently been making

himself acquainted with 'fire-water' from an early hour that day, for he reeled and danced in a manner which, although not lacking in novelty, was certainly wanting in decency.

It was he who did the honours of the house, and after asking me to take a seat—where seat there was none—he tried his blandishments on me for the purpose of obtaining two 'bits' with which to purchase 'fire-water.'

But I remained obdurate.

Then he sang in an unknown tongue, and danced a frantic accompaniment. I did not understand a word he said, but the burden of his song was evidently 'fire-water.' His breath whispered whisky, and his glaring eye and the frenzied action of his hands spoke it as clearly as words.

There was no mistaking his meaning.

I advised him to take a rest, but he professed not to understand me. Suddenly he stopped in the course of his double-shuffle, which did duty for a war dance, and, resting his hand upon my shoulder, pleaded in his native tongue for 'two bits.' This was the only English he knew, and the knowledge of what they would procure lent additional eloquence to his expression of them. Thinking, however, that he had had 'bits' enough for the one day, I declined to administer to his wants, and he eventually disappeared, consoling himself with an ancient black

pipe, looking, when I next saw him, the picture of thirsty misery.

At this moment there came in the mother-in-law and brother-in-law of the youthful wife. The former was simply hideous. She was fat—very, and seemingly without proportion; her hair, beyond being greased, showed no signs of having been attended to for goodness knows how long; whilst the natural yellowness of her skin was almost hidden by incrustations of dirt. When young, many of the Indian women are remarkably handsome—and I am not the first traveller who has been struck by the classical features of some of them—but they age very quickly; at forty, and often at thirty, they not infrequently are simply withered-up or shapeless hags. Under better treatment, and under more favourable conditions, they would in great measure, I feel certain, retain their good looks. The half-castes are, as a rule, finer featured; and the women, when they do not too readily adopt the paleface's vices, retain their good looks much longer than do the pure-blooded squaws.

The brother-in-law spoke English, such as it was, and what there was of it was chiefly made up of Americanisms picked up whilst at work in Washington Territory.

'Is it usual,' I asked the young buck, 'for that old chief to be in such a condition?'

'I guess' (and the Yankee accent came out strongly) 'him drink spirits every time him get 'em.'

'And you?'

'I guess me drink too. Spirits him good—rum him good—whisky him good—beer him good—him all very fine, and "two bits" him buy plenty, lot, good fire-water;' and he checked off on his fingers the various intoxicants enumerated.

Then he gave me the customary 'two bits' look, but I was blind to his suggestions and continued the conversation.

'And the squaw?' I asked, quite confident that she in her bashful simplicity knew nothing of the red man's curse.

'Them all drink. She' (indicating the lady with the Greek profile) 'very good drinker. Before she marry my brother she drink plenty much. Now my brother he drink for her. Him very good drinker too, and he beat squaw when she drink. Her very much licked,' he continued as he beat time with his hand upon a bench, as if he too would like some female property to chastise.

I learnt from him that wives were acquired by purchase, and that no religious ceremony accompanied the transaction. When the contracting parties could afford it they made it the occasion for a magnificent gorge, in which—so far as the funds would allow—they indiscriminately partook of both solids and

liquids. Your Indian loves a big feast, and he will eat in a single night a month's provisions, continuing lean and hungry the remaining 27 days in blissful remembrance of the feed he has had, and in joyful anticipation of a similar one to come.

The bepainted brave does not woo the dusky maiden of his choice after the fashion of Longfellow's and Fenimore Cooper's mythical heroes. When he wants a wife, he looks around him and makes his selection. Perhaps he may honour her by informing her of his choice, but her opinion is never asked. Having made up his mind, he repairs to the wigwam of the parents of the 'intended,' and proceeds to barter for her. If they come to terms, the lady is his; if they don't, she is for the man who will bid higher than the original visitor.

The price paid for a wife—whose looks have, I believe, no sort of monetary value—much depends upon the wealth of the bridegroom and the neediness of the bride's parents.

Some squaws, as a matter of course, go dirt cheap, whilst others fetch high and even exorbitant prices.

When guns were first introduced into Canada, the lucky possessor could procure with such a weapon a wife for each barrel; and the sternest parents, before they became *blasé* by the use of too much alcohol, would gladly sell their daughters for a mere sip at a spirit-bottle.

The young squaw in front of me was, I understood, a high-priced one. She cost her proud possessor ninety dollars and two boxes of biscuits. At that time her father was not addicted to drink, but now that he has developed a taste for 'fire-water,' bad blood has sprung up between him and his son-in-law, as he feels that the latter ought to have anticipated this development of taste, and have supplemented the biscuits with a bottle of rum.

Later on, when I saw the husband himself, he asked me what I would give him for his wife and 'papoose'—the two as a saleable commodity were inseparable.

I assured him that I had no intention of robbing him of such treasures.

'Give me two hundred dollars and one bottle of whisky, and you have both.'

'Him very good squaw, him very good papoose,' he hastened to add as I shook my head deprecatingly.

Then he commenced to bargain, as he found I was obdurate.

He would take a hundred and fifty dollars and two bottles of whisky; he would accept a hundred and fifty and my trousers—payable at once, no credit being allowed; he would be content with a hundred and twenty, a bottle of whisky, and one pound of tobacco. Finally, he came down to one hundred dol-

lars, a bottle of whisky, and a bottle of beer, where he stopped.

I assured him over and over again that I had no intention of carrying away either his squaw or her 'papoose;' that I had no place for them, and that I was a married man, and had no desire to acquire another wife.

At this he commenced to upbraid me. Why had I inquired about her if I did not want her? Why did I say she was beautiful if I had not meant it? And, finally, why did I give the 'papoose' a 'bit' if I had not in mind the idea of gaining his affection?

He was evidently much hurt, and, as I was proceeding to leave him, he asked me if I was blind, that I could not see that his wife had improved several dollars since he had purchased her.

I don't think he was particularly anxious to get rid of his wife, but he thought he saw an opportunity of making a few dollars upon the original transaction, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted.

Although these people's marriages are not encumbered with social and religious preliminaries, they are fairly moral, the stick being freely used as a deterrent; and the wife or daughter who becomes unchaste is very severely maltreated.

So far as I could judge, the majority of the tribe possessed no religion. Some of them had been

taken in hand by Roman Catholic or Church of England missionaries, but they appeared to have practically lapsed into their original heathenism.

They mainly believed in nothing. The God of the palefaces was unknown to them, and the 'Great Spirit' which their forefathers worshipped seemed to have no place in their thoughts. I don't think they for a moment troubled themselves about a future state, and I should say that they were not particularly anxious to join the shades of their ancestors in those happy hunting-grounds where life was one eternal holiday. To the great Hereafter they did not give a moment's consideration. The present alone exercised them. It was sufficient for them to secure the daily meal, to grow their vegetables and corn, and to cast their nets for fish. If religion could not increase their provender in this world, and secure them from labour in the next, then they would have none of it. This, so far as I could glean, appeared to be the view they held.

The new 'island railway' cuts through a portion of this Indian reservation, but the land so occupied will have to be paid for by the company. This money, in order to avoid wanton waste and reckless dissipation, does not, however, go direct to the tribe, but it is paid over to what is called the 'Indian Fund,' which fund now amounts to over three million dollars, the Government taking charge of the members of the

tribe the while. When a tribe show themselves competent to manage their own affairs the Government release them as wards of the country, and give into their own keeping the moneys obtained from the sale of their lands.

Sir John Macdonald, Canada's veteran Premier, arrived in Victoria whilst I was there, and he was accorded a magnificent reception. The people turned out in thousands, Indians and Mongolians swelling the throng. There was a torchlight procession from the landing-stage to the Driard House, a palatial hotel where Sir John and Lady Macdonald put up, and a band of music played inspiriting airs whilst the mob shouted and added to the heartiness of the welcome. This was the first time Sir John Macdonald had visited the Pacific side of Canada.

'I shall only come,' he had said, 'when the through railway Government has promised you shall have been completed, so that I can myself tell you that our promises have been fulfilled.'

At this his political enemies in British Columbia had sneered, and, in their unbelief, mockingly pointed out that the Premier would never visit Victoria, as the promised railway would never be completed; and that it was a suicidal act for the Province of the Midnight Sun to have entered into confederation with the Dominion of Canada, which had misled them with delusive promises—the through railway scheme

being one of them—which they had neither the wish nor the ability to perform.

One can, considering these circumstances, understand the Canadian Premier's pride at the reception accorded him by a thankful populace; and when I went down to welcome him on landing, he seemed to me in his enthusiasm to be years younger than when I had last seen him in Ottawa three years previously.

At one time the opponents of the national policy inaugurated by Sir John Macdonald were strongly opposed to the scheme which should connect Canada with the Pacific by way of British Columbia. The leader of the opposition picturesquely, but inaccurately, described the province as a useless 'sea of mountains;' and he and his party—for, strange to say, in every country there can be found an anti-national party—wished the proposed transcontinental railway to end, so far as Canada was concerned, at the Rockies, there connecting with the railway systems of the United States, and through them reach the Pacific. In such case British Columbia would have been almost as completely cut off from the rest of Canada as she was in the Hudson's Bay Company's days; and we should have been without the present Queen's Highway stretching from ocean to ocean.

It was this isolation of the past which prevented British Columbia from becoming generally known

to the mother-country, which persisted in looking upon the province as an ice-bound, fog-begirt land, given up to warlike Indians, and overrun with savage animals. On the contrary, the climate generally is admirable, and Vancouver's Isle is a veritable Garden of Eden, only there is room in it for more than one couple.

II. THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE GROUP.

I have already pointed out that contained in the estimated area of British Columbia are numerous islands, and in the course of the following pages I purpose giving a brief description of some of them.

As will be seen by the map, from the head of Vancouver Island to the southern extremity of Alaska, the British Columbian coast presents the same indented and tortuous line, flanked by innumerable islands, though without the great outlying land, except in the extreme north, where the Queen Charlotte group shelters for several miles the minor islands which fringe the coast.

The chief industry in this region is fishing, in which Indians are almost solely engaged. Lumbering, as the forests are of great thickness, is also carried on somewhat extensively.

Although so far north, the climate is remarkably mild, the region being still within the warming in-

fluence of the Kuro-Siwo, or Japanese current. The thermometer in the southern portion never, I believe, falls below zero, and but seldom does so in the extreme northern end.

On the other hand, the rainfall is very great, and the climate is consequently extremely humid.

The first settlements one comes across in going north are at Rivers Inlet. There is a small village, called Weekeeno, at its head, and on the inlet itself there are two salmon canneries and a saw-mill. Bella Coola and Bella Bella are Hudson's Bay Company's ports, and the former was the landing-place for the once prosperous Cariboo mines. There is some very good agricultural land on the Bella Coola River, and the Indians who cultivate it seem to be doing very well. Bella Bella is about 400 miles north of Victoria. The Indians are somewhat numerous in these parts, there being fully 500 of them contained in the three villages one sees from the vessel. Although Skeena River is not so prolific in salmon as the Fraser, it supports three canneries, and the fishermen say that the shadows of the fish do not materially lessen.

Sixteen miles beyond the mouth of the Skeena is the missionary settlement of Metlakahtla; it lies on the Tsimpsheean peninsula, and is the largest station of the kind on the coast. Upwards of 1,000 Tsimpsheean Indians are there gathered within the folds of

Christianity, being taught many useful mechanical arts. The women weave woollen fabrics, and idleness with either sex is unknown. Here, at least, the missionaries have done and are doing excellent work. On the north-west end of the same peninsula, some fifteen miles beyond Metlakahtla, is Fort Simpson, another Hudson's Bay port. It is separated from Alaska territory by the channel of the Portland Inlet. Fort Simpson possesses one of the finest harbours in British Columbia. In addition to its importance as a depôt of the fur company, there is a Methodist mission, and upwards of 800 Indians engaged in the fisheries have a home there. The Nass River is a perfect gold mine to the dusky fishermen, it being the greatest known resort of the oolachan, a fish of the sardine type. The mouth of this river is about 40 miles up the Portland Channel, and further up its bed gold is, I understand, found in small quantities.

The Queen Charlotte group, situated between 52° and 54° north latitude, and 130° 25′ and 134° west longitude, are, next to Vancouver, the principal islands appertaining to British Columbia. They are three in number—Graham, Moresby, and Provost—and are about 170 miles long and 100 wide. The upper end of this group lies nearly opposite the southern extremity of Alaska. The interior of these islands is very mountainous, and the quantity of arable land is very limited. No doubt many of the

marshes which they contain would, if drained, afford excellent pasturage, but it is questionable if it would be worth while to drain them. The soil is certainly not rich, the surface of the earth being covered in many places with sphagnous moss several feet in depth, and saturated with water even on steep slopes. I am told that the mineral resources of these islands are considerable, although the exploring parties sent out by the Government do not appear to have made any striking finds of metals. As gold, however, is being found in large quantities in Alaska, I see no reason why the precious metal should be entirely absent from the Queen Charlotte group.

At Skidegate, on Graham Island, a company is extensively engaged in producing dog-fish oil. This is about the only industry on the islands. The Hydah Indians are skilful catchers of dog-fish ; and long before the Skidegate Oil Company established its works, they used, for their own purposes, to extract oil from the livers of the fish. Their method of extraction was crude and by no means cleanly. It consisted of filling hollow logs with fish livers, and piling hot stones on them. Dog-fish oil is principally used for lubricating purposes. From the oolachan the natives not only extract food-grease, but they use the fish when dried as candles, they being extremely oily and well adapted for such purposes.

It is, in fact, somewhat difficult to tell, when a Hydah takes up a handful of these small fish—they are seldom longer than seven inches—whether he purposes using them for food or for lights. Sometimes he will do both, and, after devouring the unlighted ones, will turn with unexpected eagerness upon the lighted 'dips,' leaving you suddenly in utter darkness. It is an amusing sight to watch the vagrant dogs gazing wistfully at the tasty food burning brightly before their eyes, or to see them sidle up to one of the candles, and, after knocking it down with their tails, seize it boldly and make tracks for the open air, followed by the anathemas of their irate master.

For medicinal purposes oolachan oil is said to be vastly superior to cod liver oil. Personally I can give no opinion on this matter, not having attempted to distinguish the difference, medicinally or otherwise, between the equally nauseating liquids. Such oils are an acquired taste, and those who have succeeded in mastering their original repugnance in the matter are quite at liberty to taste the rival oils and give their decision thereon.

The Queen Charlotte Islands are inhabited solely by Hydah Indians, of whom there are about seven hundred. These Indians are undoubtedly of Asiatic origin. Their features, tattooing, carvings, and legends indicate that they are castaways from Eastern Asia. They are physically and intellectually superior to any of

the north coast Indians, and their language is different in its structure from that of the T'linkets, clearly denoting a different origin. Their complexions are lighter, and they have higher foreheads and altogether finer features than any other North American Indians.

The Hydahs were at one time a great naval power, and consequently the terror of all neighbouring tribes. In addition to being skilful in the management of canoes, they were a most warlike people, and they made predatory excursions as far south as the Fraser, sacking and burning river-side and coast-lying villages by the way. The more peaceful Timpseans of Vancouver Island were in constant dread of them, and they, in order to make their houses safer against the periodical attacks of the Queen Charlotte Islanders, erected substantial stockades around their villages. Even the Hudson's Bay authorities in these parts were in constant dread of them. But now their power has departed; contact with civilisation has been too much for them, and those who do not succumb to the white man's vices become the white man's servants at a very reasonable sum per diem.

Massett, on the north shore of Graham Island, at the entrance to Massett Inlet, is the ancient capital of the Hydah nation. It was from this port that the fleet of war canoes—each canoe containing from forty to fifty warriors—used to set out in the tribe's expeditions against the enemy. It is said that Massett

in the height of its glory contained upwards of one thousand braves, but now there are not more than two hundred and fifty people in the place, all told. Canoe making is still actively carried on at Massett, and it is there that the best canoes in the whole region are made, the builders doing a brisk trade in them with the various coast tribes. Massett has been described as the 'abode of the aristocracy of Hydah land,' as the leading chiefs—who have but little now remaining except their titles—reside there.

The islands forming the Queen Charlotte group are a veritable Indian paradise. Fish, otters, and seals crowd the waters, whilst bears and minks and other fur-bearing animals abound everywhere.

The natives, both men and women, as in Alaska, paint their faces, urging—how our European ideas do get upset!—that by so doing the complexion is preserved. Without such a preparation the sun, they say, would blister their faces; and the women, who, for Indians, are surprisingly fair, are remarkably proud of their complexions. There is nothing harmful in this preparation, it being composed of pitch, deer tallow, and charcoal. After being rubbed on the face, streaks of cinnabar are laid on. The women's appearance is certainly not improved thereby; and it is only when they consent to wash off the objectionable mass that the striking beauty of some of them becomes apparent.

The houses of the Hydahs are substantially built of cedar logs, those of the chiefs being distinguished by their size. In front of the houses are the totem poles, upon which are carved the pedigree and deeds of the various families to whom they appertain. The domestic life is patriarchal, several families being gathered under one roof. The chiefs are very proud of their titles, and great care was taken in the past to preserve genealogies. The native carving is rude, but some of the older genealogical poles show considerable skill. The carvers, long since gone to their rest, have left behind them relics full of speculative curiosity. In the gigantic representations of family emblems appear the portraits of mythical animals, bearing a remarkable family likeness to those mammoths which almost every country in the world appears to believe existed at some distant geological period or other. Many of the figures and hieroglyphics are without doubt Asiatic, and they are certainly deserving of the attention of some savant who might be disposed to trace them back over the ages to their source. Very little elaborate symbolical carving is now done in these parts, the natives evidently having no pride in their work. They still pay considerable attention to the carvings on their canoes, adding bright-coloured dyes to such handiwork. But then carved and painted canoes are marketable commodities; and totem poles, save to hunters of curios, are not readily

saleable. In the days gone by it was a terrible insult to a family to injure its genealogical pole, whilst to cut it down altogether was sufficient to cause a blood feud.

Now a Hydah or T'linket brave would, with the utmost readiness, sell a pole containing the ashes of his great-grandmother for the price of a glass of whisky.

Most of the totems one sees in Victoria, Sitka, and other civilised centres are of Yankee manufacture. One frequently comes across such poles 'maturing' on the sites of ruined Indian villages, and what the cautious tourist would pass over in disdain in a curiosity shop in the town he is often known to give fancy prices for when he sees them in such respectable historic surroundings.

With the abandonment of national pride the Hydahs quickly became debased. Sobriety is unknown to most of the men, whilst chastity amongst the women is extremely rare. For such a state of things they have to thank the white man. He has debauched and pillaged them, and left them to reap, in misery and suffering, the crop of nameless vices he has sown in their midst.

Truly, even the most distant, the most humble of her Majesty's subjects are deserving of protection. The Dominion Government has done much for the Indians generally, and some of the missionary bodies

have done still more ; but there does not appear to be any Christian hand ready to reclaim the once valiant Hydah. The few healthy children should be taken in hand and cared for ; they, I think, would be found tractable, and would be sure to repay the trouble lavished upon them. At any rate, they would be spared the degradation of drunkenness and the awfulness of lingering and shameful diseases.

There is little in the Queen Charlotte Isles to attract the capitalist, unless the veins of copper and gold, to which I have already alluded, should be found to be of any extent. The natural grazing land is small, and the arable land still smaller, whilst the timber generally is not of a character that would repay felling, unless expensive roads were made into the interior—where there are a few fine spruce—as the trees along the coast are very stunted. By the bye, the Douglas fir of the mainland does not find a home on these islands, the timber being principally composed of yellow cedar, cypress, and spruce.

It is, however, a tourist and sportsman's paradise. Some of the mountains, clothed with dense forests of cedar and spruce, are really very grand ; whilst the numerous inlets, bays, and rushing streams present a picture in keeping with one's dreams of fairyland. The rivers are small and scarcely navigable even by canoes, as they are practically choked by fallen trees. The river Tlell, the largest of them, can, however, be

ascended without much difficulty or danger for several miles.

For a wild life, full of novelty and adventure, nothing can exceed a trip to the Queen Charlotte Isles. Indians as guides can be readily procured, and sport with both rod and gun is in abundance. The tourist would have an opportunity of riding in some of the most perfect canoes in the world, manned by natives unsurpassed in ingenuity and skill. The coast scenery is, with precipitous mountains fully 1,500 feet in height rising from out of the sea, remarkably bold; whilst the gruesome caverns of unknown depth which hollow out the rocks have enough mystery about them to satisfy the most fastidious. In these caverns, in which the salt waves foam and roar, dwell, according to Indian legends, the remorseless 'storm spirits;' and a native never passes by without making the demons a propitiatory offering. He will, in his superstitious dread, go so far as to hand into the caverns, on his paddle-blade, morsels of jealously treasured-up tobacco. Nothing, it appears, is too good for these 'spirits'; and, in moments of unusual danger, the islanders have been known to even make offerings of 'fire-water.' Such a sight would be enough to strike dismay into the hearts of the Total Abstinence and Anti-Tobacco Leagues, who, I presume, would not look upon unsophisticated demons as being without the pale of their sympathies.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROVINCE OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN— THE MAINLAND.

I. VANCOUVER, THE 'TERMINAL CITY.'

THE mainland of British Columbia extends from the Pacific Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, its extreme breadth being about 500 miles. It stretches north from the international line to the sixtieth parallel, although, as I have already pointed out, a narrow strip of the United States territory of Alaska, situated on the extreme north of the province, interposes for a distance of 300 miles between it and the Pacific Ocean. The general surface of the country is mountainous and broken, consisting of short ranges, detached groups of mountains, elevated plateaus, and many valleys of various extent. Running parallel with the Rocky Mountains, and in many places scarcely distinguishable from them, are masses of mountains; and along the coast lies a high range usually indicated as a continuation of the famed American range—the Cascades, but, in fact, a northern extension of the great coast range. Lying between

these two, and extending as far north as latitude 55° 3′, is an irregular belt of elevated plateau. Beyond this the interior mountains decrease in height, and the land has a gentle slope toward the Arctic Ocean.

Peace River and other streams of the Arctic watershed find their sources there.

Such are the general features of the interior: high mountain ridges on the east and west enclosing a high plateau, down the centre of which flows the Fraser River, its general course being south, almost to the international line, where it turns sharply to the west and enters the Pacific.

The other great streams of the interior are Thompson River, which enters the Fraser from the east; the Okanagan, Kootenay, and Columbia. The Columbia, which has a most eccentric course, rises almost in the extreme south-eastern corner. For a considerable distance it flows northward, around the upper end of the Selkirk range, and then flows directly south between the Selkirk and Gold Mountains into the United States, and thence into the ocean. The loop thus formed is called the 'Big Bend of the Columbia.'

The course of the Kootenay is scarcely less eccentric. It has its source in the same region, and it makes a long sweep south, crossing the boundary line in so doing, returning again, and eventually discharging its waters into the Columbia.

There is no lack of water in British Columbia, lakes and rivers abounding from one end of the province to the other, some of them being navigable for a considerable distance by steamers of a light draught.

To reach the mainland of British Columbia from Victoria, in order to join the transcontinental railway at its present terminus, Port Moody, the passenger has to take a local steamer. From Victoria to Port Moody it is about ninety miles, the distance from Nanimo being considerably shorter.

The first point stopped at, after leaving the capital of the province, is Vancouver, a place destined to be the future terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Vancouver, save in the log-hut form, had no existence twelve months ago; but when it became known that the railway company had in mind the idea of making the spot then called Coal Harbour—where stood the saw-mill and log huts aforesaid—the Pacific terminus, there was a quick rush of speculators and prospectors, and a wooden town suddenly sprang up. In a few weeks there were upwards of 2,500 people in the place, and stores of every variety and description carried on a brisk trade. Then came the great fire, in June last, sweeping everything before it. The whole town was destroyed, and the forests round about ignited. Many people

VANCOUVER,

THE PACIFIC TERMINUS OF "THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY."

—how many can never be known—lost their lives, whilst the living lost not only all that they had on the spot, but, in many cases, absolutely everything they possessed. The Dominion and Provincial Governments at once came to their assistance, and prevented, as far as possible, any widespread distress.

I arrived in Vancouver exactly six weeks after this catastrophe, and although the fire had (save in two instances) not left a single house, hut, or store standing, a new town had already begun to arise. Streets were being laid out, and houses erected on all sides ; stores were doing an active trade, and grimy sharp-witted boys were busily hawking copies of a daily newspaper, edited, by the bye, by a son of the late Dr. Kenealy. I never saw such enterprise amidst so much desolation. It was enough to make one feel heartsick and sorrowful to note the effects of the disaster. Where the brand-new houses had once stood there were heaps of ashes or smouldering logs. The glow of fire and the fumes of burning wood were about everywhere ; the air was thick with smoke, and hot with flames. Walking where the tree stumps were burning was difficult and not without danger ; and, at every step, one was in ashes and the *débris* of burnt-up stores. The bones of cremated animals frequently lay in one's path, and may be I unknowingly trod on the dust of some poor soul, a victim to the Moloch who, on that

momentous day in June, wrapped so many human forms in his fiery embrace.

Everywhere I saw signs of enterprise. 'The old hath gone; let the new arise,' seemed to be the motto of the people, who, instead of falling into lethargy or bemoaning their fate, were one and all bestirring themselves with an energy and a spirit that was little short of heroic.

Such is British pluck, no matter where you meet with it, be it on Afric's burning sands, in India's tangled jungles, Russia's frozen steppes, or Canada's pine forests.

The mayor—for Vancouver can boast of a mayor—is most indefatigable. He is a man of many parts, and for the time being he is, in the matter of office-holding, a veritable Pooh-Bah; only, unlike Gilbert's Japanese official, each office entails no end of hard work, and, outside that of mayor, brings with it little or no remuneration.

The buildings in course of erection were mere frame-houses, but they are simply temporary, as it is intended to build up what is termed the future commercial capital of British Columbia upon very grand lines, and the plans of streets and so forth are on a most extensive scale. There are to be churches, municipal offices, banks, and Dominion Government buildings. The Hudson's Bay Company will put up a store, and next door the Bank of Montreal pro-

poses to erect a substantial edifice. Opposite there will be a grand hotel, worked in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, the foundations of which are already laid. Lots in this prospective street fetch as much as one thousand dollars, and even more, according to position. I was offered two lots next to the Hudson's Bay Company's block for two thousand dollars, but speculation in building lands not being in my line, I did not, as our American cousins would say, 'catch on.'

Whether Vancouver will ever come up to the grand ideas anticipated for it by the local authorities, time alone can prove.

Its position as a port is unique. It is situated at the mouth of Burrard Inlet, and possesses an admirable harbour, and vessels of any tonnage can readily anchor there. The view afforded from the steamer on leaving the beautiful harbour of Victoria is singularly lovely, and the panoramic scene of sea, islands, and mountain spread out before one becomes more enchanting as we proceed. Across the Straits of Fuca to the south rise the snow-capped Olympian peaks; to the eastward are Mount Baker, white and majestic, and the Cascades, green and broken; whilst all around one are fairy-like islands covered with perpetual verdure. The water is placid and full of varied colours; and as the vessel threads its way through the maze of green-coated isles, and splashes

up the rainbow-hued foam, it is difficult to imagine that one is in this prosaic world at all. The colouring at the narrow mouth of Burrard Inlet is especially rich. The stones on the beach are for the most part covered with a thick coating of moss, and those that are not verdant-coated are warm and sparkling in their natural colours as the sun strikes them. There is a warmth, too, about the foliage on the shore, whilst the blueness of a summer sky lends an additional charm to the surroundings.

At the inlet's entrance stands, apart from the shore, an immense shrub-clad rock called the Siwash Rock. At first sight it looks like an Egyptian monolith, and you from the moment determine in your own mind that there is something uncommon about it. It has a decidedly weird appearance, standing there in its sombre solitariness. Its base is splashed by the playful waves, but its grey-cold sides are verdureless and lifeless, the apex alone showing any signs of life in the gnarled and fantastically twisted dwarf trees which grow thereon. Black patches in the clefts of the rock speak of fires having been lighted therein—sacrificial fires, it turns out. For it was on this rock that the Indians at one time made their sacrifices and their offerings to the Manitou of their superstition, in the hope and expectation of favours to come. The natives had apparently great faith in the efficacy of such offer-

ings, the practice being common to all the tribes. The Siwash sacrificed on his great 'medicine stone' when the tribe were on the war-path against the Timpseans, or when a big chase or fishing expedition was being undertaken. The Timpsean offered up the fruits of the chase and the products of the earth on certain chosen spots when the all-dreaded Hydahs were seen off his villages in their famed war canoes, in the hope that the Great Spirit would confound his enemies and give the palm of victory to his people. The Hydahs burnt their candle-fish, and offered up skins and fish and oil in commemoration of their victories; whilst the Alaska savages crawled from out of their tunnelled, ill-ventilated huts in order to sacrifice portions of their scanty stores when the hated war-whoop of the Queen Charlotte Islanders sounded on the air. This disposition to make offerings is still prevalent amongst the natives some distance removed from the centres of civilisation.

Just beyond the Siwash Rock, as one enters the neck of water called 'the Narrows,' opening into Burrard Inlet, some characteristic Indian graves are sighted. They are the last resting-place of pagans; and the bodies, unlike those of their Christian brethren lying in the graveyard at the Catholic mission at Moodyville, on the opposite shore, are preserved in salt, instead of being buried underground. The salted remains rest in ark-shaped

sepulchres, carved in fantastic shapes. One of these tombs contains the preserved body of a notorious old sinner, 'Supple Jack' by name. He was a far-famed chief, and, according to local chroniclers, he is accredited with no less than thirteen murders. It was, in fact, whilst in prison awaiting his trial on the charge of murder that he died, his corpse having, for the purposes of burial, been eventually given up to his people. Further north the salting-down process with regard to the dead is not, I believe, carried on. With the northern-coast Indians the custom was to cremate the bodies, and to place the ashes in the hollowed-out totem poles. Now the natives who are not Christians have gathered just enough from their contact with civilisation to make them indifferent to their own religious customs and observances, and they do not as a rule lavish much attention on their dead, or particularly bother themselves with time-honoured burial rites.

The portion of the inlet where Vancouver is situated is about two miles across, forming an exceedingly handsome bay. The currents thereabouts are somewhat swift, and the wind not infrequently sweeps with considerable force from the mountains over the surface of the water; but the anchorage on the whole is good, and it is anticipated there will be neither danger nor difficulty on that score. To give the reader an idea of the force of the local currents,

the steamer the *Princess Louise*, in which I journeyed across from Victoria, was the best part of an hour in rounding the Siwash Rock in order to enter the 'Narrows' from English Bay. The inlet once entered, the thing was all right; but the difficulty was in entering. For some time we stood quite still opposite the grave of 'Supple Jack,' although the engines were working with increased energy. At times we even lost ground with the force of the current; eventually, however, the steamer made headway—inch by inch, as it were—and at the end of the struggle with the bubbling, rushing waters we glided into the placid harbour of Vancouver.

I have already described the surroundings of this courageous little town, which, when I reached it, was almost entirely hid in clouds of smoke arising from the burning logs and smouldering brushwood. Considering the disorder, want, and despair consequent upon the conflagration, there was very little to complain of on the score of lawlessness, offences against the majesty of the law being almost entirely confined to petty larcenies. When I was there the court-house consisted of an old tent, in which the magistrate and his clerk sat daily. Without fuss or show, law was impartially administered therein with a celerity unknown in our law courts in this country. I had an opportunity of seeing the law administered in this canvas temple of justice.

A man had been brought up to answer to the charge of having stolen a quantity of old rope. The magistrate sat at the head of the table fronting the prisoner, and the tent was full—inconveniently so—of people. It was a hot day, and the sun's rays penetrated through the holes of the canvas, making the interior of the tent practically unbearable.

The prisoner was a characteristic type of the genus loafer. Never before in my travels had I fallen in with such a dilapidated specimen of humanity. In appearance he was a veritable 'scarecrow,' or rather worse if anything, for the clothes he wore had apparently been annexed after a 'scarecrow' had flourished at least one season in them. His trousers were remarkable for the way in which they bagged at the knees and puffed out behind, as if some portion of a year's high winds when the 'scarecrow' had been on duty was still left in them. The 'scarecrow' to whom they had the honour of belonging previously to adorning the present owner had evidently been a bigger man than the prisoner. How those pants kept on the man was a mystery, for one could see at a glance that they possessed neither buttons nor suspenders. They were in some unfathomable way attached to the front of what at one time had been a much-beflowered and bebraided waistcoat, but which was now faded and flowerless, ragged and buttonless, whilst a frail piece of string held them

up behind. One was fearful that with every movement of the prisoner the piece of string would snap, for at a glance it could be seen that the man wore no shirt. What a brave string it was, and how stoutly it held its own, although the prisoner in his loafing attitudes strained it to the utmost!

During the examination the prisoner assumed an air of complete indifference. Now and then he would pass his fingers, the nails of which were heavily laden with real estate, through his matted hair, the colour of which, from dirt and exposure, was absolutely unrecognisable. Then he would flick viciously with his hat a fly settling on his bemottled nose, or fan the perspiration off his face. His hat was quite in keeping with the rest of his attire, although it apparently had not come with the baggy trousers and puffy short-tailed coat. It had evidently been acquired later, not showing so fully as these articles of apparel signs of having borne the heat and burden of the day. I should be sorry to do the vagabond an injustice (for he was punished for his offence, and has by this time served his term), but my impression at the time was that the hat in question was a boy's hat, and had been filched from some child whom he had come across in the course of his predatory wanderings. The hat had once been black and possibly jaunty, but much of the blackness was faded, and all the jauntiness knocked out of it; yet it was respectability

itself as compared with some of his garments. In the course of flicking with increased savageness at a too persistent fly, there was a creak, and the brim of the hat was seriously split. It still, however, retained its hold of the crown by a sort of hinge, and until it and the crown should definitely part company some sign of its former glory would yet be left. This view seemed to strike the prisoner, for he looked sadly at the rent, and ceased to take further action against the flies, for fear of increasing the breach. This was the only emotion I saw him display during his trial, the sentence of sixty days passed upon him on his being found guilty of the charge making, so far as I could observe, no sort of impression upon him.

As the man moved off in company with the law officer, the tension upon the string which held up his trousers behind became all the more apparent, and I wondered why he had not augmented these risky suspenders with some of the stolen rope. To have stolen rope in order—for decency's sake—to have rigged up some species of braces might have told well with the magistrate, and have secured him against punishment. Whereas he filched the rope in order to purchase drink, inconsiderately leaving the thin and much-tried string to bear the whole strain, with a result which eventually could not fail to be disastrous.

It was whilst the man was leaving the tent with

the policeman that I noticed his boots, which in no way matched. The left boot was smaller than the right, and it had at one time possessed buttons as fasteners, though pieces of string now supplied their place. It was a heelless boot, and the sole, as could be seen, had for some time past been imbued with notions of separation. This natural desire to be free had, however, been curbed by the tramp running a piece of wire through the sole and again through the uppers, finally twisting the ends into a knot outside. Whether it was because the wire hurt him, or whether it was his natural gait, the man limped as he walked, making his appearance all the more pitiful and disreputable. The last I saw of him was stooping to pull on his right boot, which, being spacy and springless, refused to keep on his foot. The hat was then on his head, stuck jauntily on one side, the brim flapping from its hinge with every movement of the head.

When the tramp had disappeared, I asked the mayor, who stood by me, why a man like that preferred stealing rope, and getting sent to prison, to working—when there was work to be done—and being paid for his labour.

'There is no work in these dead-beats,' replied the mayor.

'But, supposing he would work,' I asked, 'how much would he get a day?'

'Oh, about a dollar.'

'Well, wouldn't it be more to his advantage to work for a dollar a day than working sixty days for the municipality for nothing?—for I presume you intend making him do something useful whilst you have him in keeping.'

'He evidently doesn't think so,' answered the mayor. 'You see, whilst he is in our charge he will be well fed and housed, and when his time is up we shall give him a suit of clothes, a flannel shirt, and may be a few dollars, and march him out of the town —for we don't want any such "dead-beats" hanging about here for ever. The fellow just figures all this out, and, by the time he has done, he reckons the deal is about square, and after a few weeks' loafing he gives another municipality the benefit of his company.'

Many labourers were at the time employed in digging wells, the natural water supply being anything but good. This lack of water would be a serious thing for Vancouver were it not easy to bring the water into the town from the opposite mountains. The municipal authorities have two schemes in hand for obtaining an efficient water supply, and that one or both of them will be carried out there can be no doubt, so that the difficulty on this score will be readily overcome.

Moodyville, on the opposite side of the inlet,

where there is a large and prosperous saw-mill, a very clean and well-kept hotel, and a considerable Indian village, enjoys a perfect water supply. At one time it was expected to have taken the place of Vancouver as the terminus of the transcontinental railway; but Mr. Van Horne, the general manager and vice-president of the railway, told me that there were engineering difficulties in the way of carrying on the line from Port Moody to Moodyville, so that the line had to be built on the other side of the inlet on to Vancouver instead. Moodyville is the more picturesque location of the two. There it is warmer, and the foliage is richer, whilst the soil generally is better than that on the Vancouver side. In consideration, however, of Vancouver being an important commercial centre in the near future, speculators are snapping eagerly at town lots in that place at 8*l.* per foot, whilst land at Moodyville practically goes a-begging at the same sum per acre. Much of the land close in on the Moodyville shore belongs to the saw-mill company aforesaid, and it is consequently locked up; but the unlocked-up land does not appear to tempt the independent purchaser. Of course, if Vancouver ever reaches the high position mapped out for her by her friends, why then land in Moodyville cannot fail to command high prices by-and-by as the sites of suburban residences. It is a very lovely spot, and I made a special trip across there from Vancouver in

order to observe the country, and to visit the Indian village, where there is, as I have once before mentioned, a Catholic mission.

For this purpose I hired a 'dug-out' of some natives. This, I may tell the reader, is a canoe dug out of a cedar or fir tree, and it differs entirely from the birch-bark canoe of the Lake Indians in the north-west, or the redskins of the St. Lawrence.

These 'dug-outs' are, however, easily worked, and what they lose in elegance they certainly make up in gaudiness. The Indian of the Pacific coast dearly loves colour, and he daubs it on everything he can. His boats, after being grotesquely carved with monsters quite unknown to natural history, are coloured and brightened up in a manner wondrous to behold. The canoe I went over in was supposed to represent a bird, and the stem had been fashioned into a beak-like point, painted red, with an eye, entirely out of proportion, coloured light blue, with a rim of orange round it. I regret to say I failed to trace in the carving a likeness to any known bird, and the native owners did not appear to be able to enlighten me.

'Him very fast canoe,' said the chief as I got into the boat, 'him fly like bird—see!' and with a twist of the paddle we shot out from the bank into the deep water. He and his son actively plied their paddles, and we certainly, in our speed, did seem to

almost fly over the turquoise-blue water of the bay.

We landed at Moodyville wharf, and I went over the saw-mill, which sends out millions of feet of timber every year to all parts of the world. Two small sailing vessels were at the moment in port loading with lumber, one being bound for Honolulu and the other for Australian ports.

There is no end of excellent timber quite close to Moodyville, and were it not for the recurring fires the timber supply of the district would be practically inexhaustible.

To reach the Indian village one has either to paddle along the shore or to follow an ancient trail through the forest. I chose the latter course.

What a tortuous way it was!

The mouth of the trail was all right, but I speedily found it to be a snare and a delusion. The promise it held out was in no way fulfilled, for the easy passage I had anticipated did not extend far beyond the opening. Not only did the path become narrower and more winding with every step, but, to make matters worse, several minor trails would from time to time in a most unexpected manner branch from out of the parent road. I was often sore perplexed what course to pursue, and repeatedly I went wrong when I was most confident I was going right,

and no end of time was taken up in retracing my steps.

Those who have followed an Indian trail will at once understand the situation; whilst those who follow me through the woods in the course of this description will, I trust, learn something of an unbeaten track in a forest's solitudes.

Let the reader imagine himself to be in a densely timbered forest, in which silence reigns supreme, a silence unbroken by the song of birds or the voice of man. Nothing comes upon the profound stillness but the soft *swish*, *swish* of the Douglas firs, or the gentle *flap*, *flap* of the broad-leaved maple, as the wind sweeps through their branches. All is in the shade, and were it not for the faint patch of blue sky just above the tall red cedar-tops the aspect would be gloomy as well as solitary.

To the left, where you have just paused, runs the faint outline of a path, and branching to the right is another trail; while straight ahead, on the main trail, the trunk of an immense tree bars further progress. You approach the tree, and see that it is moss-covered, having lain there untouched maybe for years. In this direction the trail, therefore, goes no further. In your perplexity you halt and try to decide whether you shall go to the left or to the right. Finally you take a seat on the trunk of the fallen tree—a spruce fir whose base is thirty feet in cir-

cumference—and recommence arguing the *pros* and *cons* of the two paths.

It is a perfect paradise that you are now in. At your feet feathery ferns crowd in rich profusion; from the moss-clad trunk there grows a wild raspberry cane, the fruit of which is ripe and luscious; all about one is the fragrant odour of pines. You are in a lotus-eater's heaven, only the situation is more invigorating and healthful than anything the East can supply. Ceylon's spicy groves and India's sweet-scented gardens are, it is true, full of fragrance and cool relief, but there is a heaviness about the perfume and a dankness about the vegetation which intoxicate whilst they enervate. In a Canadian pine forest all is different. Everything is crisp and free from noxious moisture. The air is dry and balmy, and when you rest you feel soothed and free from lassitude. It is astonishing the distance that even an average walker can get over in these pine forests; he feels an unaccountable springiness, and a capacity to walk on until, dead tired, he is forced to pause. No man—unless he wilfully courted such a disease—could live in such an atmosphere and become consumptive; and no consumptive could pass his time therein without materially lengthening the number of his days in this world. To know British Columbia is to love its climate, and to feel a healthfulness unacquirable in any other country.

Whilst in the pleasant spot just described, you light your cigarette and enjoy your repose to the full; for the smell of good tobacco seems to go uncommonly well with the forest's odours. In such a place even an anti-smoker would be sorely tempted to cultivate an acquaintance with the noxious weed, for in these parts everybody seems to smoke. The red man takes in his nicotine, slowly and with philosophical calm, from his carved wooden pipe; the woodman puffs vigorously at his short black clay; and the sportsman inhales an Old Judge cigarette, or sends the smoke of a cigar in curling rings from him with contented puffs.

The weed over, and the traveller still finding himself undecided as to the path to pursue, he takes from his pocket a coin and proceeds to toss it, in order to decide whether it shall be to the right or to the left. The toss declares for the left, and leaving his comfortable seat, he dashes boldly up that trail, only to find that the coin has lied—a coin so tossed invariably does lie—the path leading in an entirely opposite direction. The steps have therefore to be retraced, and nothing remains but to take the direction to the right. From the very first this path winds in and out like a corkscrew, and you have no end of difficulty in following it.

An Indian trail never seems to have any method about it; yet I suppose, if the truth were known, it

is full of method. To the uninitiated the Indian, like the ants described by Mark Twain, seem to go by roundabout ways simply because they are roundabout, and avoid taking the direct track on account of its directness. I certainly failed to account on any other grounds for the serpentine windings of this particular trail.

It wound and twisted in every direction, now going up and anon going down hill, till I was completely out of breath. One moment I would slip up on a concealed stone, or catch my foot in a gnarled root, rendering a fall unavoidable. Here the trail takes one over a fallen tree; there it twists sharply to the right, bringing you face to face with an immense rock, round which you have to crawl by means of the narrowest of narrow ledges. Beneath, there uninvitingly lies a slimy pool. If the trail would but go straight, one is found muttering to oneself at every step; and yet, I suppose, every direction has its purpose. In a virgin forest there are so many natural impediments that, as I afterwards found out, the straightest route is often the longest.

On nearing the village fresh difficulties presented themselves. Additional trails abounded everywhere. One led further up into the forest; some to different points in the village; one or two to the sea-shore; whilst others appeared to lead nowhere.

Here is the place to again pause, in order to take

your bearings ; for to inadvertently take a direction in the dense forest beyond might not be unattended with danger. Cougars abound in these pine solitudes, and the tawny brutes are of great strength, and often of exceeding ferocity. Travellers through the woods, in fear of both cougars and bears, seldom go unarmed, and they take every precaution to guard against surprise.

Just before I visited Vancouver a man had mysteriously disappeared ; and, on the day of my arrival, a top-boot, containing a foot and portion of the leg, had been found in the forest at False Creek, a place close by the town. This, it was surmised, was all that remained of the missing man, a cougar having disposed of the rest.

But to return to the halting-place. After carefully considering these multitudinous trails, I came to the conclusion that the safest and readiest way was to make for the sea-shore. I did so, and, after scrambling over numerous rough stones and plunging ankle-deep into salt pools, I eventually came out in front of the village.

The village was in a higher state of civilisation than any I had seen in the neighbourhood. There were in all about fifty houses, each of one story. It had a high street running in front of the church and the principal houses, consisting of narrow planks raised on piles. The street was just broad enough

to allow of foot passengers parading it in single file; and, as the planks were exceedingly rickety, one felt that there was considerable danger of leaving the 'high street' for the hollow below. In fact, at about the middle of the street I was forced to pause, a big gap in the planking yawning in front of me. A bull, it appeared, had been trying his weight on the boards, and had come to grief; for on looking down I saw the said bull glaring angrily up at me. The gap was too wide to leap, and I did not relish the idea of missing my footing and impaling myself on the uplifted horns of the angry beast below. The street on one side—naturally not the side where one could fall off—had a handrail, so I elected to try my luck on it in order to gain the opposite planking. So hand over hand I went, the rail creaking under my thirteen stone with every movement, whilst the bull raged beneath me. I never saw a bull so put out. He was evidently highly incensed at the success of my undertaking, and seemed quite mad that the idea had not struck him in the first instance, thus saving him a nasty fall and the inconvenience of making a long journey round to the paddock whence he had come. He did all he could to induce me to drop and try my weight on his finely pointed horns, and his sense of annoyance at my persistent refusal was only equalled by his chagrin when he saw me safely land on the other side. Almost

opposite the place where I landed stood the church, a plain but comfortable structure, capable of holding some two hundred people. The priest who had charge of the mission was not in residence, and the natives in their natural reserve seemed altogether loth to supply any kind of information in connection with the village.

The natives were about everywhere; some of the men were engaged in fishing, whilst others were mending their nets. The squaws, for the most part, were indoors, occupied with household duties—cooking, nursing, and such like. Children, like little brown rabbits, were squatting about on the ground, appearing to be, even at that early age, too solemn and taciturn to romp or indulge in childlike games. When they saw me approach they were off as quick as rabbits to their holes, and now and then I could catch them watching me with large black wondering eyes from behind a boat, a tree stump, or a half-closed door.

I went into some of the houses, about which there were signs of civilisation far superior to anything I had yet seen on the coast. The women looked modest and clean, and the men respectable and sober. Scarcely one of them, however, either spoke or understood a word of English, Chinook being the language in which the white man converses with them. Babies appeared to be plentiful, and,

unlike those in other places, they seemed to be both healthy and well nourished. Their lungs were certainly of the strongest, and their appetites were truly prodigious. An Indian baby will yell at the slightest provocation—and, for the matter of that, without provocation at all—and his notes are always *fortissimo*, and never by any chance *piano* or even *crescendo*. It is also equally remarkable that a 'papoose' will eat, or endeavour to do so, anything he can lay his hands on. Once, whilst I was endeavouring to make myself understood to a wrinkled squaw, a velvet-eyed, unweaned youngster, with deft fingers, snatched a cigarette out of my hand and proceeded to devour it. At first he seemed to like it, but he did not go on long with the job, for with a mighty yell, which would have startled anybody except an Indian out of his boots, and which drove me out of the room, he dispossessed himself of his spoil, whilst the ancient dame aforesaid proceeded to fill her pipe with what remained.

Some of the children are very handsome, especially in profile. Their eyes are large and lustrous, and their colour is rich and glowing. The only truly ugly feature is the mouth, the lips being thick and wide apart. The ugliness of mouth is common to both sexes; indeed, after a certain age, the women's mouths, unshaded as they are by moustache or beard, become far worse than those of the male sex.

When a woman becomes old—and in these parts she is quite ancient at thirty—her mouth is positively hideous; at no time is it, according to a white man's osculatory ideas, particularly kissable, but with age the protruding lips are altogether revolting. Whether it was the ancient custom of inserting objects into the lips which, in accordance with the principles of evolution, enlarged them, or whether the natives were in the first instance born with lips calling for such ornaments, I leave ethnological experts to explain. The Pacific coast Indians are a mild lot now, all the fighting apparently having gone out of them, although, for the matter of that, they never gave the white strangers much trouble, principally concentrating their warlike energies upon each other. The Hudson's Bay Company's rule was from the first a just one; and if the natives did not thrive and prosper under it, they had no cause to complain of either unfair dealing or oppression. This, now the country has passed out of the Hudson's Bay Company's hands into those of the Dominion Government, has made the Governmental dealings with the natives much easier, and the Government has not found itself at variance with any of the tribes, who, combined, would still be sufficiently powerful to give no end of trouble. So far as I could judge, the thirty thousand Indians of British Columbia were in the main content, and many of them were certainly swimming with the civilising

tide which is sweeping over the whole province. If the natives, as the Yankees term it, are caught young they can be easily trained, and as a rule they turn out industrious and competent workmen. They are strong and quick, and many saw-mill proprietors and railway contractors prefer them to the Chinese. But they, unlike their Mongolian fellow-workmen, have a great tendency to periodically go out on the spree, on such occasions painting the place redder than the loose-going whites who have set them the example. To 'paint a town red' is, I ought to explain, a Western expression, and signifies the height of reckless debauch; and when a cowboy, having drunk his fill of whisky, has let daylight with revolver shots through the hats of those who have ventured to differ from him, and has smashed all the glasses in the drinking saloon with his stock-whip, and galloped with a wild whoop down the principal street to the danger and consternation of the inhabitants, he may fairly be said to have done his part towards painting the town red. Like the Asiatics, the Indians of North America know not moderation in the matter of imbibing strong drinks. They are of opinion that if they drink at all they must drink until the bottle is empty, in order to show their appreciation of its contents; and if the bottle could be converted into something drinkable they would, I believe, drink that too, thereby showing their recognition of a vessel

which contained in so convenient a form so much good 'fire-water.'

The red man owes this bad habit solely to the white man, whose first lesson in civilisation was to make the ignorant savage beastly drunk. Later civilisation has done much towards eradicating these evil habits by sentencing unfortunate 'drunks' to various terms of imprisonment; whilst the wretched native fails to understand why a later civilisation punishes him for a vice which an earlier one taught him, and in fact encouraged him to pursue.

In this particular village I, however, saw no sign of drunkenness, the Catholic priests, so far, having done excellent work amongst the inhabitants.

Opposite the church stands a flagstaff, and on the day I was there a flag—a red and white mission banner—was floating half-mast high, denoting that some one in the village was dead, and on inquiry I discovered that a child had died that morning. I was directed to the churchyard where lie the bodies of those who have gone to sleep in a belief in Jesus. This burial-place is just outside the village, and it contains many graves. One and all I found to be ornamented with crosses, each cross having the name of the dead roughly carved thereon. One only of the names was English, two were Spanish or Italian, and the remainder were French. It would appear that the defunct, when they embraced Christianity,

dropped their barbaric appellations altogether, and received Christian names in their place, and, so far as I could see, the favourite name for the men was Pierre, and for the women Marie. Taken altogether the churchyard seemed to be well cared for, but I did not observe any mourners whilst I was there. After the first wild outburst of grief the Indians do not continue to mourn their dead, and although you can drive a species of Christianity into them you cannot altogether change their natures. In the next generation it may, of course, be different.

The squaws, outside of the cooking arrangements, did not appear to be very busy housewives ; but sitting at the fireside, stirring up some smoking mess or other, they seemed to be quite at home. In one house a young mother with her babe on her lap was boiling down some jam, and, in her desire to be hospitable, she offered me a spoonful. I tasted it, and found it to be like sugar itself. A careful Scotch housewife might have told how many pounds of sugar were used with the wild raspberries over and above the prescribed quantity, but I did not bother my head about the matter. All I know is, the Indians have a very sweet tooth, and what will make a white man sick will make them grunt with profound satisfaction.

I have often set myself down at an Indian's board, sometimes at his invitation, but oftener without. Your

redskin is not profuse in his show of hospitality: what is his is yours—provided there is enough to satisfy his own appetite first—but you must help yourself, and not expect to be asked twice, or to be waited upon once.

Whilst at Moodyville I came across an aged dame regaling herself on a species of shell-fish, and I stood awhile watching her devour them, one after another, with evident satisfaction. I took up a shell; it was an empty one, and the squaw thereupon dug her thumb with a squash into a full one, and offered me its contents on her blackened nail. I bowed a refusal, and, not in the least offended, she immediately transferred the morsel to her own mouth. She did not repeat her offer, but continued to dexterously transfer the esculents to her mouth. I, however, elected to help myself. I tasted the mess cautiously at first, but, finding it far from unpleasant, I ate the whole of it. This led me to another, and yet another—but alas that 'other'! It completely did for me. A queer sensation came over me as it went the way of the two previous ones, and I straightway commenced to feel horribly sick. A blood feud between the devoured fish seemed to be going on inside me, and I suffered severely in consequence. I thereupon began to regret all my past misdeeds, and had gloomy thoughts about making my will, and being buried amidst the Maries and Pierres in the cemetery close

by. Later on the feud cooled down a bit, and for a while I was freed from the excruciating pain consequent upon this combat. The relief, however, was but shortlived, and I went through renewed agonies as soon as the contesting esculents had had breathing-time, as it were. I am afraid that in my extremity unprintable words rushed to my lips. It was very wrong of me, I know, but then those fish were very trying.

The old squaw watched me with evident satisfaction, and to my intense horror I caught her repeating some of my exclamations with extraordinary glibness. They seemed to be a source of delight to her, for she checked one adjective after another on her fingers, whilst I groaned aloud. My groans eventually excited her commiseration, for she placed herself by my side with a series of grunts expressive of sympathy. Then she took me in hand before I really knew what was going to happen. I was patted on the back, poked in the ribs, rolled on the ground, and—although in my confusion I can't swear to it—I believe jumped upon.

Then relief came, and I heartily thanked my deliverer, and in my ecstasy I believe I could have —had she desired it—embraced the old hag, hideous though she was.

So far as I could gather from her remarks, which were principally made up of unprintable excla-

mations—learnt, I suppose, of the loose-speaking fishermen and naughty lumberers—the last fish I had eaten was bad—poisonous, in fact. I rewarded her with the customary 'two bits,' and with her fiendish gibberish ringing in my ears I went my way.

After being nearly wrecked on a floating log I reached the opposite shore, landing at the foot of a pine tree, the only one which escaped the disastrous fire already referred to.

It is called the Princess Louise's pine, and it is surrounded with a halo of romance.

When the Princess, with the Marquis of Lorne—then Governor-General of Canada—was in this neighbourhood some five years ago, H.R.H. took a strong fancy to this stately pine, growing on the edge of the bay and towering high above its fellows, and she asked as a special favour that it might for all time be spared the woodman's axe. This was when the place was called Coal Harbour, and long before it was thought of calling it Vancouver, or turning it into the Pacific coast terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. With the sudden development of the town trees were cut down right and left, but the Princess's wishes were respected, and her pine remained as she had seen it. Moreover, in order to screen it from the winds, a tree was left standing on either side. Then came the great fire, and everything was burnt up, including the two companion

THE PRINCESS LOUISE'S PINE.

firs, but the royal pine remained. It is considerably scorched, and its roots are loosened by the wind, but it is still alive, and there are hopes—if it is protected—of its outliving the memory of the conflagration which reduced every tree and house within its reach to charcoal and ashes. Sir George Stephen, the president, and Mr. Van Horne, the general manager and vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, gave instructions in my hearing for arrangements to be made to protect the tree from the high winds which blow in the autumn and winter.

It has a strange appearance this lonely tree, running straight up for close upon 200 feet, whilst all round is black and scorched, treeless and grassless. This striking instance of a miraculous escape is not lost upon the matter-of-fact as well as the superstitious.

The land about Vancouver is not very good, and much cannot be expected of it agriculturally; but it has a rich backing in the Westminster district (which I shall describe next), a few miles off, and there will never be any lack of agricultural supplies. But it is not as a farming or corn-growing centre that Vancouver's ambition aims; for, if the town is to be anything, it is, according to local reckoning, to be a great—the great shipping port of the North Pacific. Of course, the Vancouverians will have to con-

siderably modify their views in this direction, but I certainly see no reason why, when the railway terminus is definitely located there, it should not rapidly become a flourishing town. Its harbour facilities are far in advance of those of Victoria, and it has the distinct advantage of being on the mainland. Victoria will, I presume, in any case continue to be the capital and seat of Government of British Columbia, but Vancouver bids fair to become, in the fulness of time, its commercial capital, as it would be impossible to have the centre of shipping on an island, as such a centre must be where the line of rail terminates; and there appears to be no possibility of carrying the railway across the Straits of Georgia on to Vancouver Island, and so on to Victoria. Had this been possible there would be no question of Victoria, with Esquimault, being the natural terminus of the great transcontinental system on the Pacific side.

The Canadian Pacific authorities are fully determined to abandon Port Moody and to adopt Vancouver as their terminus. There are legal difficulties in the way of this being accomplished, but I have no doubt of their being eventually overcome. In the pages devoted to Port Moody I shall review the situation there, both past and present.

With the decision to make Vancouver the terminus, it will be necessary to fortify both English

Bay and the strip of sea called 'the Narrows.' This could easily be done, and the cost would be light. Under such conditions no ship, in a hostile spirit, could possibly enter Burrard Inlet, close in the mouth of which lies Vancouver, thus serving to keep secure a direct line of communication. Of course Esquimault will be the naval centre in these seas; but, for the protection of the mainland, it will not be sufficient to merely make a stronghold of Esquimault. Ships, it is affirmed, could, so far as the defences alone of that station are concerned, easily steam into the Straits of Georgia, and bombard at will any of the mainland towns. By, however, fortifying English Bay, the position of Vancouver, even without the support of a naval squadron such as Esquimault will have, would be rendered impregnable; a complete protection would be given to the whole coast, and the line of communication kept intact.

I saw the 'Terminal City,' as the Vancouverians proudly call their frame-built houses, under great disadvantages, but the ambition, pluck, and perseverance of the people convinced me that they would make the place 'boom,' and that nothing short of its finally outrivalling 'Frisco and monopolising the trade of the East and the Antipodes would content them.

II. NEW WESTMINSTER AND THE FRASER RIVER DISTRICT.

From Vancouver to New Westminster the distance by road is thirteen miles. I went by special stage in the cool of a July evening. As the night fell, the lurid light of numerous forest fires made our way as bright as day. Nothing can equal the awful grandeur of pine trees on fire ; and although, after a short stay in British Columbia, one in a measure gets used to them, the first sight leaves an unfading impression on the memory.

The town of New Westminster was an outgrowth of the gold excitement in 1857-58. With the influx of miners a government was rendered necessary ; and the seat of government for the mainland—Vancouver Island being at that time a separate colony—was at first located at a place called Lower Langley, or Derby, but in 1859 it was removed to New Westminster. With the union of the two colonies, the island and the mainland, nine years later, the capital was finally located at Victoria. From this time New Westminster ceased to have political importance, but the loss of the capital had no effect upon it as a business point.

New Westminster is still in point of numbers the largest settlement on the mainland, and second only to Victoria in the whole province, although

Vancouver bids fair to quickly outstrip her. It contains upwards of 3,000 inhabitants, and the number is steadily increasing.

The New Westminster district consists of the country lying on both sides of the Fraser River for a distance, I believe, of 100 miles above its mouth, extending on the south to the international line. The town itself enjoys a most advantageous situation, being built on ground rising gradually from the river, affording perfect drainage and splendid building sites. The district embraces some of the most extensive and valuable tracts of arable and grazing land in the province; and New Westminster, from its situation, is not only the natural centre of the district, but the whole region of the Fraser River is in a measure tributary to it.

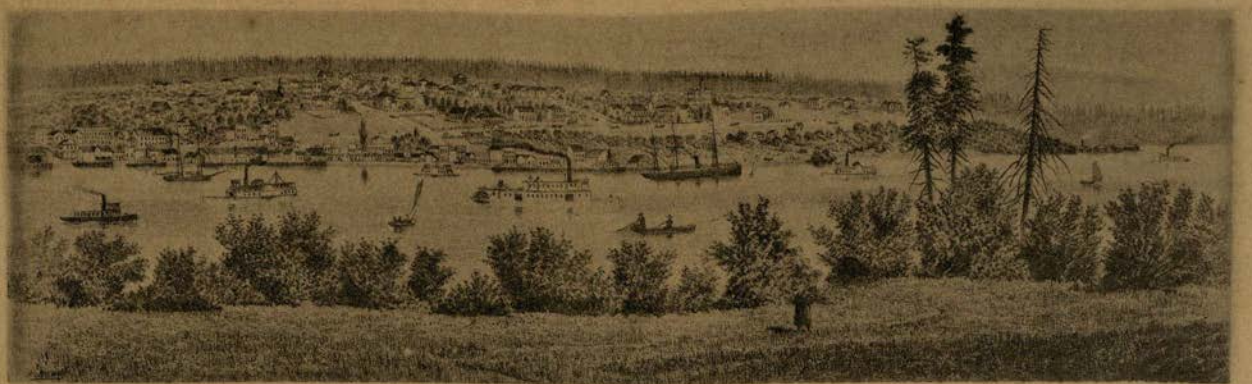
The lumber and fishing interests are also very great, and it is here that the principal salmon canneries are established, employing a good deal of Indian and Chinese labour. I was informed that the four canneries employ, all told, fully 1,200 people in the fishing season.

New Westminster has, for so small a town, some very imposing buildings, principally belonging to the Dominion and Provincial Governments. The principal church is Episcopalian, viz. Holy Trinity; it is a handsome stone edifice, and possesses a fine chime of bells presented to the parish by the Baroness

Burdett-Coutts. The edifices occupied by the Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Methodists are built of wood, but they are roomy and comfortable. The Roman Catholic Indians have a church to themselves, built, it is said, exclusively by their own contributions. There are several educational establishments for children of both sexes, and there are also a high school and a girls' collegiate institution for instruction in the more advanced studies, so that intending settlers from the old country need not hesitate to bring their children out with them for fear of cutting off their education.

New Westminster, like all towns in the New World, no matter how small, has its newspapers—the *British Columbian* and the *Mainland Guardian*; and the day that I arrived there the former paper, in order to keep abreast with the times, had come out as a daily; so that, sitting at breakfast over your cup of tea, just arrived by the first direct tea ship from Japan, and your sturgeon steak fresh from the grill, you could that morning read what had taken place the day before in the Old World, some 7,000 miles away.

The principal hotel in New Westminster is most comfortable, and the table is excellent as well as abundant. Salmon cutlets and sturgeon steaks deliciously cooked, hot rolls with pats of guinea-gold butter, and jugs of fresh, thick cream and well-made



NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

tea and coffee graced the breakfast-table; and the midday dinner included oyster soup, marrow-bones, roast and boiled joints, and fat tender chicken. The vegetables were a treat in themselves, whilst luscious fruits of various kinds were in abundance at every meal. The charge per day was, I believe, from $1·50 to $2·00, a considerable reduction being allowed permanent boarders. Next to the Driard House at Victoria, the hotel at New Westminster was decidedly the best house I 'struck' from the Pacific to Manitoba.

It was at one time anticipated that New Westminster would be chosen as the terminus of the railway system, but its distance from the mouth of the river prevented its selection for such a purpose; Vancouver, in its proximity to the sea, offering far greater advantages, besides possessing a harbour in which vessels of any draught could enter at all times. New Westminster is, however, to be connected with Port Moody by a branch line, and the rails were being laid when I was out there; and it will, I anticipate, in due course be connected by rail with Vancouver.

There is direct steam communication between Victoria and New Westminster, altogether independent of the steamers which ply between the capital and Port Moody. The Fraser, which is the great waterway of the province, is navigable only as far as Yale, a town 110 miles from its mouth, and then

only for river boats. Vessels drawing about eighteen feet can, however, ascend as far as New Westminster, which is some fifteen miles from the river's mouth. The scenery up the Fraser is most charming, and the passenger to Vancouver Island from the East would do well to take the return journey from Victoria *viâ* New Westminster and Yale, at which latter place he would strike the main line.

The Fraser divides at its mouth into what are called the 'North Arm' and the 'South Arm,' and the delta thus formed contains many thousands of acres of fertile and highly productive lowlands. This region is already fairly well settled, and is divided between the municipalities of Richmond and Delta. The municipality of Richmond embraces the land included in the North Arm. It possesses a permanent settlement of some 300 people, whilst in the packing season—there being two salmon canneries there—employment is afforded to as many as 500.

The Delta municipality takes in the South Arm, embracing 40,000 acres of rich delta lands. The settlers are engaged—profitably, I believe—in salmon canning as well as in agriculture, which is their principal industry. The chief outlet of the settlement is a small port on the Fraser River called Ladner's Landing, whence are shipped large quan-

tities of salmon and farm products. There are churches, schools, and useful public buildings in both settlements, and there is a post office at North Arm.

The municipality of Surrey, which embraces the settlements of Hall's Prairie, Clover Valley, and Mud Bay, is just east of the South Arm. It is a fairly prosperous municipality, extending from the Fraser to Boundary Bay and the international line. Mud Bay is famous for its oysters, though much cannot be said in favour of Pacific coast bivalves, they being for the most part small and not very delicate.

The municipality of Maple Ridge is above New Westminster on the north bank of the Fraser, between Pitt and Stave Rivers. Port Hammond is its chief outlet, it being a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a landing-point for all river steamers plying beyond New Westminster.

Still following the Fraser, agricultural settlements are met with on both sides, the chief of which are Langley, Chilliwhack, Ferny Coombe, Harrison Mouth, Nicoamen, and St. Mary's Mission.

Yale, where the navigation of the Fraser River virtually ends, is a place of some 1,000 inhabitants. It is a town that has, I fear, seen its best days. It was at one time a port of the Hudson's Bay Company; and later, when the Cariboo mines

were a 'booming concern,' it became the centre for the despatch of stores, and so forth, for the mines.

At Yale a great highway branches north into the interior, called the Yale-Cariboo Waggon Road, constructed by the Colonial Government in 1862–63 at a cost of over $500,000. This road is the main artery of the interior, and is 400 miles in length. Twelve miles above Yale it crosses the Fraser River by the Trutch Suspension Bridge, built at a cost of $50,000. From this point nearly to Lytton (a town named after the Earl of Lytton), fifty-seven miles from Yale, the waggon road and the trans-continental railway run on opposite sides of the stream, passing by the way through a splendid cañon.

The Yale district is a most extensive one, embracing, as it does, an area of 24,000 square miles, and comprising more than one half the southern interior. It extends from the Fraser to the Columbia, and from the international line to the fifty-first parallel. Through it run the Thompson, Nicola, and Okanagan Rivers, and along either side flow the Fraser and the Columbia. The south-west section is occupied by the Cascade Mountains, and what is called the Gold Range is along the eastern end. Between these lies a high plateau 150 miles in width. The land generally is not suitable for agriculture, but in many parts it offers admirable grazing facilities.

Stock-raising already forms, I believe, the leading occupation in the district. Timber is limited to belts of red pine on the uplands, but there is, it is said, considerable mineral land, which only needs developing to yield handsome results.

The location of Yale is among some truly grand and remarkable scenery, forming a fitting close to the journey up the Fraser, where so much that is beautiful and picturesque is to be seen.

The Fraser River district is the agricultural Eden of the mainland, and now that the railway is fast opening up markets for its produce settlers in the neighbourhood will undoubtedly increase.

III. PORT MOODY, THE PRESENT TERMINUS.

From New Westminster to Port Moody by road it is six miles—six miles of, I verily believe, the worst travelling in the whole world.

I occupied a seat on the morning 'stage,' which took its departure from the hotel where I had spent such an agreeable time.

The 'stage' was a most uncomfortable concern, consisting of a rickety waggon drawn by a couple of worn-out 'screws.' Uphill and downhill—principally the latter—we went at a jog-trot, clouds of dust filling our eyes, and the summer sun broiling hot above our heads. The driver's hand appeared to

be ever on the brake, and the partly locked wheels seemed to possess an extraordinary instinct in finding out the deepest ruts into which to sink, or the largest stones over which to jolt. It was a case of *bump! bump! bump!* until every bone ached in one's body as the wheels glided off one stone on to another ; or *grind! grind! grind!* till every tooth in one's head was ajar as the loose sand was crushed under the tires. How we escaped being overturned was a marvel. Every moment I expected to end my days on the piles of ragged rocks, or to lie with a broken arm or a fractured skull in the half-cleared valleys below. There was absolutely nothing worth seeing on the journey. Clearings were few and far between, and they one and all seemed to have been undertaken in a spirit of half-heartedness. Truly the soil was in appearance anything but generous, but no one appeared desirous of making the best of it. I was, however, informed that a great portion of the land along the road was owned by some one who did not live in the place, and who, in anticipation of prosperous times for the district, declined to sell on reasonable terms, holding out for extravagant prices, such as he will, if I mistake not, never secure. Thus early, it will be seen, the country is suffering from the curse of absenteeism. The smaller holdings in and about New Westminster are chiefly in the occupation of Chinamen, who make excellent market

gardeners, their little plots of vegetables ever looking fresh and prosperous.

As the horses descend the last hill—which, by the bye, is steeper and in worse condition than the preceding ones—a glimpse is caught of Port Moody. In that glimpse the traveller has his fill, for there is not enough in the place to warrant a good honest look round. One can see at sight that it is, in rough Western parlance, a 'dead-sick' place. Some places have lived and have died; some have been born and strangled almost at their birth; whilst others, having become discontented with the surroundings in which they were originally cast, have 'gone on,' as it were, to more suitable situations. But Port Moody was, I should imagine, still-born, and the man who conceived the idea of making such a place the terminus of the great railway system has much to answer for.

It is a mere village of amphibious proclivities, one half of the houses finding a foundation on the land where best they can, and the other half—where the houses are big enough to divide—being built over the water. Port Moody is a weakling incapable of a healthy present or a promising future, and the sooner it passes out of existence, or 'goes on' to Vancouver, the better it will be for all concerned. For the inhabitants are buoying themselves up with the false hope that because Port Moody was at one time

selected in error as the parliamentary terminus it must continue to be the terminus for all time, utterly forgetting that it has not one single advantage to offer in connection with so important a position.

The entrance to its bay is shallow and bad, and it is fully nine miles further from the sea than is Vancouver, whilst its harbour facilities will bear no comparison with those of that place.

There is no help for it; Port Moody must die in order that Vancouver may live.

Vancouver is the natural terminus; and it would be suicidal to pass over the distinct advantages it possesses, in order that a wholly unsuitable place, disadvantageously situated some eight or nine miles further up Burrard Inlet, should be chosen for that distinction simply because a member of the Canadian Government inadvertently selected it as the parliamentary terminus before the superior claims of what was then Coal Harbour had become known.

Of course it is very hard upon the unfortunate people who speculated heavily in land in and about Port Moody, in anticipation of the place—in virtue of its original selection as the terminus—becoming an active commercial centre. They very naturally resent the 'going on' of Port Moody, and by legal injunction and otherwise they are striving hard to prevent the rail being extended to Vancouver. When I was there they had been partially successful in

their efforts, and blocks of land, where the owners had obtained injunctions restraining the railway company from building thereon, lay at various intervals along the shore of the inlet between the rails already laid down for the purpose of connecting the two places.

These 'land blockers,' as they are called in these parts, will be wise to come to terms with the company in time, for there are means of getting from Port Moody to Vancouver without going through their land. The railway authorities are willing to give them a fair price for their holdings, but they emphatically decline to be 'bounced'; for it is solely owing to the railway being there that land in these parts is worth anything at all.

I accompanied Sir George Stephen, Mr. Van Horne, and other C. P. R. officials, on a special steamer, when they journeyed from Port Moody to Vancouver and round English Bay; and Mr. Van Horne stated most emphatically—and any one who knows this famous railway magnate knows how emphatic he can be—that nothing would prevent the construction of the line; and that, unless the holders were willing to come to terms, he should cause the line to be carried out into the inlet, round the places where it was blocked, and so circumvent his opponents.

'I guess they'll be glad enough to come to terms

then; but,' he added, with a grim chuckle, 'I reckon they'll find themselves badly left.'

Badly left they will be, there can be no manner of doubt, unless they come to terms with those who not only have the whip-hand of them, but have the public with them.

People in England who have interested themselves in this great national railway are very much mixed in their ideas as to which is the terminal town, and where it is situated. It is therefore to make matters clear to them that I am dealing so fully with the subject.

I cannot expect any one in this country to enter into the rivalries of Port Moody and Vancouver; but, believe me, it is a matter of first, I might almost say national, importance whether the terminus is fixed at a place which, having no natural advantages, affords no opportunities for development; or whether the choice is given to a port possessing every possible natural advantage, and where the idea of making it a commercial and shipping centre worthy of its position is the ruling ambition.

I have already stated that the Canadian Pacific Railway authorities have decided upon Vancouver, and that they purpose building extensive carriage works and engine sheds on English Bay; but whether they will be permitted to make a direct connection by rail between Vancouver and Port Moody remains

to be seen. In one instance the judges have decided in their favour, and in another against them, it being strongly urged by the Port Moodyites that the charter does not allow of the line being extended beyond their town. So far as the original charter is concerned they are, I believe, in the right; but it appears to me to be utterly monstrous that the company should have to be bound by it when the prosperity of the country and the welfare of the railway would materially suffer in consequence.

Should the obstructionists refuse to fall in with the company's views, and should the law, in virtue of the original charter, uphold them, the company will, as I have already pointed out, devise some scheme by which the 'blockers' would be thwarted and the law evaded.

To return to the 'stage.' We drew up at an hotel with a high-sounding name. We have been told that there is not much in a name, but I can assure my readers there is a great deal in it when it applies to an hotel. The innocent traveller is invariably attracted by a hostelry flying a finely painted signboard and possessing a fine-sounding name.

The hotel in question stood in its own grounds—at least half of it did, the other half being built over the water. These grounds were anything but attractive, comprising, as they did, nothing but a small

patch of scrub land, a few heaps of stones, a plentiful crop of weeds, and a carriage drive, whose chief claim to attention lay in the number of springs it broke or dislocated in the course of a year.

As for the hotel itself, it was the very worst house I had ever put foot in; but, failing other accommodation, I was obliged to remain in it. Firstly, I had to help carry in my own luggage and to pay for the privilege, just as if I had employed a man about the place for the purpose. Secondly, I had to await the pleasure of the manager or proprietor, or whoever it was who 'ran' the hotel, before I could secure a room. I think I had to wait fully an hour before I got attended to, as the man was, when I arrived, busy mixing himself and his friends drinks; and this finished, he took a hand in a game at cards. Eventually he deigned to take notice of me, and having been shown my room I was left to drag up my own baggage, whilst mine host's 'helps' and mine host's friends drank their 'whisky straight' at a go, or delicately sipped their 'long drinks,' as became gentlemen of independence and leisure.

My bedroom jutted out into the bay; the tide was out, and the scene was not inviting. Nothing but black foul mud struck the eye, and black foul odours filled the nostrils. So strong was the smell that it seemed as if you could see it; go where

you would, you could not escape it, and nothing but constant smoking afforded any immunity from its all-pervading presence. How in those moments I thanked my lucky stars that I could smoke! and how glad I was that I had not hearkened to the protests of my anti-tobacco friends who had so frequently vexed themselves—poor, honest, well-intentioned souls—at my persistence in this direction!

I was always smoking whilst in that hotel, and although my whole system was permeated with nicotine, and my nerves badly jarred, it was only that, I believe, that saved me from fever. How typhoidish everything smelt! and even in the sweet fresh air outside some of the stench seemed to cling to my nostrils.

With the ringing of the dinner-bell I went into the dining-room and took a seat. The company was numerous, but not particularly select. Some of them were in their shirt-sleeves, fresh from their work on the line, whilst others had apparently been too pressed for time to allow of their taking off their hats or of washing their hands. Most of them, being in a hurry, ate with their knives—luckily these were not sharp.

Flies—attracted, I suppose, by the smells and the general uncleanliness of the place—were in the room in clouds. Do what one would, it was impossible to drive them off. They jumped like ravenous beasts

into the soup, buried themselves in the vegetables, quite heedless—so long as they had their fill—of being eaten with the next mouthful; they drowned themselves in your coffee, or, half drunk with immersion in your beer, they would drag their clammy faltering legs over your nose, or, in a spirit of remorse, commit suicide by plunging unexpectedly down your throat.

Flies, under the most favoured conditions, are not pleasant eating, but Port Moody flies, in virtue of the happy hunting-grounds on which they loved to disport, were positively revolting. I am grieved to remember that I swallowed my share—maybe more than my share—of these pests, and the remembrance makes me sick.

The food supplied at the hotel was quite bad enough without the fly accompaniment, and, hungry though I was, I had great difficulty in swallowing more than a mouthful of any dish; and before long a circumstance occurred which determined me in my resolve to drop the bill of fare entirely.

Sitting just opposite me was a half-caste nigger with a broad freckled face, which face appeared to have special charms for the flies. Any way, they were attracted to it and settled on it, and amused themselves now and then in swimming about in the lakes of perspiration which formed thereon through the intense heat of the room. The nigger was either

too busy eating or too indifferent to disturb them; and, as is well known, flies like to be taken notice of, and resent inattention on the part of those whom they have thought fit to honour with their attentions, by leaving them and seeking out people more sympathetically inclined. They therefore left the nigger and straightway went for me, knowing, I suppose, that I heartily detest their presence. Whilst I was busy flicking them off my nose and neck and head, one half-starved brute thought he would take advantage of the confusion by making a direct raid on my food. So down he came straight from out of one of the trickling perspiration pools on to a piece of underdone beef on my plate. He dug his dripping proboscis into the gravy, and did a war dance from one end to the other of the undercut, drying his wings by flapping them as he went along.

This was too much for me, and, seizing a knife, I decapitated that fly in the moment of his triumph, and getting up, I left the table never to return to it.

For twenty-four hours I lived upon smells and inhaled tobacco smoke; but the following day there came a special train from Montreal, bringing with it Sir George and Lady Stephen, the Earl of Durham, Mr. Van Horne, and others, and that night I dined. Merlatti may find pleasure in fasting fifty days, but twenty-four hours amidst plenty—plenty of a certain kind—were quite enough for me, and I believe that

33001

my determination would not have stood the test another hour, and that I should have gone back to the niggers and coatless navvies, and have eaten the raw beef regardless of flies, and, what is more, perhaps have enjoyed the meal.

My bedroom was very small—I don't remember how many square inches it contained, but I know it was hardly big enough to be reckoned by feet. The landlord had apparently been guided by its smallness when furnishing it, for, besides a bed—much too short for me—a solitary seatless chair, and a table which was wash-hand-stand, dressing-table, and wardrobe all in one, there was no superfluous furniture to encumber the limited space.

Lying on the table, however, were a comb, with gaps in it like a hayrake after being dragged over rough ground, and a blackened tooth-brush, both of which were for general use. These interesting articles of toilet were chained to the wall, visitors being reminded in a notice to observe the eighth commandment. The considerate landlord, inspired with the laudable notion of meeting the requirements of his guests, had, moreover, provided a box of paper collars, which was temptingly left open between the fettered comb and tooth-brush.

In the corner under the table there lay a box of cherry tooth-paste, where it had presumably been thrown by some disgusted traveller, who, mistaking

the paste for some sweetmeat, had tasted copiously thereof, as a deep furrow, where his thumb had ploughed out a goodly slice, distinctly showed.

This reminds me of an incident which happened to me a few days before. After a day's dusty travel I was, one morning, taking an *al fresco* bath, when, on looking up, I saw an Indian standing on the bank foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating violently. Thinking the man was in pain, I hastened towards him.

'Him no good candy; him make me sick,' he said, spluttering forth a quantity of foam.

At first I did not understand him; but on looking round I saw that he had half devoured the cake of Pears's soap I had brought with me, having, in its transparency, mistaken it for American candy.

But to hie back to my room. On going to bed I put out my boots in the usual way, but morning found them not only uncleaned, but dirtier than ever. A 'drunk,' on going staggering to bed, had knocked the ashes of his pipe into one of them, and the boarders in the hotel, tickled at the idea of seeing a pair of boots in the passage waiting to be cleaned, had amused themselves by expectorating over them. I remonstrated with the landlord, and he curtly informed me that 'the gentlemen' about his house couldn't be expected to fool away their time at boot-cleaning.

'When people wants their boots cleaned,' he added, 'they generally in these parts cleans 'em themselves; but most on 'em don't want 'em cleaned at all;' and with this he 'engineered a spittle' through the back of a chair, and turned his attention to his bar customers.

This man was rough and rude, but he was not, I believe, a bad fellow at heart; anyhow, he could mix good, long, cooling summer drinks, and in my sense of gratitude for this mercy I readily forgave him, before I left, all the inconveniences to which I had been put whilst in his house.

'Mine's a A1 hotel, and don't yer forget it,' he said to me one day, pointing with pride to the amphibious structure which bore his name. 'I'll own as my customers ain't quite the "tone;" but what's that to you or to any man s'long as they pays their reck'ning? Just yer mind that I don't cater fur no city gents, with bran'-new store clothes on their backs and shiny toothpick boots on their feet. No, siree, them as wants extry attendance won't get it here, and there ain't no place fur the item on the bill.'

I, however, discovered that there were plenty of places for other items, and that his charges were higher than those of the New Westminster Hotel; and I am of opinion that, although he affected to despise what he terms the 'tone,' he would not

hesitate to apply a higher scale of charges to such people when they visited his hotel.

The more one sees of Port Moody, the less impressed is one with it; and, for my part, I have never ceased to marvel how it came to be originally selected as the terminus.

The offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway are of the most primitive character. There is a wooden building, in which are contained a ticket and telegraph office; opposite is a fairly commodious goods shed, with a wharf beyond. Consequently a traveller arriving from Europe by the West-bound mail would be something more than human if he failed to express his disappointment at the situation, for there is absolutely nothing in the surroundings to favourably impress him. But his stay in Port Moody would necessarily be short; instead of having to seek the hospitality of the local hotel, he would find himself, within an hour of his arrival, on board a steamer making for Victoria, where he would find a good hotel and all the comforts of civilisation. The steamers between Victoria and Port Moody stop at Vancouver both going and returning.

IV. THE CLIMATE AND GENERAL RESOURCES OF THE PROVINCE.

No greater libel has ever been uttered upon a country than the remark of an eminent English statesman, that Canada was a 'huge ice-bound desert.' It is possible that the statesman in question, in making this statement, had in mind the remark of the French monarch who, when signing the treaty which transferred Canada to Great Britain, said, in order to lessen the importance of the territory France was called upon to sacrifice, 'After all, it's only a few square miles of snow.'

This expression not only found acceptance in official circles for many years after, but the school geographies and encyclopædias, in their references to Canada, appear to have been considerably influenced by it, so much so that the world at large looked upon the country as being for the greater part eternally doomed on account of the severity of its climate.

There are, of course, terribly cold spots in the Dominion—parts, in fact, where the frost never leaves the ground—but these are in the regions of the 'Frozen Sea,' where no one is called upon or expected to reside. It should not be forgotten that the Dominion of Canada is of vast extent (altogether, not including the area covered by the great lakes, it contains 3,470,392 square miles, or about 40 per

cent. of the area of the whole British Empire), and that whilst one part may be perpetually frostbound, another basks in perennial sunshine.

That British Columbia possesses, of all the provinces of the Dominion, the best all-round climate no one will, I think, venture to deny. It—where it lies in the perpetual cold of the Arctic Ocean—has its uninhabitable quarter, but this is lost sight of amongst the millions of acres which are habitable.

The Japanese current produces on the climate along the Canadian littoral of the Pacific Ocean an effect similar to that produced on England by the Gulf Stream, thus giving to British Columbia—Vancouver Island especially—a climate similar to that of the south of England, save that it has a greater summer heat with less humidity.

The 'current' flows northerly from the Japan coast until it strikes the islands of the Aleutian Archipelago, when it is deflected eastward, crossing south of the Alaskan Sea, and striking the upper end of the Queen Charlotte Islands, where its course is again changed, and it passes south along the coast of British Columbia. It is all summer and sunshine wherever the full influence of this great volume of warm water is felt. As a local authority puts it, 'even in the midst of winter, when hyperborean blasts sweep the plains east of the Rocky Mountains, the warm breezes from the sea steal over the islands

and mainland, and penetrate far into the interior among the many valleys of the mountains, their modifying influence gradually lessening as they advance. In the regions fully subject to them flowers bloom, vegetation remains green and bright, and there is little save the almanac to inform the stranger that winter is at hand, though the native knows it from the increased rainfall. The warm moisture-laden currents of air coming from the south-west meet the colder atmosphere from the north, and the result is frequent and copious rains during the winter season, the rainfall being much more abundant on the mainland coast than on the islands or in the interior.'

It must be clearly understood that the climate of British Columbia, as a whole, varies considerably, owing to atmospheric conditions and local causes. The province is naturally divided into two districts, insular and continental; and these, owing to the vast area and mountainous surface, are again subdivided into districts with more or less distinctly defined boundaries. However, taken altogether, the climate of the 'Province of the Midnight Sun' is, as I have already intimated, much more moderate and equable than that of any other portion of Canada, each district enjoying cooler summers and milder winters than any region of a corresponding altitude lying east of the Rocky Mountains.

In 1860 H.M.S. *Topaz* made meteorological observations every day, with the following result:—

1860	Mean daily deg.
April . . .	51·50 Fahrenheit.
May . . .	55·25 ,,
June . . .	61·00 ,,
July . . .	60·50 ,,
August. . .	63·25 ,,
September . .	57·25 ,,
October . .	53·00 ,,
November . .	50·50 ,,
December . .	42·00
1861	
January . .	38·00 ,,
February . .	44·50 ,,
March . .	46·00 ,,
Mean heat of the year	51·81 Fahrenheit.

It is also affirmed that in some years the gooseberry buds were opening in *February*; that at the beginning of *March* the native plants were coming into leaf in sheltered places; that native hemp was three inches high, and that by the 29*th of the month* buttercups were in flower. Strawberries, we are also told, have been in bloom on *April* 13; and then, on *May* 1, the plains were covered with wild flowers. By this time spring wheat and peas were also rising, potatoes were above ground, strawberries and wild gooseberries were ripening, and the hedges blooming with wild roses.

The species and varieties of plants growing in British Columbia are exceedingly numerous. Those

growing on the meadow lands may be classed as follows :—White pea, wild bean, ground-nuts, a species of white clover, reed meadow-grass, bent spear-grass, wild oat, wild Timothy, sweet-grass, cowslip, crowfoot, winter-cress, partridge berry, wild sunflower, marigold, wild lettuce, wild angelica, wild lily, brown-leaved rush, and so forth.

I mention this in order to show what an equable climate the province really possesses, for where such plants will grow wild there cannot by any chance be anything wrong with the climate.

I have given the result of the observations taken in 1860, but I think it well worth while to give the result of observations taken at the meteorological stations at Esquimault at a much later period, viz. during 1874–5–6 (see opposite page).

In speaking of the climate of the mainland of British Columbia no general description will serve the purpose, for whilst the coast and islands are liable to all-important variations, the differences in the interior are still greater. The Provincial Government authorities in dealing with the matter divide the country into three zones—the southern, the middle, and the northern.

The southern zone is taken to be between the international boundary line (49°) and 51° north latitude, and east of the coast range beginning at Yale ; and it comprises most of the country in which

TABLE OF TEMPERATURE AND RAINFALL AT ESQUIMAULT, B.C., FOR THE YEARS 1874-5-6.

Months	Max. Thermometer			Mim. Thermometer			Mean Temperature by Day			Mean Temperature by Night			Rainfall, Inches		
	1874	1875	1876	1874	1875	1876	1874	1875	1876	1874	1875	1876	1874	1875	1876
January .	53·0	47·0	51·5	22·0	8·0	18·5	49·4	32·7	38·5	33·7	24·3	30·7	3·80	1·60	2·32
February	71·0	49·0	53·0	21·9	24·9	29·1	56·0	42·7	44·3	34·0	32·1	37·5	·49	·70	5·06
March .	72·0	48·0	54·9	28·5	29·9	22·1	63·6	43·3	43·3	33·2	34·6	36·6	·84	4·91	3·00
April . .	85·7	63·9	59·9	34·5	25·9	31·1	71·3	53·2	52·2	41·7	39·7	40·9	·52	1·11	·88
May . .	74·0	58·9	69·9	41·0	38·1	38·1	69·9	55·7	57·3	48·5	43·9	48·2	·29	2·42	·76
June . .	78·0	69·9	83·9	43·0	42·6	42·1	72·0	61·0	62·2	51·0	48·1	50·4	·30	·73	·83
July . .	77·6	76·9	73·9	48·1	45·4	48·9	73·2	74·6	67·2	52·9	54·5	50·3	·00	·00	·34
August .	75·1	76·9	71·0	49·1	46·9	41·6	67·0	61·1	69·8	52·3	47·4	40·5	·73	·49	·41
September	71·9	69·9	76·9	44·1	42·9	43·9	61·8	61·8	62·1	48·1	45·9	47·9	·78	·80	1·15
October .	65·6	63·9	61·9	34·0	41·1	38·1	59·1	52·7	54·8	46·8	46·8	45·9	·33	4·48	2·54
November	69·0	54·9	56·0	28·0	22·1	30·1	45·7	43·7	40·9	37·1	36·1	39·6	5·25	6·50	4·27
December	64·1	54·9	53·0	27·0	29·1	29·1	45·1	45·7	46·5	39·9	38·8	37·7	2·32	9·68	1·74
Total .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17·65	33·42	23·30

irrigation is essential to the growth of cereals. This arises from the air losing moisture in crossing the range.

It is, however, in this zone that special advantages are offered for cattle and sheep raising, rich bunch grass existing in great quantities. The mean annual temperature of this zone differs, it is said, little from that of the coast region; a greater difference being, however, observable between the mean summer and winter temperatures, and a still greater contrast when the extremes of heat and cold are compared. The winter is shorter and milder than the districts further north; and though snow falls, the wind-swept slopes are, it is affirmed, unusually thinly covered. Cattle as well as horses winter out, the district thus having an advantage over the two great western States of America, Dakota and Minnesota, where, although horses do sometimes winter out, cattle cannot do so, the snow lying too thick on the ground to allow of their getting at the grass—cattle, unlike horses, not scraping for their food.

The middle zone comprises the region between 51° and 53° north latitude, and contains much of the mountainous parts of the province, including the Cariboo Mountains, the locality of the principal gold-fields yet discovered in British Columbia. The rainfall is heavier here than in the southern zone, and the forest growth therefore becomes more dense.

The altitude of the settlements in this division varies from 1,900 to 2,500 feet above the sea level; at 3,000 feet wheat will ripen, and other grains at even a higher altitude. From longitude 122° the land falls towards the valley of the Fraser, the climate becomes milder than in the mountains, and bunch-grass grows in the valleys and on the beaches.

The country embraced in the northern zone is necessarily remote from the line of rail, the 'Queen's Highway' running through no portion of it. Except for its supposed minerals, its fur-bearing animals, and the fish in its waters, this district possesses no attraction for settlers.

British Columbia is stated to possess a greater variety of climate than any other country of its size, the lines of demarcation between one and the other being singularly abrupt and well defined. Vancouver Island and the mainland coast supply an equable genial climate, whilst within a few miles of the border of this land is a territory in which rain seldom falls, where the sky is invariably clear and the air bracing, with sharper differences between winter and summer temperatures, but with a mean differing but little from the adjoining region. Close on this is a climate of almost constant rain, where the vegetation is most luxuriant, and where timber attains immense proportions. North of all these are the frozen marvels of an arctic world.

The resources of British Columbia are very numerous. The fishing industry is at present the best developed, yielding the highest returns. The value of salmon (canned and barrelled) exported in 1884 amounted to $813,655, whilst the value of fish oil (the bulk of which is obtained from the dog-fish at the Queen Charlotte Islands) was $15,017. Coal followed salmon in the volume of 1884 trade, the shipments (chiefly to the United States and the Sandwich Islands) amounting to 218,856 tons, with a value of $766,018.

Gold, the whole of which was exported to the United States, amounted to $671,379, being third on the list. The timber exports came fourth, there having been exported lumber to the value of $458,251 ; Australia, Chili, Peru, China, British East Indies, Great Britain, and the United States being buyers ; the first-named being the largest and the last the smallest purchaser, whilst China took $49,808 worth.

Coming to the fur exports, I find that furs derived from land animals, the greater part of which are collected and exported by the Hudson's Bay Company, were exported to the value of $209,163, Great Britain and the United States being about equal purchasers. The furs from marine animals, mainly seal and sea-otter, had an export value of $70,178. Of these, Great Britain was by far the

largest buyer; China's share amounted to $8,283, the United States not requiring—in virtue of their own seal fisheries in Alaska—more than $250 worth. Hops are exported in small quantities; but, considering the facilities there are for growing them, they will, I should imagine, be an increasing industry in the future. British Columbian hops are said to be fully equal, if not superior, to those of Washington Territory, whence the exports have attained large proportions.

The growing of fruit is certainly a thing of promise, Vancouver Island, the districts west of the coast range, and that southern strip of the province between parallels 49° and 50° being specially adapted for the raising of fruits of all kinds. At present Canada's great fruit-raising farms are in Ontario, but the districts I have mentioned, having greater climatic advantages, can produce fruits that will not grow in the province further east.

Agriculturally considered British Columbia is essentially a country of small holdings, and it will be impossible—save in a few exceptionally favoured parts—to farm on a large scale. It is true that the climate is admirable, and that the soil is often very good; but the good spots do not lie close together, it being only here and there that you come across lands suitable for farming purposes. I certainly think industrious families with a knowledge of farm work,

of moderate ambitions, and possessing a little capital, might, having made a proper selection of land, thrive and prosper on farming.

Land is easy of acquirement in the province. The regulations, however, concerning the tract of land along the Canadian Pacific Railway, and within twenty miles on each side of the line known as the Railway Belt, differ slightly from those governing other portions of the country. This belt is vested in the Government of the Dominion as distinguished from the Government of the province of British Columbia, whose regulations are in force for all other parts. Provincial Government lands are classified as either surveyed or unsurveyed lands, and may be acquired either by record and pre-emption, or purchase.

Any person being a British subject may record or pre-empt unoccupied, unreserved, and unrecorded Crown lands, being the head of a family, a widow, or a single man over eighteen years of age. Aliens may also record such surveyed or unsurveyed lands on making a declaration of intention to become a British subject. The quantity of land which may be recorded or pre-empted is not to exceed 320 acres northward and eastward of the Cascade or Coast Mountains, or 160 acres in the rest of the province.

The price of Crown lands pre-empted is one dollar per acre, payable in four equal instalments. The first instalment must be paid two years from

date of record or pre-emption, and each other instalment yearly thereafter until the full amount is paid.

The Crown grant, it should be stated, excludes gold and silver ore, and reserves to the Crown a royalty of five cents per ton on every ton of merchantable coal raised or gotten from the land, not including dross or slack.

Vacant surveyed lands, which are not the sites of towns and not Indian settlements, may be purchased at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents (about ten shillings) per acre, payment in full having to be made at the time of the purchase thereof.

Unreserved lands can be purchased at two dollars and fifty cents per acre, payable as follows : 10 per cent. at the time of application, and 90 per cent. on completion and acceptance of survey, such survey to be made at the expense of purchaser, and by a surveyor approved of and acting under the instructions of the Chief Commissioner. The quantity of land under this regulation must not be less than 160 acres nor more than 640 acres.

Under the Homestead Act, farm and buildings, when registered, cannot be taken for debt incurred after the registration; it is free from seizure up to a value not greater than $2,500 (500*l.*) ; goods and chattels are also free up to $500 (100*l.*) ; cattle 'farmed on shares' are also protected by an Exemption Act.

Greater attention is to be given in the future to the production of wool and the raising of beef. The exports under these heads are at present small. Grazing lands are to be had on exceptionally favourable terms, and there is a fair prospect of the province materially increasing its wool and beef exports in the near future.

What British Columbia urgently requires is an increased population to develop its latent resources.

It undoubtedly possesses considerable mineral wealth; its fisheries and forests are practically inexhaustible; its grazing lands, in the main, are rich and well located, whilst farming and fruit-growing cannot fail to form profitable industries. With an increased population these natural resources will be developed, and now that a railway has been built across Canada the country has been made easy of access, and new markets for her produce have been opened up. These markets will extend far beyond the American continent; for with the promotion of shipping enterprise in both seas, in connection with the great transcontinental railway, the 'Province of the Midnight Sun' will be brought into direct communication with the Old World on the one side, and with Asia and the Antipodes on the other, so that she, of all the provinces of the Dominion, is likely to be the most benefited by the construction of the 'Queen's Highway.'

CHAPTER III.

ESQUIMAULT AS A NAVAL CENTRE, AND ITS BEARING UPON RUSSIA'S POSITION IN THE PACIFIC.

THE determination to fortify Esquimault, making it a naval station of the first class, is undoubtedly a wise one; for with such a position in the Pacific, and with Halifax on the Atlantic, and a line of rail running through her own territory directly connecting the two stations, England occupies a position to-day undreamt of by the wildest enthusiasts a few years back.

Hitherto the harbour of Esquimault has, states Captain Edward Palliser, a well-known authority on the subject of naval defences, been chiefly looked upon as a 'repairing-shop useful to the North Pacific squadron; but, in its isolation from the rest of her Majesty's dominions, not considered of sufficient importance to increase to the dimensions of an arsenal.' With a railway (taken in conjunction with the Intercolonial at Quebec) stretching in one continuous line from Atlantic to Pacific, this somewhat obscure station has suddenly become of the first importance; and the Canadian Government, in

consideration of its being an imperial arsenal, have decided to spend 20,000*l.* on earthworks for its defence, whilst the English Government have voted 30,000*l.* for the necessary armament of the fortifications which the Canadian authorities will supply.

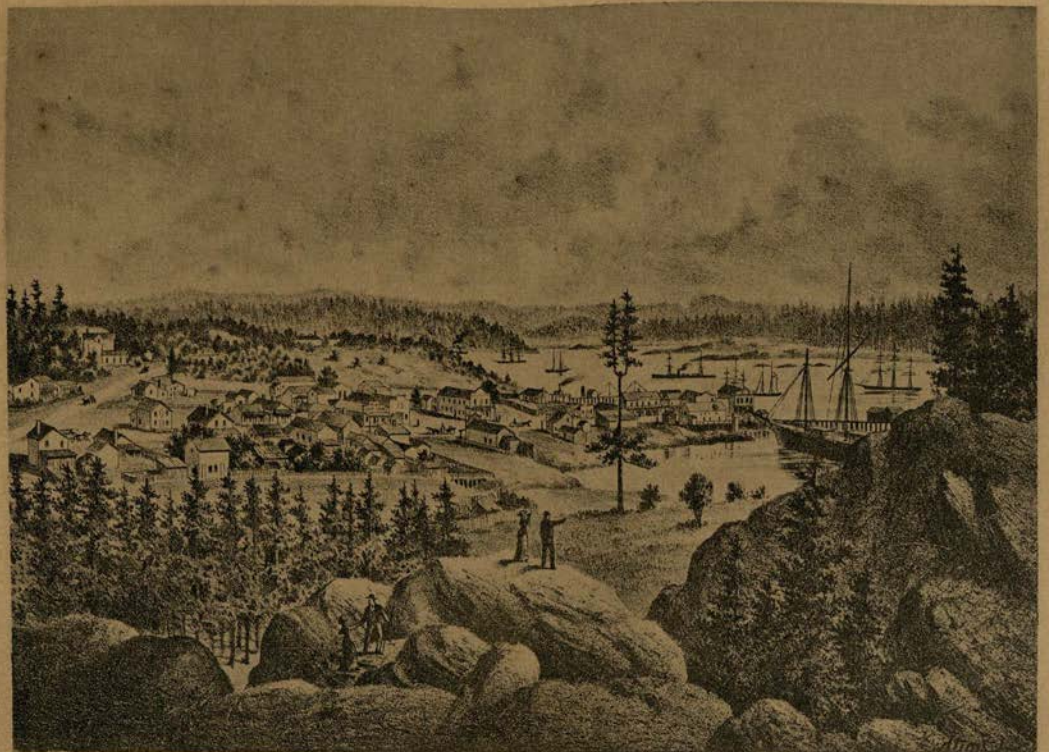
Esquimault possesses unimpeachable natural advantages, and there will be no difficulty in the way of making the place absolutely impregnable. From its position it will dominate the Pacific, 'absolutely commanding,' as Captain Palliser puts it, 'the rear of any ring fence of islands others may set up round Eastern Australia.'

Stores for Esquimault, which formerly took months to deliver by the steam transports from Plymouth, can by coming over 'the Queen's Highway' now be delivered from Woolwich in about fourteen days.

The Home and Colonial Governments are both much to be commended in their decision with regard to Esquimault, for a strategic want has been thus supplied.

Countries which are not in accord with us—Russia especially—fully recognise the importance of the step we have taken in this matter, and the formidableness of the position we now occupy.

Esquimault being but three weeks' steam from Sydney, we should be able in time of trouble to send from that station speedy and effective assistance to



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the Australian colonies. These colonies, however, must improve their own defences; and it is high time that they set about creating an arsenal, similar to Esquimault, at Melbourne or some equally available point. When I was in Australia, Rear-Admiral Tryon was actively engaged in promoting some general scheme of coast defence in which each colony should take part, but I have not yet heard the result of these negotiations.

The first step towards what is termed Imperial Federation should be the promotion of some practical scheme of imperial naval defence. Such a scheme would, I feel certain, if the subject were properly approached, be quite feasible, as the colonies—Australasia especially—would welcome any steps which would give additional security to their sea-board.

Russian war-ships make periodical visits to Australasian waters, and with the visit of each cruiser a feeling of unrest comes over the colonists; not that they have the remotest dread of the particular ship which is on hand, but because they know that the object of the vessel is to collect information respecting the colonies, and to generally spy out the nakedness of the land with regard to its defences. The colonists know only too well that their coast is only too naked in the matter of defences, and that an improved condition of protection is absolutely imperative.

The last 'Russian scare' was on account of the *Vestnik*, which, arriving at Melbourne in the early summer of the year, stayed some time in Australian waters, finally leaving to join the Russian squadron in Japanese waters.

According to the *Age*, the great Victorian daily, the officers were caught taking observations and making sketches of the coast defences round about Melbourne. The circulation of this information created a sensation in the colony, and the Victorians were highly indignant; but it served to set them thinking about putting their house in order in view of future hostilities. I happened to be well acquainted with the officers of the *Vestnik*, and they, as a matter of course, entirely repudiated the allegations made against them by the *Age*; but then who can economise truth—for political purposes—like a Russian?

I have not the slightest doubt that the authorities at St. Petersburg and at Cronstadt are perfectly informed as to how the land lies in Australasian waters, and that the *Vestnik* has added its contribution to the general information.

Australia's extended eastern coast is, as it were, *en l'air*, and it is in a great measure at the mercy of any hostile cruiser who may come along. It is, therefore, sincerely to be trusted that local jealousies, which have principally prevented the carrying out

of a joint plan of local defence, will, in view of the urgency of the situation, be entirely forgotten, and that there may be a speedy consummation of Rear-Admiral Tryon's scheme, which, by the bye, would be a highly important step towards the greater scheme of imperial naval defence.

With the construction of Canada's strategic railway and the establishment of a formidable arsenal at Esquimault, to be, it is hoped, quickly followed by one at Melbourne or Sydney, the bonds—now only too loose—between the Dominion and Australasia cannot fail to be tightened by the instinct of mutual preservation.

The harbour of Esquimault is, I should say, capable of holding the whole of the British navy; but only one man-of-war was stationed there when I was there. This was the flag-ship the *Triumph*, in command of Sir Michael Seymour.

I had the honour of lunching with the admiral, when I took occasion to speak with him respecting Russia's position in the North Pacific. He was of opinion that we had little to fear from Muscovite aggression in these parts, whilst he took exception to the exaggerated statements then finding currency in the London press with regard to our exercising a dominating influence over Russia in these waters on account of the direct communication afforded by the opening of the transcontinental railway.

Esquimault, in his opinion, was of no use as a base of operations against the Russian outposts on the Amoor. Vladivostock, for instance, was not only a great way off, but the winds in the Okhotsk Sea and in the vicinity of the Amoor are so severe and contrary that steamers leaving Esquimault would not only experience a difficulty in getting thither quickly, but would probably find themselves without coal by the time they arrived with the view of commencing operations.

In the region just referred to, monsoons, I am told, rage for the better part of the year, whilst Vladivostock for several months together is ice-bound and practically inaccessible from the sea.

The fleet in Chinese waters is much nearer at hand, and it would have a better opportunity of dominating Russian influences in the North Pacific than one stationed at Esquimault. The acquisition of Port Hamilton,[1] instead of materially improving our position in this direction, is, it is stated, a questionable advantage.

As a set-off, the Russians will, however, I suppose, sooner or later occupy Port Lazareff. This is a port they have long coveted, and there can be no doubt as to their actual intentions with regard to it. China and

[1] Since writing the above the British Government has decided to evacuate Port Hamilton, but the actual intentions of the Russian Government with regard to Port Lazareff are not as yet known.

Japan would, I dare say, object, and the English Government diplomatically protest, but the acquisition will be made all the same ; and Russia will have a station in the Pacific more advantageously situated than Vladivostock, and one that will be open all the year round.

It is a thousand pities that we, in our blundering ignorance, lost the Aleutian Isles, for had we them now our position in the North Pacific would be so materially strengthened that there would be no question of our being able to dominate Russia's interests in this sea. These islands are within easy steam of Esquimault, and about halfway between Vancouver and Russia in Asia.

In case of a war with Russia it would, I presume, be against Petropavlovski, the principal seaport of Kamtschatka, that a fleet stationed at Esquimault would probably operate. This outpost of Russia in Asia cannot be more than about seven days' steam from Vancouver Island. It is not, I think, generally known that the allied English and French squadrons made an attack on this place during the Crimean war, meeting with a severe repulse, in consequence of which the admiral in command committed suicide. The allies were, I believe, much blamed at the time for attacking so unimportant a place, and one so isolated from the real centre of the conflict ; and one can understand with what enthusiasm the news of

the unexpected defeat of the storming party at the hands of a few patriotic but badly armed Kamtschatdals was received not only in the Kamtschatkan peninsula, but in all parts of the Russian Empire.

To this day the inhabitants of Petropavlovski celebrate their victory on its anniversary with great pomp. Headed by the priests, the people march in solemn procession round the town and over the hill from which the storming party was thrown, sprinkling holy water by the way.

At that time the Cossacks and peasants of Kamtschatka had, probably, scarcely ever heard of Turkey, and knew absolutely nothing of the Eastern question; but with Russia's continued advance into Asia the people are getting alive to the fact that the nation to which they belong aims at being not only a great, but *the* great Asiatic power.

Petropavlovski is Russia's vulnerable point in these parts, and if we possessed ourselves of it we should be in a fair way of driving her out of the Pacific altogether.

Besides, the Kamtschatkan peninsula—that is, the southern portion—is not such a bad place after all; although, to the European mind, it is associated with everything that is dreary, bleak, and inhospitable. The southern portion of the peninsula is anything but sterile; for, in place of the mosses and lichens associated with frozen climes, there are rich grasses

and abundant pastures. Perfume-laden wild flowers grow out in the open air in luxuriant profusion; the timber, consisting principally of silver birch, is plentiful, and as a general thing well grown.

Petropavlovski—named, by the bye, after St Peter and St. Paul—itself lies in a verdure-clad valley, in which marsh-violets and fragrant honeysuckle find a home.

Of course Petropavlovski has its fogs—what place on the North Pacific is at times without them?—and when the fogs do arise, houses, sea, mountains—everything, is veiled from sight. Then the place is dreary enough, and an enforced residence there in the winter would not improve a man's opinion of it; but in summer and early autumn Southern Kamtschatka is at its very best, nature then being fresh and green, with a warm sun rendering life truly enjoyable.

Northern Kamtschatka is quite another thing, consisting chiefly, I believe, of mossy barrens, over which roam the wandering tribes and their herds of reindeer.

Over these wanderers the Russian authorities have little or no control; but the aborigines who have come under holy Russia's civilising influence are either fast dying out, or becoming absorbed in the growing Russian population.

Chookchees, Koraks, Gakoots, Tungoos, and the

swarthy southern Kamtschatdals are fast adopting—more by force than persuasion—the religion, customs, and habits of their conquerors.

Naturally honest and fearless, the Kamtschatkan tribes have, under pressure of the civilising influences referred to, become treacherous and cringing, lying and dishonest. Their own curious languages they have lost; but, as they have become liars, this is not so highly regrettable as it at first sight appears, for they will doubtless find Russian an excellent language in which to lie. Not content with corrupting their morals, the Muscovite has robbed them of their religion, forcing them to become Greek Catholics.

The Russians never respect the religious convictions of those whom it may please them to conquer, and this is one of the principal reasons why the Indians would in the bulk be loyal to us in case of a Russian invasion of India. They know that under British rule they enjoy absolute religious liberty, which privilege would, under Russian rule, be denied them; and that Hindoo and Parsee, Mahommedan and Buddhist, would have to renounce the religion of their forefathers, and come within the fold of the Greek Church.

Whilst Russia, with marked severity, presses onward the conversion of the conquered, it is—or was a short time back—for an infidel to convert a

Christian to so-called infidelity (a crime punishable with death).

During the six months I was in India I was a guest of many of the principal native rulers, and I had ample opportunity of ascertaining the true feeling existing amongst the people, in the native states especially, with regard to a Russian invasion of India. From the information I thus acquired I am convinced that, in the main, the native princes are loyal, and that even those who are not conspicuous for their loyalty would, on religious grounds at least, hesitate ere leaping out of (as they might term it) the frying-pan of British rule into the everlasting fire of Muscovite despotism.

Since Peter the Great extended his dominions across the snowy wastes of Siberia until his empire included the peninsula of Kamtschatka, Russia has been closely associated with the North Pacific. Whilst the English were seeking for the fabulous 'Straits of Anian,' which were to provide them with a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Tzar Peter was in search of a water passage into the Pacific from the great Arctic Ocean which washed his dominions on the north. He did not live to see his purpose realised, but under the Empress Catherine and the Empress Anne his plans were faithfully carried out, the result being the discovery of Behring's

Straits, in 1728, by the Danish navigator, Vitus Behring, who had charge of the Russian expedition.

In 1732 another expedition discovered the mainland of Alaska, and, in 1741, Behring made further explorations of that country, discovering that giant mountain which rears its snowy crest nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea, which he named Mount St. Elias—the name it still bears. It was on his return voyage in the *St. Peter* that Behring was cast on a practically barren island (now called Behring's Isle) lying between the Aleutian Archipelago and Kamtschatka, where he and thirty of his companions died. The survivors lived upon seal and otter whilst on the island, and on returning to Avatscha the following spring (having made good their escape by constructing a small vessel from the wreck of the *St. Peter*) they were clad in the skins of these animals, the value of which excited great curiosity, and eventually led to the despatch of several expeditions in search of furs. The pioneers of the fur trade of the Pacific were therefore the Russians.

Russian knowledge of the Alaskan coast was for years confined to the Aleutian Islands, and, indeed, they believed, and so represented on their maps, that the region between Mount St. Elias and Kamtschatka was one vast sea of islands, an idea which prevailed until after the memorable voyage of Captain Cook in 1778. This is easily accounted for when it is

considered that the persons engaged in the traffic in furs were unprovided with charts or scientific instruments of any kind, and their ideas of the relative positions of the various stations, so far as latitude and longitude were concerned, were of the most vague description. Their system of navigation was simply to sail eastward from the Bay of Avatscha, on the Kamtschatkan coast, until an island was sighted, and use that as a landmark by which to reach the next. By this means they passed from island to island both on the outward and return voyages. The principal depôts on the Siberian coast for the reception of furs so collected were Avatscha and Okhotsk, whence they were despatched on sledges to Irkutsk, a distance of 3,450 miles. They were then divided, some being sent on to St. Petersburg, a further journey of 3,760 miles, whilst the greater portion were despatched to Kiakta, a Russian town on the Chinese frontier, where they were exchanged for tea, tobacco, rice, porcelain, silk and cotton goods. China was then, and is still, the greatest fur market in the world; but the Russians had not then discovered that there was an easier and cheaper route to that country than the overland one *viâ* Irkutsk and Kiakta.

Under their primitive system of navigation they were not aware that the ocean in which these fur-producing islands lay was the same Pacific or South

Sea which could be entered by Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and it was an extraordinary chance circumstance which revealed it to them.

In 1771 some Polish prisoners, who had been exiled to Siberia, made their escape from a small port on the coast of Kamtschatka, under the leadership of a noted patriot, Count Maurice de Benyowsky. After a voyage of considerable vicissitude, during which they picked up a large quantity of furs, they finally reached the port of Canton, where their cargo sold for a high price. Then for the first time was the magnitude of the Pacific realised, and the spreading of the information that the rich fur regions of the North Pacific were accessible to Canton by sea gave a great impetus to the fur trade of the American coast.

It was the uneasiness caused by Russia's advancement in the Pacific that induced the English Government in 1776 to despatch Captain James Cook, with the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, on a voyage to the Pacific coast of North America.

Ten years later private English enterprise embarked in the fur trade of the North Pacific, closely followed by the operations of the famous 'South Sea Company.' With the collapse of this commercial bubble, and its *protégé* the King George's Sound Company, English enterprise on an extended scale in these regions languished for a while.

At this time Spain claimed dominion of the whole American coast (in virtue of descent from Mexico, then a Spanish colony) from Chili to Alaska; whilst a century before a royal decree had been issued commanding the seizure of foreign vessels of every nation wherever found in Pacific waters, unless they possessed a trading licence from the Spanish authorities. From this position taken in the seventeenth century Spain had not in the least degree receded, and she determined, in view of the usurpation of her rights by other countries, principally by English and American trading vessels, to exert herself towards maintaining her supremacy. Consequently, early in 1789 an expedition was despatched by the Viceroy of Mexico to Nootka Sound, Vancouver Island (then called Quadra Island by the Spanish, who claimed possession of it), which was fortified and garrisoned; and, on some vessels commanded by English officers putting in an appearance, they were at once seized. Their cargoes were, by order of Martinez, the Spanish commandant, confiscated, and their crews sent as prisoners to Mexico.

This act nearly brought about a war between England and Spain; the latter country, however, gave way, and, after paying compensation, the 'Nootka Convention' was signed, by which the port of Nootka was abandoned, and Captain George Vancouver had surrendered to him by Quadra, the

Castilian governor, the island which now bears his name.

The supremacy of Spain has finally departed from the North Pacific, but the names given by her to various islands and points along the coast still remain.

Until the war of 1812 the Americans took the lead in the whaling and fur trade of the Pacific, English independent traders being excluded from Asiatic ports by the monopoly charter of the East India Company, whilst Russia did not enjoy the privilege of entering the few Chinese ports open to the commerce of the more favoured nations, and continued to market their Alaskan furs overland from Kamtschatka.

Then came the consolidated Hudson's Bay Company, ruling the Pacific coast from California to Alaska, which latter place, being the property of Russia, was exempt from molestation.

With the selling of Alaska in 1867 to the United States Russia dispossessed herself of a magnificent possession for, as it turns out, a mere mess of pottage, the mineral wealth already discovered being of greater value than the sum paid by America for the whole country.

The British-Columbians are naturally dissatisfied with the acquisition by America of this territory, cutting off as it does the whole of their northern seaboard. During the Crimean war this 'Land of

Promise' could have been readily acquired without purchase, and—until it was exchanged for American gold[1]—the colonists generally were inspired with the idea that an occasion would arise when it could and would be included in the 'Province of the Midnight Sun.'

British Columbians must, however, be satisfied with what they have, and rest content with the knowledge that, with an arsenal at Esquimault and a direct communication with the mother country, they are in a position to check any aggressive action on the part of Russia in the Pacific, as well as possessing the connecting link of a strategic highway to our Asiatic and Antipodean possessions.

[1] Seven million dollars was, I believe, the sum paid to Russia for the whole of Alaska; and the United States Government has already received from the Alaska Commercial Company (to whom it granted exclusive rights in the matter of the seal-fisheries and traffic in furs), since it commenced its operations in 1870, something like 111,000*l.* in rent and 580,000*l.* in tax on skins.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE HIGHWAY.

I. FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE ROCKIES.

THE 'Atlantic Express' leaves Port Moody at 13 o'clock (that is 1 P.M., the 24-hour system being in vogue on the Canadian Pacific Railway), whilst the 'Pacific Express' arrives at the terminus at mid-day, being, as a rule, on time to the minute.

In the course of this and the following chapters I purpose describing the various points of interest that the railway presents between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans; but I will first enumerate its advantages as a highway between Great Britain and Asia, and her Australasian colonies. As the following calculations will show, the 'Queen's Highway' undoubtedly forms the shortest and quickest route from England to Japan, China, Australia, and New Zealand.

The general idea with regard to this transcontinental railway is that it is too far north for the air-line distance to Japan or the East, and that the lines running from New York to San Francisco are more nearly in the direct route; yet Yokohama is 250

geographical miles nearer to Vancouver than to San Francisco. Again, contrary to the popular idea, the distance from Montreal to Liverpool is 200 miles less than it is from New York to Liverpool. It is close upon 700 miles in an air line nearer from Yokohama to Liverpool by way of Canada than it is by New York. But the advantage in favour of the 'Queen's Highway' over the American routes is even greater still; for whilst the shortest railway route across the United States from San Francisco to New York is 3,271 miles in length, that of the Canadian Pacific from Vancouver to Montreal is but 2,906, or 3,053 miles to Quebec. At 35 miles an hour it would require 93½ hours by the American line, and 87 by the Canadian line—supposing, of course, the circumstances to be the same in the two cases. But the circumstances are by no means the same. By the American route there are many natural disadvantages to be encountered which have no place on the Canadian highway.

In the first place, there is a ferry of five miles from San Francisco; in the second, there are heavier grades and greater altitudes up which the trains have to be lifted; and in the third, there are so many important places to stop at *en route*, that delays are unavoidable. Long lengths of the American line (I am taking the shortest route, *viâ* Omaha and Chicago), aggregating fully one-half of

the distance between Omaha and the Pacific, have an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea, 500 miles are over 6,000 feet, and 400 miles over 7,000 feet. The Canadian route is in one direct line from Montreal to Vancouver, and the stops are few and far between, making it possible to maintain a high and uniform rate of speed. The summit of the 'Queen's Highway' is nearly 3,000 feet lower than that of the rival American line, and it is quickly crossed.

In winter, again, contrary to the general idea, the advantage is still with the Canadian Pacific; for, in addition to having a lower altitude, the snowfall is greater south of the international line than it is on the Canadian side along the line of rail.

The fastest time made on the American lines between New York and San Francisco is 137 hours; and if the journey over the Canadian Pacific is to take no more than 87 hours (Mr. Van Horne says 86), there is a clear balance of 50 hours in favour of the latter by the land journey alone.

But coming to the sea portions the gain is still greater.

The great circle air-line distance from Yokohama to San Francisco is 4,470 geographical miles, and to Vancouver 4,232. At 15 knots per hour it would require to steam these distances 298 and 282 hours respectively, or 12 days and 10 hours against 11 days

and 18 hours. But Mr. Van Horne talks of putting on at Vancouver fast improved steamers, with a speed of 17 knots, in order to completely cut out the steamship lines now running between San Francisco and Yokohama, which, instead of going 15 knots per hour, take from 14 to 15 days to make the trip.

With regard to the Atlantic portion, Quebec from Liverpool is 2,661 geographical miles, whilst New York is 3,130 miles, a difference of 469 ; which, at the allowed speed of 15 knots, requires 31 hours.

It will thus be seen that there is a total saving by means of the 'Queen's Highway,' by land and by sea, of upwards of four days.

The Quebec route, however, can only be used in summer, the St. Lawrence being ice-bound in winter. The winter route is at present by way of Halifax or Portland, Maine. The Canadian Pacific people, however, purpose constructing an air line from Montreal, through Maine, with a port in the Atlantic at Louisburg, Cape Breton Island. This short cut across would, as a passenger route, present special advantages over the roundabout intercolonial line, which, joining the Grand Trunk and C. P. R. systems at Quebec, runs into Halifax ; but it can at no time serve as a highway, as Maine, which both morally and geographically belongs to Canada, was, through the stupid, I might almost say criminal, blundering of English politicians, allowed to form a portion of

the United States. The strategic route in winter must for the present be by way of Halifax, or in the future *viâ* Louisburg and the Intercolonial.

The Louisburg route, as compared with the summer route by Quebec, would be 600 miles longer by rail and 310 less by water; or, as compared with New York, 250 miles more of railway and 750 miles less on the Atlantic.

Fast vessels of the *Etruria* class should be able to run from Liverpool to Louisburg in 5½ days, and the land journey of 3,620, from Louisburg to Vancouver, should be got over in 5 days. By the proposed fast steamers connecting with Vancouver, the journey across the Pacific to Yokohama would be got over in about 10½ days, or say 3 weeks for the whole journey from Liverpool to Yokohama.

Under existing arrangements it takes by the American route 30, *viâ* the Suez Canal 55, and by Panama 56 days. The Panama route, even with the opening of the canal, would not be able to successfully compete in point of time with the Canadian line. The distance from Southampton to Colon or Aspinwall is 4,820 miles, and steamers would experience great difficulty in maintaining a high rate of speed so long a distance without re-coaling. Allowing, however, 16 knots per hour, it would take 12½ days to get over the 4,820 miles, and with a day in the canal it would be 13½ days before the

steamer could possibly be on its way across the Pacific, when the route to be taken would be three days longer than that from Vancouver.

With regard to the Australasian traffic, the present mail service to Australia is either by the Suez Canal, Colombo, and King George's Sound, or by San Francisco, Honolulu, Auckland, and Sydney; whilst New Zealand has a direct mail service from Plymouth *viâ* Cape of Good Hope on the outward, and Cape Horn on the inward passage.

By the first-named route (allowing for the quick overland transit *viâ* Brindisi) it takes on an average 39 days to Melbourne, and about 37 days to Adelaide (whence the mails with the new connecting line of rail just opened will be sent overland to Melbourne and Sydney, instead of by sea as heretofore), but during the monsoons a day or two longer must be allowed. Sydney, the terminus as it were of these mail steamers, is seldom reached under 42 days, although it could easily be done in 40 days, the time generally occupied by the direct mail steamers to New Zealand *viâ* the Cape.

Viâ the American line, which secures a good deal of the summer traffic, it takes about 36 days from Liverpool to Auckland, and about 40 days to Sydney, the service being unnecessarily slow, and one readily accelerated.

By the Canadian Pacific route, which has a

longer distance on the Pacific and a shorter one on the Atlantic and across the continent, the journey (at the previously estimated rate of speed[1]) to Sydney direct would take 30 days; by stopping, however, at Fiji and Auckland the time would be increased a day or so.

Mails *viâ* Panama (another route), under existing facilities, take 44 to 46 days to reach Sydney; but with the opening of the canal—provided, of course, that it is opened—quicker time will undoubtedly be made. But the Panama route to Australia, as compared with the Canadian line, is about 2,150 miles longer on the Atlantic and 1,100 more on the Pacific; the total distance by the former being 12,500 as against 12,300 (including the railway section) by the latter; the saving, as will be seen, being by railway instead of steamer speed. It therefore will not be possible, even with the canal open, to go from Southampton to Sydney under 35 days.

Another important fact in connection with the Canadian route must not be overlooked, and that is the abundance of coal at both termini.

From England to Colombo, Panama, Calcutta, or

[1] I wish it to be clearly understood that I do not bind myself to these figures. It is possible the passage will not be made within the estimated time, although with through trains and fast connecting steamers it is fully within the bounds of possibility. Everything depends upon the rate of speed the C. P. R. will run their through trains, and the character of the steamers employed.

even Hong-Kong, no coal is found available for the steamers until the English coal comes within economical distance of the Australian fuel; and whether the steamer carries it herself, or gets it carried for her, every pound of the coal she uses has to be transported 1,150 miles to Gibraltar, 2,130 miles to Malta, 2,950 miles to Alexandria, 4,150 miles to Aden, or 6,650 miles to Colombo, at a rapidly increasing cost for her consumption as she proceeds on her way from England. This is one of the chief reasons why the East-going steamers are so slowly worked as compared with those running on the Atlantic; for, strange though it may seem, it entails the consumption of double the quantity of coal, above a certain rate of speed, in order to increase the rate two or three knots per hour.

'The Queen's Highway' presents every advantage with regard to coal, for at Louisburg, within 2,350 miles of Liverpool, the steamer reaches the port of shipment of one of the largest coal deposits in the world, whilst at Vancouver she starts again from a point where coal can be obtained in abundance. I have already spoken of the extent and excellence of the coal-fields of Vancouver Island, whence large shipments are made to San Francisco, Honolulu, and to Asia.

It was in 1880 that a contract and agreement were made between the Dominion and an incorporated company, known as the 'Syndicate,' for the construc-

tion, operation, and ownership of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Previously to this the Dominion Government had arranged to build and operate the first transcontinental road, such an undertaking being deemed too gigantic for private enterprise. With this idea the Dominion began its construction, and, in 1871, surveying parties were sent out to explore the comparatively unknown region through which, if possible, it should pass, and report upon the most favourable route. Over $3,508,000 were expended upon these preliminary surveys, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast no less than eleven lines, aggregating upwards of 10,000 miles, were surveyed before the terminal point and the route thereto could be determined upon.

By the terms of the agreement with the Canadian Government, the 'Syndicate' undertook to lay out, construct, and equip, in running order, the eastern and central sections of the line by May 1, 1891; and the Government agreed to complete the unfinished portion of the western section between Kamloops and Yale by June 30, 1885, and also between Yale and Port Moody on or before May 1, 1891, and the Lake Superior section according to contract. In chartering the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the Dominion Government adopted a policy precisely similar to the one carried into effect by the United States Congress, with regard to the earlier transconti-

nental roads, by giving both a money and land subsidy. The subsidy in money was $25,000,000, and in land 25,000,000 acres, such land to be chosen by the company along the route between Winnipeg and the Rockies. The company, under the terms of the agreement, also received authorisation to mortgage its land grant for $25,000,000 at 5 per cent., and to, in addition, issue a mortgage on the line on completion at the rate of $10,000 per mile.

The charter also gave the company very large additional powers, embracing the right to build branches, open telegraph lines, and establish steamer lines from its terminals. The lands required for the road-bed of the railway, and for its stations, station grounds, workshops, dock ground, water frontage, buildings, yards, &c., were also granted free. Whilst granting the company the right to construct branch lines from any point within the territory of the Dominion, the Dominion Parliament agreed that for twenty years no railway should be constructed south of the Canadian Pacific Railway, except such line as shall run south-west or to the westward of south-west, nor to within fifteen miles of latitude 49 degrees. The properties of the company were also made free for ever from taxation, and all material necessary for the construction and equipment of the line was to be admitted duty free; even the lands of the company in the North-West Territories, until either sold or occupied, were

also made free from taxation for twenty years after the grant thereof from the Crown.

By 1882 the company had issued $20,000,000 land grant bonds, depositing the proceeds with the Government, which allowed 4 per cent. interest thereon, and paid the principal back to the company as the railway construction proceeded. The remaining $5,000,000 land grant bonds were held by the Government as security that the company would fulfil its agreements.

In 1884 the Government loaned the company $22,500,000 for the purpose of aiding the construction of the line, which was being pushed through with marvellous rapidity, the company undertaking to complete the main line by May 31, 1886.

The tracks were finally joined in the Eagle Pass on November 7, 1885, and the great highway, which had cost the enormous sum of $140,000,000, was an accomplished fact. In the spring of this year the line was being equipped, and on the evening of June 28 the first through train left Montreal, arriving at Port Moody on July 4, the journey occupying exactly 136 hours. It will thus be seen that the 'Syndicate,' by dint of almost superhuman efforts, managed to complete this magnificent undertaking—by far the greatest feat in railway construction that the world has ever seen—in half the stipulated time, having accomplished what was generally considered

at first to be not only impossible, but altogether mad.

By finishing the railway in 1886 the Canadian Pacific Company has given Canada five years' advantage, and with the running of the first through train the benefit to the country, arising out of this new 'Queen's Highway,' commenced.

It should, I think, be added that not only did the 'Syndicate' complete the railway in half the time agreed upon, but it has honourably discharged all its obligations to the Dominion Government five years before the debt was due. Part of this Government indebtedness was paid in cash, and part in land, the Government having agreed to take back portions of the land granted in the original instance at $1·50 per acre.

This latter arrangement has aroused a storm of protests from the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, who accuse Sir John Macdonald of having treated the company with excessive generosity, the Government having given altogether, in cash subsidies and completed railways, something like 12,000,000*l.*, whilst the land gift is equal, I suppose, to about 5,000,000*l.* more.

But, as Sir John Macdonald said to me, 'when we, in the first instance, gave the "Syndicate" the 25,000,000 acres according to the agreement entered upon, our opponents accused us of giving land away

worth $2·50 an acre; but now that we have taken the land back again at $1·50 per acre, the cry is, we have given $1·50 too much.'

Canadian politicians will, no doubt, be able to thresh this matter out to their satisfaction in due course, and in their hands I must entirely leave the political and financial aspects of the question. But Canadians, generally, cannot forget that very much is owing to Sir John Macdonald's Government for the spirited efforts and great sacrifices they have made in order to help the 'Syndicate' through with an undertaking which has so distinctly placed them abreast with the times, and through which so much future prosperity will undoubtedly come.

The saloon car on the 'Atlantic Express' is a marvel of elegance, as well as containing every convenience, even unto a bath-room. Travelling in it is very comfortable; and as one lolls at ease on the stamped plush sofas, sipping a cup of delicious coffee —real Java—the scenery and general surroundings can be taken in without an effort.

Mr. Van Horne was good enough to give me a general letter to the conductors and officials of the railway, in which he strictly enjoined them to show me everything there was to be seen *en route*, and to otherwise show me attention.

The American black train-conductor is not, as a

rule, overburdened with politeness, and he is not given to putting himself out for anybody—unless, of course, he sees dollars in it. Even then he is not a particularly nice animal, and his very look, as he handles the metallic consideration with which you have sought to purchase his aid and good-will—especially if he be a 'nig' with 'big ideas'—is one of haughty condescension.

But a sight of the letter in my possession produced results little short of magical, and I had the advantage of exceptional attention the whole of the journey.

I was provided with a rosewood writing-table, at which I sat hastily knocking off 'copy' for the newspapers with which I was corresponding; but I was scarcely allowed a moment's rest. The nigger conductor, in his anxiety to carry out the 'boss's' instructions, was at my elbow almost the whole time pointing out something which he thought I might like to see. Every now and then it was 'See here, mister, there's a mighty big mountain;' or, 'I guess them trees 'll take a lot o' beating;' or, 'Them cusses' (pointing to some Chinamen at work) 'ain't no slouches at picking up the dollars.'

At last this 'say, mister' became so frequent that I almost regretted the possession of Mr. Van Horne's 'open sesame,' and I had to beg of my informant to leave me in peace, and to only point out such things

as were of exceptional importance, leaving the rest to my own observation.

From Port Moody to Yale the road passes through a good deal of varied scenery, not particularly bold, but infinitely beautiful. Through wild meadow lands and between low hills we wend our way towards the rising sun, skirting in our progress the great river which is such a source of wealth to the province. Of cultivation there are already some signs in the valleys, where small farmers have pitched their tents, whilst fishing villages here and there dot the Fraser's banks.

The warmth of a summer's day is full upon one, but with the window open there comes in enough cool air to make matters comfortable. Upon the breeze there comes the smell of ripening grasses and marsh flags, strong enough to be distinguished from the scent of the pines, through forests of which we pass again and again.

The coast range is just high enough to have a sprinkling of white upon it; whilst on the other side of the border Mount Baker, majestic and snow-clad, scintillates and glows in the bright rays of the sun.

With gladsome springiness the 'Atlantic Express' rushes through the broad river's valleys, or laboriously climbs up the steep inclines overshadowed by hanging rocks, from which burst sparkling water

jets. Then the trees, how truly splendid they are! With the exception of the bare rocks or mountain heights large timber grows everywhere. They are a sight in themselves. It is true they are neither so distinctive nor so stupendously great as the 'big trees' of California, but in British Columbia big trees are not only here and there in limited groups, but they are in general abundance.

The Northern Pacific in its Yosemite Valley has a show place to be proud of, but British Columbia contains a series of Yosemite Valleys, each one presenting additional charms.

At Yale the train approaches scenery on a grander scale than that already passed.

Yale itself is so shut up by lofty peaks that it seems at first sight to be absolutely impossible for a train to make any further headway.

We are now in the Cascades, through the heart of which rushes and surges the angry Fraser. For nearly sixty miles we follow the great gorge, with the beetling granite rocks hanging overhead, and the turbulent waters rushing past us below with ever-increasing velocity.

There is no method of climbing the Cascades by gradual ascents, and a roadway has been cut out of the solid rock parallel with the great cañon of the Fraser.

The train hugs the sides of these forbidding rocks,

leaping over the intervening spaces by means of trestle bridges, or dashes through tunnels bored through the granite peaks. It is an exciting time as we speed on our way; for, at every turn, solid mountain walls appear to be in front of us, and, as we dash through the outlets, bored at the cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, we come out in front of yawning chasms, where the Cascades have worn away the ledges of rock. As we go over them by means of the bridges thrown across, it seems as if the rocks will give way and send us headlong into the foaming and raging gorge below, or that the boulders which project hundreds of feet above us will drop from their positions and crush us.

Six miles below Lytton a gulch, deeper and broader than any of the preceding ones, presents itself. To cross it by an ordinary bridge would be impossible, and a cantilever bridge, 96 feet above low-water mark, has been constructed at a great cost for the purpose.

As one crosses the bridge a magnificent scene presents itself in thus being suspended over the surging, maddening river, increased in force by the waters of the North Thompson River, and with a full view of the gloomy cañon through which we have passed.

At Lytton, an early 'gold town,' which is reached at 20.35 (7.35 P.M.), the Thompson River enters

the Fraser. The track then follows the cañon of the Thompson River, where similar wild scenery and equally wonderful engineering feats are encountered. By the time the express reaches Spence's Bridge, where the waggon road to the gold mines crosses to the opposite side of the river, night has fallen. Savona Ferry, at the foot of Lake Kamloops, a beautiful stretch of water, is reached a little after midnight, so nothing of the chaster scenery which is said to distinguish this point can be seen.

Following the south bank of the lake, the thriving town of Kamloops, which is 238 miles from Port Moody, is reached at two o'clock. The town of Kamloops, meaning in the Indian language 'the meeting of the waters,' is opposite the junction of the North and South Thompson, and is the centre of a rich ranching district; but at two A.M. the weary passengers have occupied their 'sections,' or portions thereof, and are for the most part fast asleep. I cannot, therefore, describe the surrounding country, which I understand consists of valleys producing nutritious 'bunch grass,' through which the rivers run and entwine, with a back and foreground of bordering hills.

Kamloops has a population of about 700, and, with the exception of Yale, is the only station of importance we have stopped at during our run of 238 miles from the sea; for the majority of the places at which we called were stations but in name,

no passengers, as a rule, either getting in or getting out at them. There are twenty-two stations in all, each one possessing an odd name, between Port Moody and Kamloops; and it is to be hoped that they will in the future furnish both passengers and goods, instead of, as now, being chiefly places of call for the purpose of taking in water and fuel.

The region from Savona to Shuswap Lake is the great interior plateau lying between the Cascades and the gold mountains, and it is, I believe, a fine ranching country.

At five o'clock the 'nig' apprises me of the fact that it is time to get up. I speedily dress, and take in the charming scenery that 'Salmon Arm' as seen in the early morning light affords. Bird life is seen in abundance. The duck and teal are thick upon the swamps, and the plovers take to flight with a shrill *pee-wit* over the reeds as the train disturbs them. Blood-seeking mosquitoes are already on the wing, and, as the morning advances, they fill the saloon with their busy hum. Forest fires add to the red glow of the new-born sun. In the district through which we are now passing forest fires have been very frequent, in some cases impeding, and in one instance entirely stopping, the traffic.

Grand as is the sight—especially at night—of a forest on fire, there is something truly saddening about it.

I have seen these fires from their very commencement, and have been struck with the rapidity with which they progress in their course of destruction when once the timber has ignited.

There is, we will say, a glow of fire amongst the brushwood and dried leaves at the foot of a gigantic pine; then a slight breeze fans the embers, sparks fly, and a jet of flame bursts forth. With a sharp crackle the tender twigs of the undergrowth and the dried fallen branches are immediately ablaze. A moment later a circle of fire is round the tree's base, burning its bark and devouring its roots. Then, like an electric flash, a tongue of flame darts up its resinous sides, gathering ferocity as it advances, until its topmost branches are reached. Crackle! crackle! sounds upon the air as the dried spurs feed the fire, or a shrill agonised hiss! hiss! as the green wood writhes and splutters in the flame's embrace.

Now the pine is enveloped in fire, and it roars and groans as the fiery tongues find their way into the cracks in its bark. By this time the topmost spurs and branches are reached, the rising wind scattering them in clouds of ashes and burning embers over the forest. The roots have almost succumbed, and, with the force of the wind, the tree staggers and bends, staggering and bending more and more as the roots snap one after the other, and the increasing blasts

shake its foundations. See, it is toppling—ah! it is down; and, with a terrific crash, the tree measures its length of 300 feet upon the charred and blazing sward. With the fall billions of sparks fly upwards, and the air is filled with dust and ashes.

A similar scene is enacted in another spot, and splendid pines, hemlocks, and cedars fall a quick prey to the demon fire-king.

The destruction of animal life in these forest fires is very great. Bears rush hither and thither, side by side with the timid deer; and the bloodthirsty cougar, hanging out his tongue, runs in terror from the flames, oblivious of the fact that his natural prey, the moose-deer, is close at hand seized with a like agony of dread. Birds fall blackened and dead upon the ground. For them there is no safety in flight; they either lose their way in the smoke, or rush blindly into the devouring flames.

Creeping things and burrowing animals find no shelter in their holes. The ground is red-hot, and they would bake where they lay within. So, creeping out, they find themselves enveloped in a circle of flame, and meet their fate accordingly.

In such fires there is but little hope for any living thing that comes within their range.

The smoke from the burning trees naturally obscures, in a great measure, the view, and the fires are continuous for a considerable distance along the

line; but by the time the Eagle Pass is reached the smoke has disappeared.

There is a romance attached to the finding of this pass, which will bear retelling.

In 1865 an expert named Walter Moberley had been sent out by the Provincial Government to search for a waggon route. After searching for some time without success he was about to give up the search in despair, when he one day noticed an eagle flying up one of the narrow and unpromising valleys near Lake Shuswap, and following the direction taken by the bird he discovered the only pass leading through the Gold range, which otherwise is an unknown wall of mountains. This he called the Eagle Pass, and by that name it has been known ever since.

The scenery in the Gold range is rugged and broken, but it is by no means so grand as that in the Selkirks and the Rockies. Although the mountains of this range are not very high, some of them are snow-clad, and shine like burnished gold in the rays of the sun. Nature could not have possibly been more accommodating than it has in the matter of providing a road-bed for the railway through these mountains. The gradients through this natural pass are not nearly so heavy as in other places; and, by following the rocky border of the Eagle River, many a difficult engineering feat has been avoided.

Eagle Pass station is reached at 8.25, and Craiglea

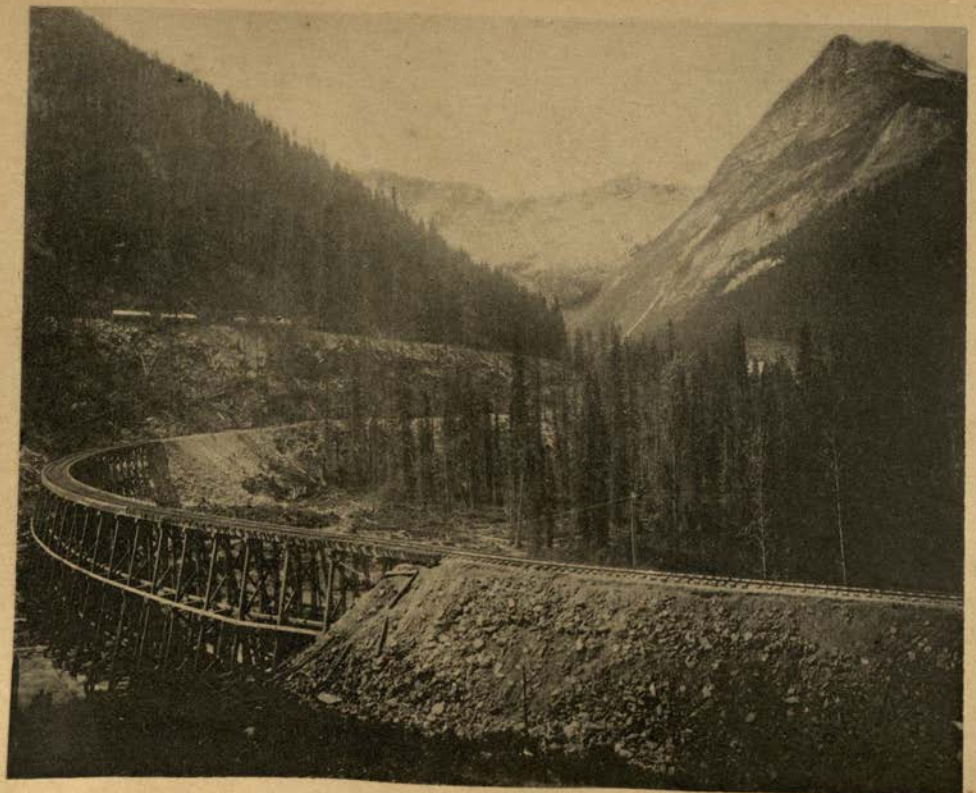
or Craigellachie, where the last spike was driven by Sir Donald A. Smith, on November 7 of last year, has been passed an hour and a half before.

At Rivelstoke we cross over what is called the 'Second Crossing' of the Columbia by a bridge close upon a mile long. Here, with its broad expanse of water and curiously notched banks, a charming picture is presented.

Twenty miles further on the train halts at Albert Cañon station. The cañon itself is one of the most fascinating sights along the line. Picture an immense fissure in the rocks through which the river suddenly bursts, forming a cataract 200 feet high, the river eventually flowing between a narrow channel of rocks, so narrow that the water churns and foams, and rages and twists, in its vain endeavours to be free.

Illicillewaet is the next station. Illicillewaet, meaning 'raging waters,' is the name of the river which dashes down the ravine through which the railway runs. This ravine presents many rugged scenes, and it has been a most difficult route to follow, the torrent having to be crossed several times (I forget how many) whilst the train is fighting its way upwards. At one o'clock the train is in the heart of the glaciers, and the grandest scenery of all comes in view. Here it is that the engineering feats, which are the wonder of the railway world, have been accom-

MOUNT ROSS AND GLACIER.



FOURTH BRIDGE AT LOOP, MOUNT ROSS.

plished, consisting of a series of loops by which the mountains are ascended and descended.

As one ascends, the sweet pureness of the mountain air invigorates and inspires one. Glaciers are about everywhere, rising one above the other, notched and carved by the elements into weird and fantastic shapes. So close are some of these glaciers that, as the train groaningly proceeds higher and higher, it seems as if you could reach out of the window and touch the glassy surface of their frozen caps or glistening sides.

The scenery for some time past had been preparing one for what was to come, but not a single person in the train for one moment anticipated anything one hundredth part so chaste and lovely as the view afforded from the halting-place in the midst of the glaciers.

Towering 11,000 feet towards the sky is the Syndicate Mountain, the birthplace of the turbulent Illicillewaet, whilst alongside are other glaciers, equal to it in grandeur if not in height. Below is a valley fresh and green, with a rushing river cutting it in twain. There is not a house, not a single sign of cultivation as yet in this valley, but in a very little while villas will find shelter on its sloping sides, and cattle will meander amongst its waving grasses.

It is possible, however, the Government may turn

it into a national park, and save it from the desecrating hand of man.

There is already an hotel, consisting of a disused saloon carriage, located in the glaciers; but the railway company purpose erecting a commodious house on its site for the use of passengers, and Mr. Van Horne tells me that donkeys and guides will be provided for those who wish to ascend the mountains.

As a summer resort there is no more charming or perfect spot in the whole of North America than this centre of the glacier district.

Mr. Lucius O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, was staying at the 'Glacier Hotel' when I was there, busily engaged on a set of pictures of the district. He was, from an artist's point of view, in raptures over the scenery; but he appeared to be highly regretful at not having brought his rifle with him, as bears were in sufficient numbers to cause him uneasiness when going out on a lonely sketching expedition. Mr. O'Brien is one of Canada's greatest artists, and something special from his brush may be safely expected.

A propos of bears, there is no end of sport in the neighbourhood; moose-deer and horned sheep are in plenty, whilst small deer are to be met with in considerable numbers.

When the new Glacier Hotel has been built and

THE SNOW RANGE, SELKIRKS.

equipped, sportsmen as well as tourists will, I suppose, crowd thither, and one of the loveliest spots on God's earth will soon be in a fair way of being completely vulgarised.

As the train leaves the Glacier valley, which is a twenty-four hours' journey from the Pacific, it slowly proceeds to make its entrance into the heart of the Selkirks by means of what is called Rogers' Pass. This pass through the great mountain range was discovered by the veteran engineer A. B. Rogers in 1883, and it took two years of hardship and self-denial before he was successful. The Indians, I believe, denied the existence of any such pass, and Moberley, who, it will be remembered, discovered the 'Eagle Pass,' gave up the matter after repeated attempts as hopeless. The pass is apparently walled in with giant snow peaks and ice-clad mountains, and it is next to a marvel how Rogers found the entrance after all.

Just as we enter the pass a magnificent view is afforded of the glaciers behind, with their stately peaks rising several thousand feet above the railway, and their carved fronts and notched sides suggesting exaggerated shapes of known and unknown animals, of saints and demons, and castellated walls and fairy palaces. The 'Old Witch,' with her snow-white frills and huge night-cap, glowers at the 'Hermit' and his dog as they contemplatively gaze at the 'southdowns'

peacefully grazing on a ledge overhanging a glacier's precipitous side. Mount Hermit is the second highest of the two great peaks between which the train runs in following the gorge which forms the pass, it being about 4,900 feet high.

In the Selkirks and in the Gold range when I passed through armies of men were busily engaged in erecting snow-sheds, in order to guard against damage from the winter's inevitable snow slides. Previous observation had informed the engineers of the line where to erect these sheds, such sheds being placed wherever a 'slide' presented itself on the face of the mountain. The sheds as constructed would afford complete immunity from danger or obstruction, as the train would go under them as through a tunnel, the avalanche of snow shooting harmlessly over the top of them.

There are enough wonders to attract the attention until evening falls, and long before the day is well spent you are wearied with seeing so much.

I tried to see as much as I could, and to note down my impressions of what I saw at the time of seeing them; but I have no doubt that I left unnoticed much that I ought to have noticed, and have left unreported much that ought to have been reported.

But I am sure the reader will pardon me if I confess to having felt tired after thirty-two hours of

travelling, out of which four-and-twenty hours were occupied in being on the look-out. But there are several important features still to be described before the second day's record is closed.

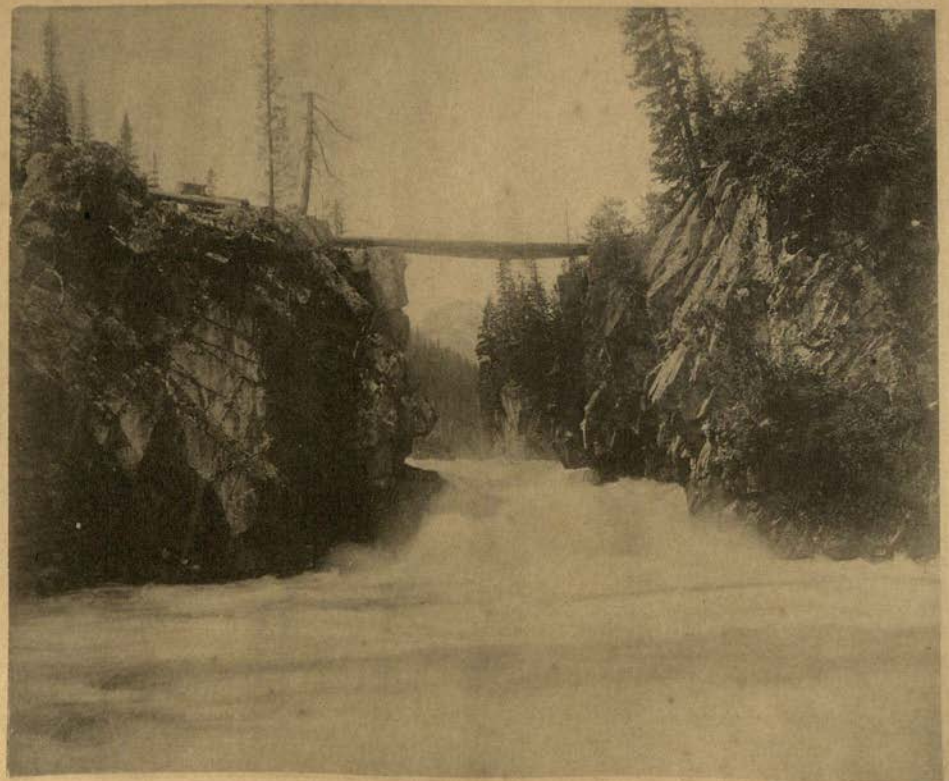
Every rock as we proceed on our way, after entering Rogers' Pass, seems to have its own torrent, and each torrent appears to have its own way of reaching the river. Some do it methodically, and without fuss, getting to their goal no doubt as quickly as those which appear to be in such a tremendous hurry. Others are all bustle and excitement, all froth and foam; and the smaller they are, the more fussy and desirous of attracting attention they seem to be. Some of these mountain streams have not the faintest notion of going straight, and they meander this way and that way, dividing and subdividing, losing force and character every yard they go; whilst not a few of them—especially the turbulent children of the icy glaciers towering high above the gulch—seem to go out of their course out of pure 'cussedness.' Here they leap to the right when they might have gone straight on, simply because a boulder might be loosened, and finally toppled over; there they take a sharp curve to the left when they might have kept on to the right, all for the desire to sap the strength out of a feeble dwarf spruce which a snow slide has spared.

Then there are the merry streams which sing as they go, rippling and splashing in the vigour of their

joy, the sun striking their spray, filling them with bright prismatic rays. Sad streams, too, which never murmur or ripple, have place in these mountain wilds. They appear to avoid the sun, and when his warmth falls on them they apparently give no response, being too wrapped up in their silent grief. They seem to have about them all the chilliness of the glaciers to which they owe their birth, going out into the world with the determination to be sad, and seeking in their courses the deepest clefts in which to glide unnoticed and unseen; and so they join the river below, where they get warmed into life, and where the turbulent and boisterous, the staid and the blithesome, find a common level in the general churn of the onflowing waters towards the sea.

These torrents, especially in the Beaver Cañon, have created great difficulties for the engineers. One of the great sights of the railway is the bridge crossing the Stony Creek Cañon. This is said to be the highest timber railway bridge in the world. It is 296 feet high and 450 feet long, being supported upon uprights built up from either side of the gulch over which it is carried.

This structure is, to say the least, startling; and although it is perfectly safe, one breathes more freely when the train reaches the other side; the idea of toppling over into the boiling cataract hundreds of feet below is not a pleasant one. There is yet another



GATEWAY TO BEAVER CAÑON.

bridge of a like character, only not so high, to be got over when Mountain Creek is reached. This bridge is 176 feet high and 600 feet long.

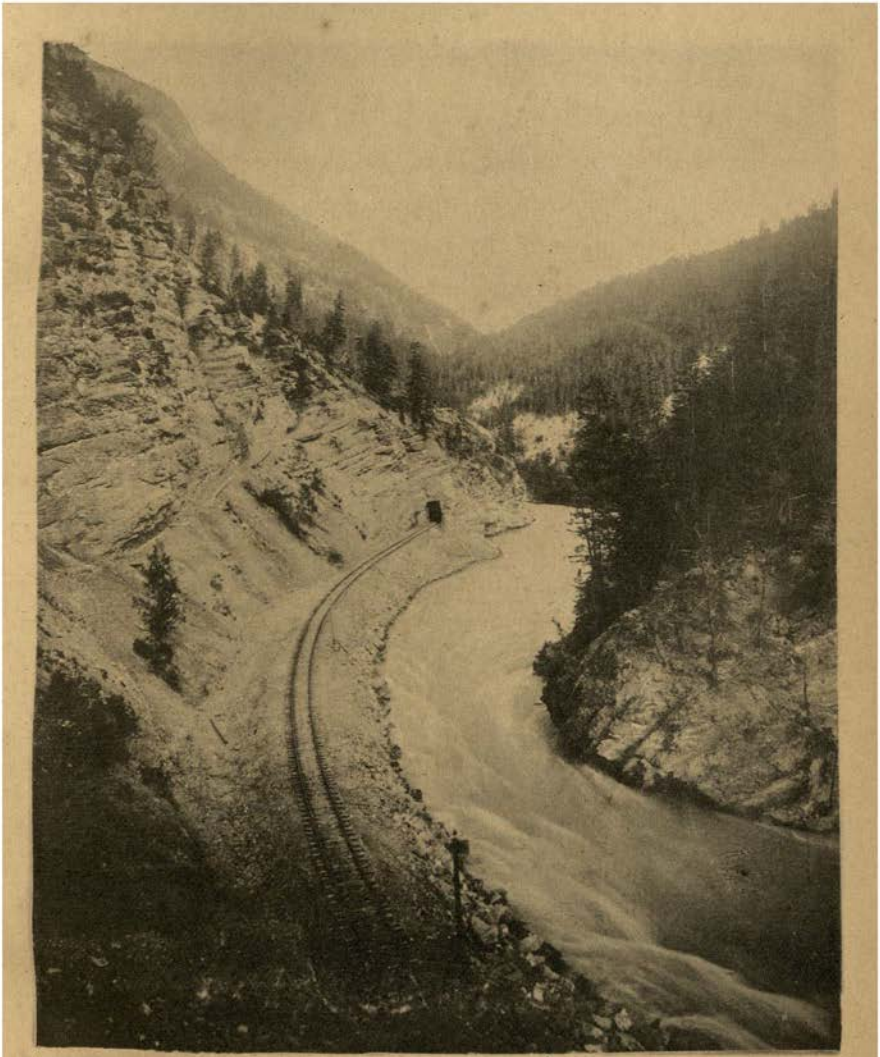
Having got safely through Rogers' Pass and over Beaver Cañon by means of a natural gateway, the train approaches what is termed the First Crossing of Columbia's 'Big Bend,' the river being crossed opposite Donald, where ends the western section of the 'Queen's Highway.' The bridge has an elevation of forty feet, and as the train winds over it magnificent views of the river are to be had on both sides. The river runs with great swiftness past this point, fed by the numerous torrents which fall into it. Parts of the Columbia remind me very much of the Rhine and the Hudson, although the background of mountains, if lacking the romantic associations of the one and the purple warmth of the other, is decidedly finer.

With the crossing of the Columbia we have put two hours between us and the Selkirks, and the train speeds along the valley towards the famous Kicking Horse Pass, the road through the Rockies.

We stop a few minutes at an unpretentious station with a pretentious name, viz. 'Golden City.' I am sorry to think it, and still sorrier to say so, but Golden City appears to me to be on its last legs, and how it has supported itself so long must, I should imagine, be a complete mystery to all concerned.

At one time gold was found there, but so long ago that no one in the place appears to know when; and some ambitious individual in consequence gave it the name it now bears. Its fortunes are scarcely ever likely to change, but its name in all probability will, for it cannot be agreeable to its inhabitants, few though they are, to hear the town referred to in terms of mirth, and often in irony, by every passer by.

For downright rugged awfulness there is nothing on the whole of the Canadian Pacific Railway to equal the Kicking Horse Pass. In the narrow cañon which the train enters there hardly appears to be room for the railway and the turbulent waters of the 'Kicking Horse,' and, as we groaningly ascend, it seems almost impossible that the train can for long keep the track, but that in due course we must be precipitated into the chasm below. Slow is the progress we make in going round the curves cut out of the solid rock, and gingerly we feel our way across the bridges spanning the narrow fissure in the rocky bed, where surges the boiling water. The beetling sides of the cañon frown down upon us, casting dark shadows in our track, whilst the tunnels through which we slowly pass now and again completely shut out the light. The towering mountains give back with increased shrillness the oft-sounding whistle of the engine, whilst the groanings and puffings of



THE LOWER KICKINGHORSE CAÑON.

TUNNEL ON KICKINGHORSE,

LOOKING WEST.

the straining locomotives reverberate with a strange distinctness.

All is sombre-hued and forbidding, the rugged precipices not only shutting out light but warmth.

The roar of the water, as with increasing impetuosity it rushes past us, is almost deafening. It is, however, a grand sight, this foaming, roaring river forcing its way through a channel much too narrow for it, tearing down immense boulders and washing off portions of the rock in its course. The crash of falling boulders and the rattle of descending stones are frequently heard high above the turmoil of the surging torrent. It is just as if hell's flood were let loose; and the torn character of some of the precipices, with the rugged mass of fallen rocks below, increases the impression that some diabolic agency has been at work.

Slowly the sun sinks behind us, blood-red in the western sky, tinging the torrent with its setting hues, causing the surroundings to appear more grandly awful than before. The snowy tops of the highest peaks catch some of the fire of the expiring sun, and their pure whiteness seems as if streaked with blood.

As the sun gets shut out, a gruesome darkness falls like a mantle over the scene. The grey-black background only serves to increase the ghastly whiteness of the foaming water, which seems to rise with fiendish readiness to the occasion by splashing higher

and higher against the rocky walls, and plunging with increased force forward over its boulder-strewn course.

It is as if there were a blight upon the region, and as if the river were working out the conditions of some terrible curse. Nature has apparently for ages past done nothing but frown upon both river and pass. She has revenged herself upon the former by filling its bed with rocks, and upon the latter by letting the river tear it and lash it on both sides in its mad rage in being thus impeded in its race to the Pacific.

The timber—where timber there is—is stunted and scraggy, and for lack of nourishment and warmth many of the trees have bid good-bye to this world, whilst those that remain look consumptive and ghost-like, ready victims to the fierce blasts which in winter sweep down the rocky sides. Even the scrub appears ashamed to be seen, and will hide its dwarfed limbs behind any boulder that offers itself. Flowers and ferns seem to have no place there, it being apparently a part of the curse that nothing should grow that would afford warmth, colour, or freshness to the harsh grey crags.

The 'Kicking Horse Pass' has a world of romance in it, yet the origin of its name is anything but romantic. It occurred in this way: a member of one of the surveying parties got kicked by a horse whilst

THE LOWER KICKINGHORSE RIVER.

surveying the route, and, in memory of the event, gave the pass the name that it now bears.

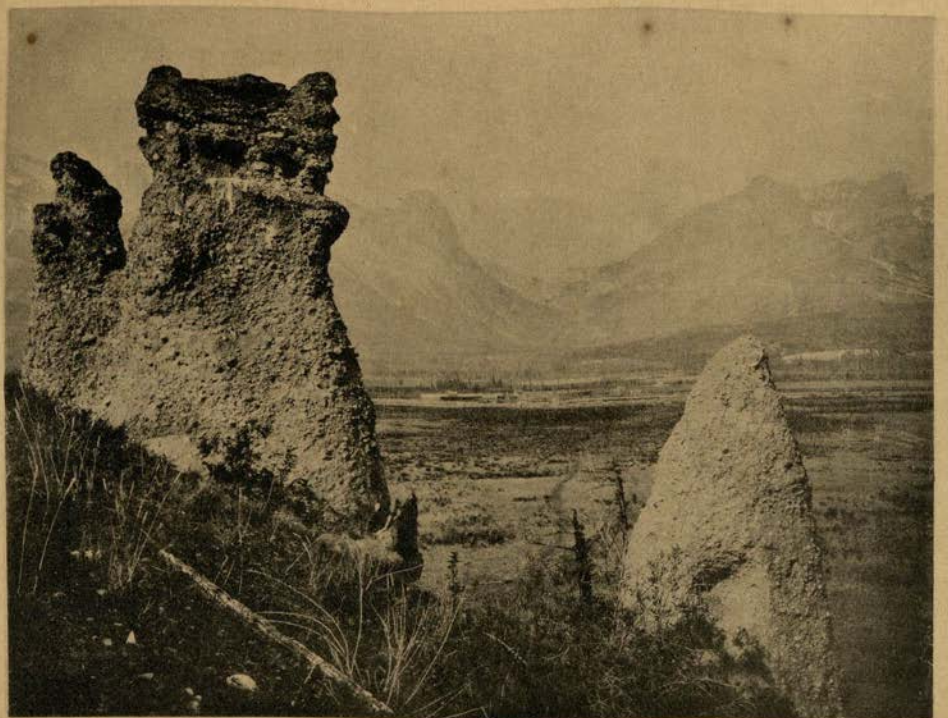
I have never heard the Indian name of the pass, although the Indians attach, I understand, some mystic importance to the river, and, in order to appease its wrath, will cast in sticks and stones and sometimes provisions.

Trees float upon the stream as if attracted thither by some fell magnetic influence. In one place a huge pine had, after being carried some distance on the flood, caught in the jagged rocks, holding on as if nothing could dislodge it. The waters surged round it and over it, played with it and splashed it, casting sprays of white foam high up in the air. These were, however, only preliminary efforts conceived in a Puck-like spirit preparatory to gathering strength for a final effort. Eventually it came; with an increased roar the gathering torrent dashed itself against the tree. There was a creak, a splitting sound, and the mighty trunk was lifted clean over the boulders, and the last I saw of it was being swiftly carried on towards the sea bruised and splintered, shivering and shrinking, whilst tongues of surging water kept side by side with it as if to jeer at it and defy it.

Every storm has its calm, and the turbulent Kicking Horse has its placid lake, which is passed in darkness, for by the time the train has got through the

pass all the colour has gone out of the sky, and night is closing in, so that Mount Stephen, the summit of the railway in the Rockies (this mountain, named after Sir George Stephen, the president of the C. P. R., is supposed to be 10,800 feet high), and the spires of Cathedral Mountain can only be seen by the light of the moon, but the effect, as the soft rays play upon the mountain's snowy peaks, is beautiful beyond description. One seems to have ascended to fairy-land after visiting the nethermost world.

Banff, the Yellowstone Park of Canada, is 564 miles from the Pacific, and 2,342 miles west of Montreal, and is reached at an early hour in the morning—too early by far, in fact, to see anything of the scenery; but the passenger desirous of testing the medicinal qualities of its sulphuric baths, or of roaming amongst the natural beauties of the place, could get off at Banff station by giving instructions to the conductor to call him in time, and he would undoubtedly be highly gratified at having done so. If he were not then he would be less than human, for round about Banff the views are perfectly delightful, whilst Banff itself lies (or rather will lie, for at present there are only a few log huts) in a romantic glen. From the mountain heights there stretches out a series of panoramic views which have not their equal in point of colour and diversity anywhere in the Rockies. Glaciers are all around one, whilst winding along its pebbly bed,



THE CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN.

like a narrow green ribbon, goes the Bow River out to the east, and so on to Hudson's Bay. Great masses of distinctly stratified rock stand out in bold relief, in some instances the carving by Nature's hand suggesting the work of the architect. In the distance rises Castle Mountain's pinnacled top, with the sun striking its castellated walls, suggesting that what is marked on your map as a mountain is in reality a mammoth castle 4,000 feet high, so perfect is the representation. Following the Bow River valley towards its source, the eye encounters an immense snow-peaked mountain standing sentinel-like in gigantic relief as if guarding the pass through the range of which he is king. This is Mount Lefroy, the highest point of the Rockies, being 6,600 feet above the railway, and 11,658 feet above sea level, and is a portion of the range which divides British Columbia from the North-West Territories.

The Cascade Mountain, deathly white in shadow, but glistening gold-like where the sun warms it, forms a striking picture by itself.

Cascades formed by the melting glaciers foam and sparkle as they dash down the mountain-sides, joining with the waters of the Devil's Creek and the Ghost Stream in the general desire to swell the Bow River's shallow depths.

From the Sulphur Mountain the healing waters burst forth, and medicinal springs bubble from out

of the earth at your feet, whilst there is a greenness about the woods and a freshness in the air most gratifying to the eye and invigorating to the body.

There are natural caves in the neighbourhood, and in them are natural baths. The water in one of them is about 75° of heat, and is so buoyant that it is impossible for a human body to sink in it. You may push a person under, it is true; but so soon as the superimposed weight is removed, up he comes again like a cork.

A short time back, so the story goes, Premier Norquay of Manitoba was taking a dip in one of nature's warm baths, when one of his political opponents saw in the occasion an excellent opportunity of testing the vaunted buoyancy of the water; so, creeping upon the Premier unawares, he pushed him down with all his force, political animosity lending strength to his efforts. Down went Mr. Norquay as far as his shoulders, when, with a wriggle, he was free, and up he came again, with that bland and cheerful smile upon his face so much admired by the Manitobans, striking dismay into the heart of his assailant, who beat a hasty retreat.

Banff has a wonderful supply of water—hot, tepid, cold, and icy. The Upper Springs supply, I believe, the greatest volume of water, it being computed that there flows from the orifice through which the springs bubble fully half a million gallons per hour.

II. ACROSS THE OPEN PRAIRIE.

The train descends the eastern slope by the Bow River, and soon gets into the ranching country, passing Canmore with its guardian 'witches' by the way. These quaint figures are carved by the elements out of the sand rocks, and, standing as they do quite alone on the sandy plateau, they present a distinctly weird and fantastic appearance.

Calgary, the capital of the district of Alberta, is eighty miles from Banff, and is the head of the great ranching country. Senator Cochrane is the biggest rancher in the neighbourhood, and is alike famous for the excellence of his cattle and the extensiveness of his enterprises. To the senator I am indebted for considerable information in connection with the ranching districts.

It is a pity that Calgary is passed so early in the morning, for it is one of the most—if not the most—beautifully situated towns in the whole of the North-west.

British Columbia was left behind in the night on passing through the Kicking Horse Pass, and it will be days before the through passenger's eyes alight upon mountains and forests, wood and lakes, in the course of his journey further east.

The country round about Calgary is admirably suited for ranching purposes, and the excellence

of the Canadian pastures over those on the American side has induced many American ranchers to cross the borders with their herds, so that the business is in a fair way of becoming overdone.

The water is purer, the bunch grass is more nutritious, and the country generally fresher in the Alberta district than in the more eastern portions of the vast North-west. The corn-growing districts begin at Regina, the capital of the North-West Territory, and it is expected that with the influx of ranchers with their cattle the grazing country will be considerably extended in the direction of the capital.

As the passenger awakes in the morning he finds himself on the open prairie, and the sight, after coming through so much mountainous scenery, is a strange one; but after the first period of curiosity the scene wearies him, and he finds little in practically unvaried views to interest him the whole of the journey across the plains.

A good deal of the country in the earlier stages presented a most melancholy picture. The ground seemed parched up or blackened with burnt grass. Nothing was green, and but little apparently was alive. I was told that the season this year had been an exceptionally dry one, but, allowing for this, the greater part of the region had the appearance of being sour, barren, and unprofitable.

I am, however, assured that the soil is not naturally sterile; and Professor Macoun, who is an authority on such matters, scientifically explains away the causes of the baked aspect of the country. We are to understand that evil influences have been operating upon the surface of the land for ages past, the 'chief of which was the heat of the Gulf of Mexico borne by the winds therefrom, and losing their moisture while passing over the heated sand plains lying between the Gulf and Canada.' Acting upon this conclusion, the professor, we are informed, made an experiment, and beneath the hardened surface was found earth possessing in a high degree the constituent elements of the best soil.

The Canadian Pacific Railway authorities also made some experiments in connection therewith, and I am told that it was abundantly proved that for corn-growing purposes the soil was all that could be desired.

This may be so, and it is possible that the Gulf of Mexico and the Chinook winds have much to answer for in thus hermetically sealing up the soil—taking away its character, as it were; but, with all deference to the scientific experts and railway magnates, the land would be none of mine so long as I could secure a section of good land elsewhere.

It is perfectly correct that, as compared with the United States, Canada has no really 'bad lands' to

speak of, but that she has a good deal of indifferent land no one can deny; and Canada's best friends must admit that a great portion of such land lies in the North-West Territories.

The prairie through which one is now passing presents, as I have said, a dreary appearance. It looks for all the world as if some omnipotent being had taken whole sections of the Rocky Mountains, and, after grinding them to pieces in savage fury, had handed them to the Chinook winds to scatter in cruel wantonness over the surrounding country.

Nothing seems to care to live on these plains, in spite of the advantages afforded by the opportunities of limitless selection. Perhaps it is that the Gulf of Mexico's hot breath and the biting Chinook winds are not appreciated; anyhow, scarcely a living thing of any kind is to be seen. The buffaloes, of course, have long since disappeared, there not being one single wild herd in the whole of the Dominion, although there are heaps of whitened bones scattered over the prairie in all directions telling of their wholesale destruction. Once the plains—and only a few years back, too—were literally black with buffalo herds, but they have been exterminated with a savagery, by white man as well as by red, that affords no sort of excuse.

Of bird life there was scarcely a vestige, although I did on one occasion see a solitary specimen. It

was a large white one, and had apparently lost its way, or had purposely left more fertile quarters possessed with the idea of committing suicide by a process of slow starvation. It flew about most disconsolately, and it could be seen at a glance that the bird in its utter loneliness was supremely unhappy. The last I saw of it was distinctly courting death at the hands of a man who had charge of a 'round-house,' by flapping within easy gunshot of the building, and it is to be hoped that the man satisfied its longings and put it out of its misery.

The only kind of animal life to be seen were some hungry-looking gophers, and these were in abundance. But these gophers will thrive anywhere, their one object in life being to live and multiply in order to maintain their character as an insufferable pest. Gophers are to the Canadian farm what the rabbit is to the Australian squatter and the squirrel rat to the Indian ryot. They will devour everything devourable that comes within their reach, and in pure wantonness destroy everything that comes between them and the object of their hunger. With appetites keenly set they never seem to know when they have had enough, and it would puzzle all the poor law guardians in the world to decide what quantity of food would be sufficient for a gopher. In addition to being mischievous they are supremely impudent, and whilst the farmer is threshing his corn they

will, with consummate effrontery, devour the choicest grains in full view of the irate tiller of the soil. Gophers always live on the best, and their notions of selection are as remarkable as they are disastrous. Much of the bad language current in the North-west is ascribable to the gophers, and I have known the most exemplary farmers in a moment remember a long list of long-forgotten 'cuss words' at the very sight of a gopher.

At one of the wayside stations I saw an amusing scene between a gopher and an Indian.

The 'brave' had noticed a gopher go into a hole, so creeping on his stomach along the ground, he cautiously approached the hole, knife in hand.

But the cunning animal had two entrances to its abode, and when the Indian held his knife over the front door, as it were, it poked its nose out of what served as the back door, preparatory to making a dash for it. But the 'brave' was wary, and with marvellous quickness he, with a turn of his wrist, sent his knife flying in the direction of that nose. He was not, however, quick enough, for the gopher backed into its hole, emitting a squeak of discomfiture. In another moment it was cautiously looking out of the other entrance, when the 'old buck' made for him again.

By this time the scene had become quite exciting, and it was evident that unless the gopher lay still

until the Indian dug it out, it had quite as good a chance of effecting an escape as the Indian had of transfixing it.

The 'brave' was undoubtedly hungry and impatient, and was apparently desirous of securing the gopher for his breakfast. On the other hand, the gopher was fat and prosperous, and evidently had no desire to be made a meal of. But eventually human skill got the best of it, and as I was leaving I saw the knife flash through the air, there was a shrill squeak, and the gopher lay pinned to the earth, and with sundry grunts of supreme satisfaction the Indian departed with his spoil.

The Indian had certainly earned his breakfast, but whether the game was worth the candle I, not having partaken of gopher, cannot say. The natives say he is good eating if somewhat 'tasty'; but the white man turns up his nose with severe displeasure if you ask his opinion upon the subject.

I can understand gophers thriving and waxing fat in the rich corn-fields further east, but how they manage to live, much less put on fat, in these hard-baked, stone-strewn regions is a mystery to me. It would be interesting to know whether the hot air of the Gulf of Mexico and the Chinook winds have a fattening influence.

There are, of course, numerous fertile belts in the North-West Territories, but they are in many instances

off the line of rail. The valley of the Qu'Appelle is one of the best corn-growing districts within the immediate vicinity of the 'Queen's Highway.' It is in this district that the celebrated 'Bell Farm' is located. This is, I understand, the largest farm under one system in the whole of North America. Major Bell, the manager, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting on several occasions, is a shrewd man of business and a thoroughly experienced farmer. That the concern which he so ably manages will eventually be a paying concern, no one who knows anything of the matter will, I think, venture to deny. Profits have, I believe, already been made; but the directors have thought it wiser to re-invest profits, on account of the heavy expenditure they have been called upon to make in connection with developing the resources of the farm, than declare dividends with the certainty perhaps of having to call additional share payments. The original capital of the company was 120,000*l.*, of which one-half has been paid up.

In the centre of this immense farming property, which covers a surface of close upon 100 square miles, a station, at a place called Indian Head, has been built on the main line for its general convenience.

Major Bell and Mr. Eberts, the secretary of the company, journeyed with me from this station, which is about forty miles east of Regina, to Winnipeg, and

I gathered from them a good deal of useful information.

The old saying that the 'Rockies passed on the sunshine, but retained all the rain,' is virtually true with regard to a very great portion of the North-West. Even in what are called good farming districts the heat and drought are severe drawbacks to successful farming. Almost the whole territory was seriously affected in this manner this year, and when I was there everything looked dusty and parched up, whilst the heat—often 100°—was almost unbearable. Naturally all the farmers complained of 'bad seasons' (farmers with one bad harvest facing them always speak in the plural, entirely oblivious of the favours that the past has shown, and that the future will for a certainty repeat); and it was not possible to get any information as to the prospects of corn-growing generally which was not tinged with the bitterness arising from their present disappointment.

Regina, named in honour of her Majesty, is at present a 'one-horse town,' although, as the capital of the North-West Territory, it expects to be spoken of as a city. But, with all due respect to its laudable ambition, I must persist in adhering to my original expression.

Regina is 1,779 miles from Montreal; 1,127 miles from Port Moody, and 365 miles from Winnipeg, and it contains a population of 1,000; but it is laid

out on a scale—when built upon—capable of containing a hundred times that number. Regina is the centre of government for the whole of the Territory, and is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, an official appointed in theory by the Governor-General, but in reality by the Premier of the time being. The mounted police also have their headquarters there. They are a fine body of men, and do very effective service. Of this constabulary, which numbers altogether close upon 1,000, about 180 only are at the Regina barracks, the remainder being scattered over the length and breadth of the vast territory which they are called upon to keep in order. Their duties are multifarious, for in addition to looking after cattle thieves and attending to duties in connection with the Indian reservations, they have to enforce the excise regulations, prohibitionary liquor laws being in force in the Territory.

This is on account of the Indian population, whom the Government seeks to protect from the debasing and often fatal effects of strong drink. In the old days cute Yankee dealers used to cross the border and return laden with furs, which they had received in exchange for a mess of 'fire-water.'

I am quite at one with the Government in their aims at protecting the natives, who have not only been debauched by drink, but shamefully defrauded in addition; but it appears to me that some middle

course with regard to the admission and supply of intoxicants might be arrived at by which the Indians could be protected and the wants of the white man supplied. As it is, one can only obtain liquor stronger than water by express permit of the Lieutenant-Governor.

Despite the efforts of the scarlet-coated police, who have an observing eye and a keenly discriminating nose, there is a good deal of illicit traffic in spirits going on in the Territory; and I don't wonder at the most law-respecting person running the risk of fine, imprisonment, or even decapitation in seeking to give a tone to his stomach by means of stimulants after going through a course of the vile non-intoxicants which are allowed by law to be sold to unsuspecting travellers.

These decoctions go by the names of 'spruce beer,' 'botanic ale,' and 'Moose-Jaw beer;' and, whilst each of these bottled horrors is warranted not to intoxicate, the unhappy purchaser receives no warranty as to what other consequences may arise from the drinking of them.

Some people thrive on these 'drinks,' I suppose, otherwise there would be no sale for them; whilst I have seen travellers grow quite husky and weak about the knees after drinking from a bottle labelled 'Botanic ale,' and grow cheerful and familiar with sipping at a bottle resplendent in a label de-

scribing its contents as non-intoxicating 'Moose-Jaw beer.'

In a thirsty moment I ventured upon obtaining a bottle of one of these harmless decoctions. I drank some of it, but, strange to say, I felt neither merry nor husky; and thinking I had not taken enough of it, I swallowed the remainder at a go. Then the trouble began. My mind went immediately back to the shell-fish on the banks of the Fraser, whilst in body I writhed about on the sofa in the saloon carriage. Opposite to me sat a sturdy rancher with a particularly fine glowing nose, and although he had a few moments before been drinking out of a 'botanic ale' bottle, he seemed the picture of jollity and ease. How I envied that man his evident peace of mind—and body! and I began to calculate how many years it would take before one got seasoned to the stuff so as to look and feel as he did.

By-and-by, noticing my distress, he spoke to me.

'Look here,' he said, 'just you take a nip of this; it will soon put you all right.'

But the very sight of the label turned me sick, and I shook my head sadly but determinedly.

'No? Oh, I suppose it's t'other sort you want?' and by way of increasing my horror he held out a 'spruce beer' bottle. This was too much for me, and with a shudder I closed my eyes.

Presently I felt the cold rim of a bottle touch my

lips, and a smell stronger than that of either 'spruce beer,' 'botanic ale,' or even 'Moose-Jaw beer' filled my nostrils. With this my revival was immediate; but on looking up, the man, instead of offering me his brandy flask, was still holding out the bottle labelled 'Spruce beer—non-intoxicant.'

It did not take long to take in the situation, and soon we were having a friendly chat, in which he told me that his 'botanic ale' bottle contained good Scotch whisky—'real Highland, and none of that Bourbon rubbish.' He also gave me the signs by which I might secure similar strong drinks when visiting wayside refreshment-rooms in the Territory. But which eye you have to wink for Scotch and which for Irish, and how many fingers you hold up for brandy, I am not going to tell. Travellers in the Territory will soon find all this out, as not even a Verdant Green could be there long without being initiated.

At Regina, it will be remembered, Louis Riel and his co-rebels were tried, and there it was he was hanged in November of last year.

A good number of Indians frequent Regina for the purpose of barter, but most of them loaf about the place in order to see what they can pick up. There is not much work in the 'noble red man,' although the younger generation are showing a disposition to work in the fields; and in the harvesting season many of them are employed on the Bell Farm,

and by farmers and ranchers in various parts of the country. The district is perfectly orderly, and there is, now that Louis Riel has been disposed of, no chance of a recurrence of these half-breed rebellions. These half-breeds are not particularly trustworthy, and they are, as a general thing, idle and improvident; but they had, their friends assure me, before they broke into open rebellion, genuine grievances, which might, it is said, have been adjusted had they been looked into in time, and thus have prevented the second half-breed rebellion.

The rebellion was a lamentable occurrence, no doubt, especially if, as it is sometimes asserted, it might in a measure have been avoided; but it served to show most distinctly that the Dominion Government is powerful enough to promptly put down with a strong arm any such risings, and that it does not hesitate to exert its strength on occasion. The firmness and justness with which the Government acted in connection with the affair was highly creditable, and they deserve the highest praise for refusing to be swayed by the pressure arising out of a false and sickly sentimentality brought to bear upon them.

In a word, Louis Riel deserved hanging, and he was hanged. This is the honest opinion of every person, unbiassed by race sympathies or political animosities, with whom I have conversed in the district, who knows anything at all of the matter. It is most

unlikely that another Louis Riel will arise, spreading sedition over the land, and it is to be hoped that the Indians and half-breeds will have no cause for further grievance, and will elect to live in amity with the white man, who is seeking to build up the prosperity of the country.

The east-going traveller, unless he arranged to get off at Regina, would see absolutely nothing of the place, as the train arrives at the station close upon 1 A.M.

Between Regina and Winnipeg there are several stops, the most important one being at Brandon, a flourishing town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants, on the Assiniboine River. Here the soil is rich, and everything tends towards building up a highly prosperous corn-growing district, with a big central city second only to Winnipeg. Some of the names of the stations *en route* are very odd-sounding, and a few of them, derived from the Indian, English-speaking tongues have a difficulty in pronouncing; and now that Count Esterhazy is establishing a colony of Hungarians almost side by side with Lady Cathcart's colony of crofters the strange mixture of names will doubtless ere long become stranger still.

One of the queerest names given to a station is that of 'Moose Jaw.' The Indians tell you it was so named because a 'white brave' mended near the spot the wheel of his cart with the jaw-bone of a moose-

deer. This is perfectly true, the 'white brave' being the Earl of Dunmore, who was one of the earliest unofficial pioneers in the North-West, then the 'Great Lone Land.' Passionately fond of sport, he used to go for extended shooting and fishing trips into the interior, attended only by some Indian or half-breed guides. In passing the creek, close to which 'Moose Jaw' station now stands, he succeeded in shooting a moose-deer, the flesh of which was taken away with them, the head alone remaining. On their return the Red River cart which the party used as a means of locomotion broke down, close to the spot where the deer had been shot. They had no hammer with them, nor was a stone at hand with which to drive in the pin fixing the wheel, when Lord Dunmore espied the head of the moose, which had been picked clean of flesh, and with the jaw-bone the pin was driven home. From that day the place received the name it now bears. A station called Dunmore, close to 'Medicine Hat,' is, I might add, also named after his lordship.

From Brandon there is an almost straight run into Winnipeg, which is reached in the early evening, the journey from Port Moody, 1,483 miles, occupying 76 hours.

Winnipeg is the capital of Manitoba, and being distant from Montreal 1,423 miles, it is the 'halfway house' on the 'Queen's Highway.'

In order to obtain information in connection with the province, and to make certain desirable journeys into the surrounding country, I not only broke my journey at Winnipeg, but I made it my headquarters for several days.

CHAPTER V.

THE HALFWAY HOUSE.

WINNIPEG is not only the halfway house on the 'Queen's Highway,' but is a railway and commercial centre of the highest importance. From being a mere trading port of the Hudson's Bay Company it sprang, as soon as the real value of the surrounding country became known, into immediate prominence. In 1870–71, during the Red River rebellion, it was the head-quarters of Louis Riel. Then the place was known as Fort Garry, and at that time its inhabitants consisted almost solely of the Hudson's Bay Company's officials and half-breed hunters. There were, I should add, two forts; one was called the Upper and the other the Lower. The former was the residence of the Governor of the great fur trading company, and the central fort of its northern department. Lower Fort Garry was built of stone, and was the best sample of the larger forts of the company. Mr. H. M. Robinson, in his admirable work 'The Great Fur Land,' describes it as follows:—

'It is situated on the west bank of the Red River of the north, about twenty miles from the foot

WINNIPEG.

of Lake Winnipeg. The banks in this locality are very high, and, in consequence, the fort is favourably situated for the avoidance of floods during periods of inundation, by no means of infrequent occurrence. At this fort, during the summer months, boat brigades are outfitted for the trip to York Factory and other forts inland. The buildings consist of offices and servants' dwellings, shops and stores. These are all inclosed within a stone wall embracing an area of about one and a half acres, and pierced through its entire circuit with a tier of loopholes.

'Entering through the huge gateway pierced in the centre of the east wall, facing the river, the first view is of the residence of the chief trader in command, and also of the clerks and upper class employés under his charge. It is a long two-story stone building, with a broad piazza encircling it on three sides. A square plot of greensward surrounding it is fenced in with neat railing, and kept in extremely good order. A broad gravel walk leads from the gateway to the piazza. Huge shade trees border it, and beds of waving and fragrant flowers load the business air with their perfume. . . . . With the exception of the residence of the chief trader in charge the buildings of the fort follow the course of the walls, and, facing inward, form a hollow square. . . . The wall surrounding the fort is about twelve feet high, and flanked by two-story bastions or turrets at

each corner. In the centre of the inclosure rises an immense double flagstaff bearing the flag of the company, with its strange design, and still stranger motto, "*Pro pelle cutem*"—Skin for skin.'

All this has entirely disappeared, the only portion of the fort now remaining being its castellated gateway.

The little village, nestling in picturesque untidiness under the walls of the fort, has made way for the bustling, well laid out city of to-day. It is practically impossible to conceive that what is now Winnipeg was but a few years back a cluster of huts, outbuildings, and smoky wigwams, dominated by a rude stone fort. The authentic sketches which I am enabled to furnish will, however, at once show the reader the glaring contrast between the two places.

The Winnipeggers are said to be proud and ambitious; but one can, on visiting their city, understand their pride and sympathise with their ambition. Winnipeg is to the north-west of Canada what St. Paul's is to the north-west of the United States; and had not the latter got the start of her, she would, with her natural advantages, have run a close race for place with the great American city. As it was, Winnipeg started somewhat too late in the day; and although there was, when she did start, undoubtedly every prospect of growing and prospering with remarkable celerity, it was manifestly from the very

first impossible that she could catch up with her already flourishing rival across the border. Overheated patriots and rash speculators did not, however, take this view; and in the wildness of their speculations they did much to discredit the city and retard its progress. For there can be no doubt that if, instead of the 'magnificent boom' which signalled the birth of Winnipeg and the death of Fort Garry, undertakings had been effected on a more moderate and cautious scale, the city would be both larger and more prosperous than it is at the present moment.

I was in Canada in 1882–83, at the height of the 'boom period,' and I saw much of the feverish excitement which then prevailed with regard to the North-West in general and Winnipeg in particular. Young men, middle-aged, and old men flocked to the Manitoban capital, some without a cent, and several with thousands of dollars, all bitten alike with the demon of speculation. Nothing was done calmly, whilst much was done madly. Real estate was 'boomed' up to entirely fictitious values, and even the naturally cool and cautious lost their heads in the universal craze. Scarcely any one thought of building up a fortune steadily and soberly, the one idea being to become millionaires in the shortest possible time. But it is not every one who can become a millionaire, nice as it may be to some to do

so ; and the result of these reckless speculations was that Winnipeg speedily contained more beggars than Vanderbilts. From Vanderbiltian dreams many a foolish man had to come down to the commonplace thought of how to provide a daily meal for himself and his family. In the crash which ensued hundreds were ruined and thousands were impoverished, causing the outside world to lose confidence and the inside world hope.

Before the crash it was the fond belief of every Winnipegger that the city would not only knock out St. Paul's, but that it would in a very little while even surpass Chicago as a centre for corn, pork, and flour. With the collapse of the bubble speculations more moderate views prevailed, and business was henceforth conducted upon a more substantial and less extensive scale. The wisdom of this is now bearing good fruit, and although Winnipeg is not what enthusiasts desired it, it is fast developing into a city of substance and no little magnitude, the population already exceeding 25,000.[1]

Winnipeg is the natural entrepot of wholesale supply for the Great North-West, and, in addition to being a railway centre, radiating in all directions over 100,000 square miles of territory, it being situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, is

[1] The population of Winnipeg in 1871 was 241 ; in 1881 it had increased to 7,985 ; and in 1885 to 19,574.

the head of a system of 3,000 miles of river and lake navigation during the summer months.

Winnipeg possesses a street which, for length, width, and general extensiveness, is not to be beaten by any town of its size in the world. This is called Main Street; it is 100 feet wide and close upon two miles long, being lined from head to foot with more or less attractive buildings. The public buildings—especially the Post Office and the City Hall, now in course of construction—are very striking, and fully in keeping with the city's aspirations. In place of the fort, the Hudson's Bay Company have erected, at a point lower down, a magnificent block of stores, where can be purchased the latest Parisian and London fashions, the delicate products of the East, and the substantial manufactures of the West. For the outer man one can be as well suited at the Company's depôt as in Bond Street, whilst the cellars contain matured wines and spirits unsurpassed anywhere.

In Manitoba the prohibitive regulations with regard to the sale of liquors in force in the Territories further west have no existence, the Indian population being too insignificant to demand them. But in the old days, when Fort Garry was the rendezvous of both Indians and half-breeds, the company exercised every precaution against the traffic in strong drinks. Indeed, the sale of raw spirits was permitted only

upon two days of the year, viz. on Christmas Day and the Queen's birthday. Even then the quantity to be purchased was limited to a pint to each head of a family, who, before he could procure it, had to obtain an order countersigned by the Governor. In case spirits were required for medicinal purposes the signatures of both Governor and attending physician were necessary. The demand of the natives and half-breed *voyageurs* for 'fire-water' to be taken 'medicinally' was, it is needless to say, both frequent and troublesome; and some amusing stories are told by the old hands about Winnipeg of the way in which these wild sons of the plains attempted to cajole a permit out of the Governor and the doctor. The course adopted by the Hudson's Bay Company in this direction afforded an agreeable contrast to the methods pursued by American traders, who, in their dealings with the natives, appeared to encourage drunkenness and debauchery. This was especially the case with regard to the Blackfeet, the most warlike and powerful of the tribes of the North-West.

The hate engendered amongst this tribe against the whole white race in consequence of the unscrupulous conduct of the Yankee traders aforesaid rendered it difficult for the Hudson's Bay Company to carry on business relations with them, although the company, as has frequently been pointed out, dealt with unvarying fairness towards the natives in

every portion of the vast territory over which they so long held undivided sway.

Like Ishmael, the hand of the Blackfeet was against every man, with every man's hand against them; and they waged war against each tribe that touched the boundaries of their vast domain. Speaking a language different from that of all other native tribes, and with customs and ceremonies equally distinct, there is nothing in common between them and other nations, be it Cree or Flathead, Crow or Assiniboine.

General Butler, in 'The Great Lone Land,' relates the following curious legend of their origin:—

'Long years ago, when their great forefather crossed the Mountains of the Setting Sun, and settled along the sources of the Missouri and South Saskatchewan, it came to pass that a chief had three sons: Kenna, or The Blood; Peaginon, or The Wealth; and a third who was nameless. The first two were great hunters. They brought to their father's lodge rich store of moose and elk meat, and the buffalo fell beneath their unerring arrows; but the third or nameless one ever returned empty-handed from the chase, until his brothers mocked him for want of skill. One day the old chief said to this unsuccessful hunter, "My son, you cannot kill the moose, your arrows shun the buffalo, the elk is too fleet for your footsteps, and your brothers mock you because you

bring no meat into the lodge; but see! I will make you a mighty hunter." And the old chief took from his lodge fire a piece of burnt stick, and, wetting it, rubbed the feet of his son with the blackened charcoal, and named him *Sat-sia-qua*, or The Blackfeet; and evermore *Sat-sia-qua* was a mighty hunter, and his arrows flew straight to the buffalo, and his feet moved swift in the chase.'

From these sons, according to tradition, descended the three tribes of Blood, Peaginon, and Blackfeet, forming the confederacy of the great Blackfeet nation. Previously to the small-pox epidemic in 1870, which caused the death of so many of them, the combined tribes numbered some 14,000 people, 4,000 of whom were Blackfeet proper. Although not so numerous, the Bloods claim to be most *comme-il-faut*; and it is one of the boasts of the tribe that they never condescend to rob an enemy, going for his blood alone. The Blood Indian has, however, yet to be discovered who would not, under suitable temptation, steal a Cree pony, or run away with a Beaver woman when the love fit was on him. Although sadly diminished in point of numbers, the Blackfeet are still the most numerous and powerful of the Indian tribes of British North America.

Crowfoot, a redoubtable brave, is the head of the confederation, and he resides on the Crowfoot reserve on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway below

Calgary. The steam-engine with its civilising influence has not been without its effect upon these wild, erring Blackfeet; and now that they are brought daily in touch with civilisation by means of the 'Queen's Highway,' there is every hope of a permanent improvement taking place in their condition, and that they will settle down as peaceful and progressive members of the Dominion.

But the Blackfeet do not take very kindly to agricultural pursuits. They are for the most part strong and active, and naturally averse to an indolent life; but their activity runs more in the direction of horse-stealing, scalping, and woman-lifting than in peaceful labour. No Blackfeet brave will do any manner of work that can be done by his squaw; and I believe that the dominant idea in the mind of a brave when he risks his life in lifting 'the maiden of his choice' is not the pleasure, but the work he may get out of her. Women are his slaves, creatures predestined to minister to his wants, and to do everything that there is to be done in the shape of manual labour. A Blackfeet brave rides his pony whilst his faithful squaw trudges unmurmuringly by his side laden with many burthens.

It is, I think, high time that my friend Mr. W. Woodall looked to this, although he might, I fear, run the risk of being scalped were he to try his persuasive eloquence upon some of the older warriors,

who, whilst being proud of the privilege recently allowed them by Sir John Macdonald in the matter of voting, would without doubt resent the insinuation that their women-folk were equally entitled to parliamentary consideration.

Now that the buffalo has disappeared from off the face of the prairie nothing is left to the Blackfeet, who took much pleasure in the chase, but dreary inaction; and their general appearance, which in the immediate past was of the 'dignified and stately' order, is, consequent upon the dearth of buffalo robes, slovenly in the extreme.

The Blackfeet — especially the Bloods — were amongst the best dressed of all the North American tribes, and the robes of the women were things of 'beauty and a joy for ever.' Their dress consisted of a long gown of buffalo-skin, dressed soft and dyed with yellow ochre. It was confined at the waist by a broad belt of the same material, thickly studded over with round brass plates, the size of a florin, brightly polished. The faces of both men and women were painted with vermilion, which custom on state or special occasions is still indulged in.

The Blackfeet are said to be mentally superior to all other tribes, and, so far as I could judge, they appeared to have strong powers of perception, and to be shrewd observers.

They are for the most part great talkers, and take

considerable pride in airing their eloquence. A well-known writer, who had exceptional opportunities of observing them, says, 'In their public councils and debates they exhibit a genuine oratorical power, and a keenness and closeness of reasoning quite remarkable. Eloquence in public speaking is a gift which they earnestly cultivate, and the chiefs prepare themselves by previous reflection, and arrangement of topics and methods of expression. Their scope of thought is as boundless as the land over which they roam, and their speech the echo of the beauty that lies spread around them. Their expressions are as free and lofty as those of any civilised man, and they speak the voices of the things of earth and air amid which their wild life is cast. Their language being too limited to afford a wealth of diction, they make up in ideas, in the shape of metaphor furnished by all nature around them, and read from the great book which day, night, and the desert unfold to them.'

With the extension of the franchise to the Indian the future may see one of these natural born orators take his seat in the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa. Who knows?

Although the Blackfeet nation is a confederacy of three great and two small tribes, there never has been the slightest semblance of a national government, all political power being vested in the head chief of each tribe, which, whilst he exercises it, is practically

absolute. He is the executer of the people's will, as determined in the council of the elders. The occupiers of this position are elected chiefly on account of their prowess in battle, but many of them are men of undoubted natural ability, and have won the esteem of the tribe on account of their merits as politicians or orators. Whilst, however, they owe their elevation to public opinion, it is the uncompromising assertion of their rights which alone sustains them. Therefore where the chief leads the warriors are bound to follow, and disobedience is punishable with death. In addition to those elected by the popular vote there are, I should add, a few hereditary leaders.[1]

The Blackfeet have not, however, any place in Manitoba, their happy hunting-grounds lying between the forty-ninth parallel of latitude and the North Saskatchewan; but I have mentioned them in this chapter because it was whilst in Winnipeg that I gathered most of my information relative to the red man east of the Rockies.

[1] Great obscurity is thrown around the polity of the Indians who inhabited the Atlantic sea-board. The early settlers, accustomed to despotic governments, very naturally supposed that the chiefs whom they found in power were monarchs by right of birth, and they consequently gave them the name of kings. This view was probably erroneous, the form of government with the aborigines of the east doubtless being very similar to that of the tribes of the west. Whilst, however, the established regulations of each tribe acknowledged no hereditary claim, it certainly often happened that the son, profiting by the advantages of his situation, succeeded to the authority of the father.

One of the excursions I made from Winnipeg was to a place called Stony Mountain, where is situated the penitentiary, in which are confined some of the chiefs who took part in the recent rising in the North-West. The warden of the gaol, Mr. Bedson, who had charge of the transport during the said rebellion, and his boon companion, 'Sec,' are friends of mine, and it was in their company that I made the trip.

It seemed but an hour since I had left them at a little friendly game at 'poker' at the club, when they were at the hotel telling me it was time to get up. I got up and joined them, weary-eyed and heavy, whilst they, who had gone to bed some time after I did, were as 'fresh as paint.' But this freshness in the early morning is peculiar to men in the North-West, who can go to bed as late and get up as early as you like without any perceptible inconvenience, unless it be an intensified desire to sample 'long drinks.' But then I never knew a Western man who wasn't thirsty; and yet, no matter what thirst is on him, he ever possesses a fine perception of taste, and never fails to discriminate between the 'dew off Ben Nevis' and the adulterated whiskies of his native land.

The sun was just rising when, 'tooled' by the skilful 'Sec,' we passed down Main Street on our way towards Stony Mountain. We were soon out in the open prairie, although the stakings to be

seen about on all sides told us that we were still within the city limits. How far these 'limits' actually extend I could never ascertain; for during the boom period immense sections of wild land adjacent to Winnipeg were bought up, with the object of reselling them as town lots. With the crash which followed upon the heels of these erratic speculations building enterprise at once languished, and the town lots, which had had a fabulous price attached to them, reverted to their original prairie value.

Winnipeg in the flood of its excitement was a place of 'big ideas,' and in no instance were these ideas more strongly emphasised than in the space allowed for the city's growth. In a couple of centuries, maybe, Winnipeg will have taken in a fair portion of the staked-out lots; but, allowing for its growth on the most liberal scale, it could not hope to build up to some of the outside stakings any time prior to the end of the world. In the meantime, therefore, many of the locked-up building lots must be converted into farms and pasturage, and farmhouses will arise where enthusiasts had planned out business blocks or rows of suburban villas.

Stony Mountain is about sixteen miles from Winnipeg. It is only by courtesy, I should add, that it is called a mountain; for, in reality, it is but a mere ridge of rock. But then it is the highest point in

the district, where the land is as even as a billiard-table, and where the slightest eminence assumes undue proportions in the eyes of the people round about.

The drive across the prairie in the early morn was inexpressibly delightful. The fresh, strong air at once swept the dust of drowsiness from my eyes, and invigorated me thoroughly. How sweet, how pure, and how intoxicatingly strong the prairie air at the dawn of morn really is, only those who have drunk it in can in any way understand.

Then the supreme stillness which reigns all around, and the absence of human life, render the scene doubly impressive. The sweet-scented wind plays upon the long grass, rippling it and turning it over in uneven green waves, just as the salt-laden sea breezes agitate the waves of the ocean. Plovers, like sea-gulls hovering over the rolling billows, flap their wings just above the wealth of fragrant green, or skim the tops of the grass with their feet. You can almost imagine yourself at sea, and the white-faced cottage in the dim distance looks for all the world like a becalmed sail. Only, as the morning advances, there is the busy hum of insects and the rush of colour, as broad-winged butterflies and big striped bees pursue their course; whilst, regardless of your presence, a rabbit squats upon a moss-covered stone, or an early-rising gopher warms himself in the spreading rays of the sun. Of

bird life, too, there is no end, plover, prairie chicken, and the ubiquitous crow ; and here and there, amidst the grass clumps, twitter small songsters. Not a tree is in sight, and nothing serves to break the unvarying distance.

The sixteen miles were soon got over, and with keen appetites we took our places at the breakfast-table in Mr. Bedson's private house. Before this we went, I ought to say, into a certain little room adjoining. It was Mr. Bedson's snuggery, but it was the ingenuous 'Sec' who led the way. 'Sec' it was who did the honours of this little room, and showed me where the three-starred bottle was kept, and which bottle to patronise and which to avoid, whilst my host looked on in silent admiration ; for 'Sec'—the kindest-hearted and best of good fellows in the whole North-West—is such an authority upon these matters. His knowledge in this direction, whether the drink be 'straight' or 'mixed,' is perfectly marvellous ; and the man has yet to be found who could say nay to his insinuating yea.

I never met so good-natured a man, nor one so solicitous over the comforts of others. He is, moreover, a man of tried courage and great natural ability, both of which were put to the test in locating portions of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in the North-West rebellion. During the campaign he seemed to bear a charmed life, and the Indian and half-breed

sharpshooters tried their skill upon him in vain. But 'Sec' has one failing—but what good man has not?—and that is the warmth of his temper, and his utter obliviousness to the maxim that it is the soft answer that turneth away wrath. The Indians aver that his miraculous escape from their bullets was principally due to the force of his language; for, as one of them said, 'bullet, him go straight to big white chief; but chief, him cock his hat and *damn* big heap; and bullet, him turn away frightened.'

It is stated—but this I cannot vouch for—that hardened old-time *voyageurs* have sat at his feet in abject adoration, listening to his exclamations, which for strength and imagery, when he is thoroughly put out, are said to have no equal west of the Red River.

But hard drinking and strong language go hand in hand in the North-West, where men in the freedom and roughness of their lives scorn the conventionalities which govern the people of the centres of culture. Good-natured, manly, hospitable, and perfectly natural, these settlers present such lovable characteristics, that any faults they, according to our superior city notions, may have are readily condoned.

It is very sad, no doubt, but it is nevertheless perfectly true, that much can be done in these regions by the use of vigorous words when milder expressions would be unavailing.

Horses and dogs are taught the value of adjectives from their infancy, and curious tales are told of how utterly worthless such animals, in virtue of their early training, really become in the hands of a man of kindly spirit and Christian resignation.

In the old dog-train days a *voyageur* was valued for the number of languages he could swear in, and the team for the *variety* of adjectives they could understand. For it would be fruitless to deny that, of all the qualifications requisite to the successful driving of dogs, none is more necessary than an ability to imprecate freely and with considerable variety in at least three different languages. No half-breed *voyageur* considered his education complete unless he could 'cuss' in French, in English, and in his native tongue; but I am assured that it was his proficiency in the first-named language in which he prided himself most.

The author of 'The Great Fur Land,' who had much experience of the *voyageurs* and their ways, says in connection with this point,—

'Whether the construction of that dulcet tongue [French] enables the speaker to deliver profanity with more bullet-like force and precision, or to attain a greater degree of intensity than by other means, I know not; but I do know that, while curses seem useful adjuncts in any language, curses delivered in French will get a train of dogs through or over any-

thing. For all dogs in the north it is the simplest mode of persuasion. If the dog lies down, curse him until he gets up. If he turns about in his harness, curse him until he reverts to his original position; if he looks tired, curse him until he becomes animated; and when you get weary of cursing him get another man to continue the process.'

Now that the French half-breeds have taken themselves and their Frenchified imprecations further west, the half-breeds who remain in and about Winnipeg content themselves with the milder expressions that the English language affords.

I am sorry to say that the education of several of the Indians and half-breeds with whom I came in contact was, so far as the English language was concerned, apparently conducted with the sole object of acquiring an extensive stock of anathemas.

But to return to Stony Mountain.

After breakfast we went to the Penitentiary, in which were confined about one hundred prisoners, among whom, as I before stated, were several Indian braves taken prisoners during the rebellion, and who, for their alleged complicity in the Frog Lake massacre, were not included in the recent general amnesty.

Big Bear, the notorious Cree chief, was one of them, and I found him at work in the compound. He saluted us with considerable hesitancy, and seemed both sullen and ill at ease the whole time

we were there. Big Bear is about sixty years old, tall and well built, although his figure is somewhat bent. By nature he is taciturn and morose, and he takes his confinement sadly. In his prison garb he looked anything but picturesque, and there was an air of slouchiness and general broken-downness about him which rendered him, in appearance, anything but interesting. But, in spite of that, the smothered defiance which now and then expressed itself in his eyes and the nervous twitching of his hands, and the occasional haughtiness of his carriage when addressed, showed that he did not consider himself an ordinary criminal, although attired in convict dress.

Big Bear is, from all I could hear, a great ruffian; but, for all that, I could not help feeling sorry for him. For I don't remember ever seeing a man so supremely miserable, or one who so much resembled a caged wild beast, fretful of restraint yet impotent to free himself. He was, it is true, an ugly, morose old man, unlovable enough in all conscience; yet he, in his dumb-like misery, appealed with irresistible directness to one's sympathies; for at a glance it could be seen that the man's heart was slowly but surely breaking, and I presume the process is as painful to a redskin as it is to a white man. There can be no doubt that if Big Bear had had his choice, he would much rather have been despatched along with Riel to the happy hunting-grounds of his imagination than

have served a term, no matter how brief, in Manitoba's state prison.

Poundmaker, who was included in the amnesty, had been released from prison a short time before my arrival, and had died almost immediately afterwards. He was by far the ablest and most influential of the chiefs concerned in the rebellion; and, so far as I could learn, had no hand in any of the massacres which so disfigured the rising. He was a magnificent specimen of a man, tall, dignified, and a splendid warrior; there was, too, an ease and grace about him not often met with in the Indian of to-day. He was a great favourite with his tribe, especially amongst the women—and his wives were numerous. On his release the squaws made merry; and he owes his death, it is said, to the extravagant feasting which took place on that occasion, although there is little doubt that his health was undermined by the incarceration he had undergone.

In justice to Poundmaker, it should be added that he from first to last professed to be loyal to the 'Great White Mother,' and that he never ceased to declare that he was led into rebellion unwittingly. There was possibly much truth in his protestations, for it cannot be denied that on the occasion referred to many of the reds took up arms against the authority of the Dominion Government without clearly knowing why. The fact is, there was some fighting to be

done ; and, without troubling to inquire with whom or against whom they should fight, the Indians rushed into the *mêlée*, discovering too late that they were waging war against the White Queen to whom they owed allegiance. Others were cajoled into disloyalty by Riel's emissaries, who brought both religious fervour and drink to bear upon them.

All Indians, and most half-breeds, are susceptible to 'fire-water,' and if they have been converted to Christianity, they are as a rule easily worked up in connection with ultra-religious matters. The majority of them, especially half-breeds who are of French descent on their father's side, have embraced Roman Catholicism, that form of Christian belief appealing more directly to them than any other. Naturally intensely superstitious, and firm believers in dreams, omens, and such like, they readily adopt the doctrines of the Roman Catholic missionaries. But their conversion is not, I fancy, a very lasting or genuine one ; for, whilst outwardly observing the forms of their religion, they are as a rule anything but sincere, and readily resort to paganism.

A striking and terrible instance of the untrustworthiness of Indian converts was afforded by the Frog Lake massacre, when red men professing the white man's religion rose up and slaughtered those who had been instrumental in converting them.

The converted heathen, whether he be a scalp-

seeking redskin, a woolly-headed African, or a meek and smiling Hindoo, is not, I fear, a triumphant success, and, taken all in all, scarcely worth the treasure, and certainly not the blood spent over his conversion.

In addition to Big Bear I made the acquaintance of two other Indians—chiefs, I believe. Amongst North American Indians, chiefs, by the bye, are as common as 'Excellencies' in Lisbon. Just as every other Portuguese you meet expects to be called 'Your Excellency,' most of the redskins you come in contact with out West lead you to understand that they are chiefs in their own right.

The two braves in question were quite young, and they owed their incarceration to the part they had taken in the late rising; and although it was not actually proved against them, it was believed that they had a hand in the massacre at Frog Lake. They were working in the warden's house, and they appeared to go about their work in a cheerful and willing spirit. I had several proofs of their handiness, and, so far as I could judge, they seemed remarkably intelligent.

Mr. Bedson, who has had a long experience of the natives, and whose knowledge of Indian character is both extensive and thorough, told me that if taught whilst young they made excellent domestic servants, such light work suiting them perfectly.

I was sorry not to be able to speak with the two young Indians, who could only understand Cree, their native tongue; and all I could do was to make signs to them, which they interpreted with marked quickness and correctness.

Neither of them was handsome, but there was a certain attractiveness about them which made up for their lack of good features; and a peculiar look of determination and resoluteness impressed upon their faces at once stamped them as being something very different from the common redskinned thieves who worked similarly attired under the same roof.

At best, however, they cut but a sorry figure in their convict garb—a jaundiced vision of dirty yellow stamped with the broad arrow. In European attire, no matter how well fitting, an Indian looks irretrievably common and uninteresting, and the reader can imagine what sort of picture he would present clad in rough clothes sizes too large or sizes too small for him.

One always associates the redskin with flowing buffalo robes, rich in colour and picturesquely ornamented, with his feet in moccasins and his legs encased in prepared deerskins; but it is only on state occasions that he cuts such a swell. *En famille* he discards the feathered vertebra, and puts off his finery generally, economically wearing nothing but his oldest clothes; so that, after all, barbarism and civilisation have something akin.

As European immigration advances, the native either retreats further into the forest wilds or hangs about the settlements, singeing himself moth-like in the fire, which he sees, but has neither the sense nor the self-control to avoid. One of the first things he does (after, of course, making the acquaintance of fire-water, which always comes first) is to copy the white man's style of dress; and there is scarcely a red man born who would not imperil his very soul in gratifying his passion in this direction. It is wonderful to see how he craves after the latest thing in top hats, or the oldest thing in bonnets, and how he will give for a miserable mess of pottage in the shape of a worn-out frock coat a bundle of skins which have taken him weeks of labour and ingenuity to secure. His tastes in this matter are, I need hardly add, not very nice; and to see the way in which he blends the various articles of apparel is highly ludicrous. Fancy the noble red man attired in a 'swallow-tail' and a 'chimney-pot'! Yet I have seen a chief so rigged out; and just didn't he fancy himself!

When an Indian brave dies he likes to have his best clothes buried with him, so that he may be able to make a good show when he puts in an appearance in shade-land; but the surprise of a latter-day warrior's forefathers on seeing him chasing the buffalo shades in the ghost of a silk hat or a tight-fitting dress-coat cannot readily be imagined.

It is really curious how much the Indian affects the top-hat, and how he is impressed with the idea that it is the height of swell dressing. In fact, I have known instances where natives have considered themselves perfectly dressed with this and nothing else on.

Not long ago I came across an old buck attired in this manner, and the airs he gave himself as he strutted in front of his tent, or admired his figure in a pool of water, were excruciatingly amusing. Luckily the weather was warm, or he must have caught cold, for, apparently fearful of spoiling the effect of his antiquated head-gear, he had avoided putting on even a pair of leggings. There were, moreover, no mosquitoes about, otherwise the man must have severely suffered in his pride, for the Greek Slave costume could not afford any great protection from these insects. But, even so attired, the old brave looked infinitely more respectable than his compatriots in their convict dress.

It is enough to destroy all the romance in one to see a chief shambling along in a loose-fitting jacket and baggy pants stamped behind with a huge black number ; or to come across a sinewy, well-knit form bursting in a numbered garment made for a man half his size ; and the disillusion is completed when you hear *Running Water* described as 'No. 49,' or see *Setting Sun* stop short when 'No. 30' is called out.

I confess to having been disillusionised and made sorry at the sight, for I cannot help thinking that some of them at least were unduly, not to say unjustly, punished.

The Penitentiary, although it is situated on the open prairie, is not walled in or in any way enclosed, yet it is next to impossible for a prisoner to escape. To attempt to do so would mean running the risk of being shot down by the warders, who are ever on guard, and who can see everything that moves over the ground. It is true there are instances where prisoners have escaped during the night, and have succeeded in reaching a copse about half a mile distant, there to be caught later on. A few, however, have managed to get clear off, and cross the border into the United States; but, on the whole, there are fewer escapes from this prison than from any other in the Dominion.

Mr. Bedson is in his spare moments an ardent naturalist, and the corridors of the Penitentiary are made interesting by the presence of stuffed birds and animals peculiar to the North-West. He has also some live pets in the shape of bears, wolves, and moose-deer. The latter, fine young animals, were certainly very tractable. They were just developing some antlers, of which they seemed as conscious and proud as a youth over the first hair on his upper lip. So rapid is the growth of these antlers that you can

almost fancy they are increasing in length as you watch them.

I have often wondered whether the process of cutting horns is as painful as that of cutting teeth; if so, what a lot of additional agony an unfortunate deer has to go through! Suffering is said to chasten all, so perhaps this accounts for the meekness and gentleness of the deer species.

In addition to the pets aforesaid Mr. Bedson is the owner of the only herd of tame buffaloes in America, and the only buffaloes, whether tame or wild, in the whole of the Canadian North-West.

One of my chief objects in visiting Stony Mountain was to see this herd, with which Mr. Bedson had been making some interesting experiments in the matter of cross-breeding. Some years ago, when buffaloes were plentiful, Mr. Bedson acquired of one Joe, a half-breed scout, a few young bulls and cows, and having in a measure domesticated them, he commenced breeding from them. But when the wild buffaloes gave out, and he saw no opportunity of replenishing his stock, he, in order to save them from deterioration through in-breeding, tried the experiment of crossing them with the domestic cow. The result has been eminently satisfactory. In the first crossing a nondescript half-breed is the result, but this crossed with a buffalo produces a three-quarter breed

closely resembling its sire, whilst with the third crossing a pure buffalo is the result.

Mr. Bedson's herd numbered, when I was there, fifty-nine all told, but by this time it will have considerably increased.

It is his intention, I believe, to form a company for the purpose of developing the scheme which he has in hand; and in such case there is, I am assured, an excellent prospect of the concern paying. For almost all parts of the buffalo have a market value. The head is worth as much as 10*l.*, and the robe, according to quality, fetches 5*l.* and upwards. The meat would command a fair price, especially the tongues and humps—perfect delicacies either fresh or potted.

I think the crossing of the buffalo with the domestic cow improves the colour of the robes, and lends a variety to them at once pleasing and valuable.

Buffalo robes are almost indispensable in the winter in North America, and it is difficult to find a substitute for them; and as the demand exhausts the ever-diminishing supply, the Stony Mountain herd will increase in importance and value.

Although buffaloes have entirely disappeared from the Canadian plains, there are, I believe, still two or three scattered herds in Montana, and some of a smaller species in Texas, but they too will probably disappear off the face of the earth, leaving nothing

but dressed skins and preserved heads to speak of their having been.

In going over the prairie one frequently comes across heaps of bones, showing where the animals had been slaughtered; and at points near the railway the bones are being carted away for fertilising purposes.

I am told there is not a single wild buffalo left in the whole of the Great North-West, yet but a few years back they were in considerable numbers, if not in actual plenty. Repeating rifles have done their work with marvellous rapidity, and the indiscriminate way in which the monarchs of the plains have been slaughtered is brutal and wanton in the extreme.

The buffalo ranges extended between the Saskatchewan Rivers and the Missouri, and old *voyageurs* tell me they have seen the plains perfectly black with their shaggy denizens. That was in the good old times when regiments of Indians and half-breeds swept over the prairie twice annually, dealing death and destruction to the unfortunate beasts. These hunts not only provided the hunters with food for the remainder of the year, but they were a certain source of income to all engaged; so much so that the earlier settlers refused to settle down to agriculture as a livelihood, when a pursuit much less arduous and infinitely more congenial offered such striking inducements.

After the animals had been shot they were skinned

and cut up, the robes being stretched upon a framework of poles prior to being sent to the settlements to receive their final dressing. Most of the meat was converted into 'pemmican,' although of course a good deal of it was consumed fresh.

'Pemmican' was at one time the indispensable travelling provision of the North-West, and the following was a popular recipe for its composition :— Cut the meat into thin slices and hang up in the sun or over a fire to dry. When thoroughly dried, take down and beat into a pulp with stones upon raw hides. Make bags—each bag two feet long and one and a half feet wide—of the hides, and having half filled them with the powdered meat pour therein a quantity of buffalo fat, and stir till cold ; then add further fat, and sew up the bag for future use.

Each bag of 'pemmican' weighed as a rule about one hundred pounds, and, besides forming a solid food of unequalled nutrition, it was easy of transport. Provided the compound was kept dry it would keep for an unlimited period. I am speaking of 'pemmican' in the past tense ; for, with the disappearance of the buffalo, 'pemmican' has of course ceased to be manufactured. The amount of it used in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company was something enormous, and the quantity that a half-breed *voyageur* could dispose of at a single meal was nothing short of startling.

Considering the fearful slaughter of the buffaloes in these semi-annual hunts, when the animals were chiefly killed for their hides, the wonder is not that they have altogether disappeared, but that they lasted so long as they did.

For countless centuries the red man found in the buffalo not only his food but his clothing, and he recognised the wise provision of nature by killing no more than were demanded by his wants ; and had not the white man put in an appearance there would have been enough buffaloes for his requirements for all time. But with the advent of the 'paleface' everything underwent a change. The red man's natural clothing was suddenly invested with a monetary value, and the warriors of the plains were led to slaughter in wanton waste their best friends, who had supplied every want from infancy to old age, for the sake of what their skins would fetch.

With the advance of civilisation the Indians have been gradually driven towards the Rockies, and with them the buffaloes. The latter have disappeared, and at the present rate of extermination it appears to be only a question of time when the last redskin in North America will, wrapped in his treasured-up buffalo robe, close his eyes in that sleep which is to waft his spirit to those who have gone before.

It is true a nobler race is arising in place of the red man, and that the red man's disappearance or ab-

sorption is rendered necessary by the events which are taking place on the American continent ; but, for all that, the native is deserving of some sympathy. He, it must be admitted, has been very hardly done by, for injustice and wrong toward him have invariably formed the rule with both government and individuals, and the opposite the exception.

What wonder is it that, smarting under the accumulated wrong-doing of years, he occasionally rises against his oppressors ? Such a course may be foolish and suicidal, but it is highly natural, and the mystery is why these much-injured people do not oftener take up arms in vindication of their rights. These remarks have special reference to the Indians across the border ; for, as I have frequently pointed out, the Dominion Government is well disposed towards the natives, and does everything possible to protect them and improve their condition. Such can hardly be said to be the case in the United States, where Indian wars are of frequent occurrence, the result chiefly, if not wholly, of chicanery and injustice on the part of the whites. 'Knowledge of Indian character,' says an authority upon Indian matters, referring to what is going on in the United States, 'has too long been synonymous with knowledge of how to cheat the Indian ; a species of cleverness which, even in the science of chicanery, does not require the exercise of the highest abilities. The

red man has already had too many dealings with persons of this class, and has now a very shrewd idea that those who possess this knowledge of his character have also managed to possess themselves of his property.'

The red man belongs to a race apart; and civilisation, instead of reclaiming him, seems to shrivel him up, body and soul, whenever it comes in contact with him. Civilisation, on the other hand, is terribly cruel, for, in addition to crowding him out and generally despoiling him, it resents as a rank injustice the idea that he can have rights or claims of any kind.

No traveller in the North-West in search of information omits to make a pilgrimage to Stony Mountain, with the object of seeing Mr. Bedson's herd of buffaloes; but if he be pressed for time the chances are that he will return without seeing them, for they have a habit of roaming for miles over the trackless prairies; and were it not for the almost supernatural vigilance of a half-witted herdsman they would probably disappear altogether.

But with me time was no object, and I was determined not to go away without making their acquaintance, and in this determination I was aided and abetted by the all-obliging 'Sec,' who undertook to pilot me over the plains.

Seated behind a big raw-boned mare, we drove

here and there and everywhere, without catching so much as a glimpse of what we were in search of.

Goodness me! what a hunt we had! Now to the right, now to the left, away to the north and back again to the south we went, until I grew tired and confused, and 'Sec' got hot and cross.

Eventually I began to doubt whether the buffaloes had any existence except in my companion's fertile imagination, and I ventured to express my doubts.

Never shall I forget the look he gave. I was immediately crushed and huddled up all of a heap, as it were, under his dignified scorn. For if there is one thing 'Sec' is touchy about, it is his veracity, and I had cut him to the quick.

I was fully prepared for an outburst, but he was evidently hurt beyond *that*, and I would have given worlds to have recalled the words I had uttered. I did my best to mollify him, but without avail; and it was only when the old 'crock' he was driving slipped up, nearly precipitating him on the ground, that he descended from his pedestal of scorn. He at once signified his change of front by vigorously belabouring the animal. At first I was heartily sorry for the mare, but I afterwards became equally solicitous on my own account, for she immediately went off in a gallop over the uneven ground, and it was as much as I could do to save myself from being

jolted out; and by the time she was got well in hand again I ached in every limb.

We continued our search for the buffaloes in silence. The sun was powerful in the sky, and a drowsiness came over me, and had it not been for the continued jolting of the trap I should have slept, whilst 'Sec' strained his eyes in search of the wanderers.

No one who has not visited the immense plains of the North-West can in any way comprehend the difficulty experienced in tracing objects on the open prairie, where space, unbroken by forest, mountain, or river, stands forth with bewildering distinctness. Often as we stopped and let our eyes travel over the farthest distance, not a speck of life, not a trace of habitation was visible, nothing but an unending vision of sky and grass and constantly shifting horizon.

The immensity is almost terrifying, and I frequently, with no landmarks to guide me, felt as if I were on an uncharted sea, out of sight of land.

But 'Sec's' knowledge of prairie-craft was something wonderful, and he seemed to be as much at home upon the trackless wastes as I should be in Bond Street. Signs which were as nothing to me were everything to him, and he could interpret them, trifling as they were in themselves, as if they had been so many milestones.

He told me that the novice finds it impossible to pursue a straight course across the prairie, but that he invariably commences to describe a circle by bearing continually to the left. He also gave me instances where inexperienced travellers, thinking they could guide themselves by the sun, had lost themselves in the wilds, nothing being, he assured me, so fallacious to the unskilful as this method of guidance, as it was quite possible to keep the sun in position and yet go round in a circle.

I afterwards learnt (although he was silent as to his own good deeds) that he had been the means of rescuing more than one person who had thus strayed and got lost. The awfulness contained in being lost on the prairie can well be imagined. A man then realises how utterly incapable he is, and how fruitless are his efforts to escape from the trials and dangers by which he is surrounded. It is not only the fear of starvation or the dread of being devoured by wild animals that oppresses him, but the sense of utter loneliness, of being but a single living speck upon the illimitable expanse of the prairie ocean. So terrible is this sense of solitariness to the wanderer that madness invariably claims him for a victim before death carries him away into unfathomable darkness.

Everybody who has stood in the middle of the prairie will have noticed that it presents the appear-

ance of an immense sheet of green, raised at both ends ; for the level plain has the peculiarity of seemingly being elevated in whatever point of the compass one may turn, leaving the observer always in depression. The atmosphere, moreover, is so clear that the natural range of vision is materially extended, so that distant objects—which anywhere else it would be impossible to define—may be distinctly seen. But as the eye ranges over a sea of waving grass, without, may be, a single intervening object to afford the accustomed means of estimating relative size and distance, it is extremely difficult to ascertain the relative distance of objects, and, consequently, to estimate their size. As a result one frequently makes the blunder of mistaking a bird for a cow, or a cow for a bird.

It was precisely so with me, and I found myself seeing in every little bush in the dim distance the much sought-after buffaloes ; and when I eventually did come across the animals I mistook them for a cluster of bushes.

On one occasion I saw something moving in the distance, which I thought was a crow, but 'Sec' said it was a bear. I of course bowed to his superior wisdom, but I maintained that I had never seen so small a bear. At this my companion went into scientific explanations (and any one who is acquainted with 'Sec' knows how intensely learned and all that

he can be) concerning the sense of sight. His theories were right above my head, and I could but dimly comprehend what he was driving at, although I certainly came to the conclusion in the end that he knew more about gauging distances on the prairie than I did; and that, as he pointed out, it was, in taking a sight of the plains, very much like looking through a telescope.

The above-mentioned incident gave rise to a bear story on the part of my companion, who told me how a short time previously he had, close to where we were then driving, come across a bear. He was accompanied by some half-breeds, and all of them were armed and more or less well mounted, and they accordingly gave chase.

I forget the exact number of miles 'Sec' said they chased the animal, and the exact number of shots he told me they fired; but I remember arriving at the conclusion, long before he was through with his yarn, that each horse must have had the endurance of three, and that if one shot out of a dozen had struck the beast, the mere weight of the lead sent into him would have been sufficient to have materially checked his progress if it had not brought him to a complete standstill.

I did not, however, venture to say so, but let my companion run on; and run on he did, until I thought the bear would never be disposed of this side

of the end of the world. Eventually, however, Bruin was cornered, and amongst some bushes (which were duly pointed out to me) the valiant 'Sec' gave him his quietus.

'You have no idea,' he said, pausing to take breath at the conclusion of his story, which had taken fully half an hour to tell, 'how tough that bear was. The skin was perfectly riddled with bullets, and when the men went to cut up the carcass their knives bent——' But I stopped my ears at this point, my respect for my friend's veracity being too great to allow me to listen to anything which might be mistaken for exaggeration.

Curiously enough, a day or so before I arrived at Stony Mountain a very big bear had been shot in the immediate neighbourhood, and Mr. Bedson was having it stuffed.

From bears my 'guide, philosopher, and friend' passed on to buffaloes, giving me a good deal of useful and interesting information with regard to their habits and so forth.

He told me that he had seen the plains in places quite black with buffaloes; and, by way of giving me an idea of how numerous they were, he said that the Hudson's Bay Company would acquire close upon 30,000 robes in a single year, this representing less than one half of the annual kill.

'It is only those who live out here know how

indispensable these robes are in winter,' he went on to say; 'and now that the buffaloes have been entirely cleared off the face of the prairie, it is difficult to see what we can get to supply their place.'

Buffalo robes are not only very useful, but they are extremely handsome, and none knew better than the Indians how to add to their natural beauty.

It was the women-folk who prepared and dressed the skins; and the greater the skill of the squaw in this matter, the greater her value in the eyes of her lord and master. The work was tedious, and, in order to lessen the labour, the robe was often split down the middle during its preparation, instead of being dressed whole, the halves being neatly sewn together at the finish. But very few of the richly painted skins came into the market, the Indians retaining such robes, upon which they bestowed great pains and no little skill, for their own use. Amongst the Blackfeet one still comes across some splendid robes, the insides of which are rich in colouring, and covered with quaint symbols and strikingly novel designs.

We were out several hours in our search for the buffaloes without once sighting them, and in the end we grew ravenously hungry, whilst the mare got groggier and groggier. 'Sec's' annoyance increased with his hunger—and (the day being frightfully hot), I may add, with his thirst. In fact, once or twice

I heard him whistle—soft and low, but still a whistle—by way of giving expression to his disappointment; and thinking that he might, if he got further annoyed, be driven to forget his early Christian training, I suggested lunch. The suggestion was welcomed, and, turning the weary crock's head, we drove back to the Penitentiary.

But I was determined not to leave Stony Mountain without seeing the buffaloes, so after lunch I set out with a fresh nag, accompanied by one of the Government officials. 'Sec' I left behind. He excused himself on the ground that he wished to practise at some dummy Indians in the rifle-pits in view of a shooting contest which was to take place the next day; but something in the droop of his eyelids, and the glance he gave between each blink to a comfortable-looking sofa in the corner of the room, told me that that was not his only object in remaining behind.

I was naturally sorry to be without his company, but experience has taught me never to disturb a man who desires to sleep, especially if he be one who, like 'Sec.' has been religiously brought up.

My companion was sanguine of finding the animals almost immediately, especially as he had been told by the man who had charge of them where they had been seen last; but for a long time we drove about in the same apparently aimless way without catching

a glimpse of them. I consequently grew weary, nodded, and eventually joined 'Sec' in dreamland.

By-and-by I was dimly conscious that all was not right. Something was nibbling at me, biting me, pricking me from head to foot; my mouth seemed full of living atoms, and a continued buzzing was in my ears. I felt myself writhe and turn as if to shake myself free of some nightmare that oppressed me, but it was only when a volley of unconsidered adjectives falling from the mouth of my companion sounded above me that I awoke, to find myself literally covered with stinging ants. I shrieked aloud, and was wide awake in an instant. Despite, however, my efforts to dislodge them, they clung to me and caressed me in a way that clearly bespoke their unalterable devotion.

I crushed them with my hands, making my cheeks bruised and swollen, and tore out my hair by the roots in my eagerness to get rid of them, whilst they ran races down my back, or sought to make a short cut from one side of my face to the other by way of my ears.

I have been well brought up, and two of my tutors were clergymen, but I am afraid in those moments I forgot myself, and that I said more than years of penitence will atone for. I have not a Job-like spirit, neither had my companion; and he gave vent to his feelings in such a manner that I thought

his assailants would, in order not to allow him to altogether imperil his soul's welfare, desist from tormenting him. Not a bit of it; every adjective was so much *caviare* to them; and they appeared to take a fiendish delight in goading the unfortunate man to excel himself.

For my part, I turn cold with fear every time I think of what is to come of me in consequence of the unconsidered expressions I let fall that August afternoon.

Dear me, what those ants have to answer for! There is nothing in the world like them for arousing the old Adam in a man, no matter how circumspect and *unco' guid* he may be. The desire that one's enemy would but write a book might, if the injured one were particularly wrathful, be exchanged for the wish that he might accidentally sit upon a nest of stinging ants.

I have made the acquaintance of mosquitoes in many lands, but the most abandoned of these insects are to my mind winged angels in comparison with stinging ants. In spite of the good things that Sir John Lubbock and other eminent *savans* have said of ants, I must confess that I can see absolutely nothing to admire in them. The most respectable and harmless of them are nasty creepy-crawly animals, which do much towards spoiling the pleasures of an *al fresco* lounge; whilst those of the stinging species

cannot even be thought of without giving rise to much anger and vexation of spirit.

I hate to recall the memories of that day, when I was as one vast pincushion for these pests' stings. I was literally stung all over, not a square inch of my body escaping a puncture ; for as soon as one got rid of one swarm, another would rise up as the horse's hoofs struck their hilly homes and acquainted them that the hated paleface was at hand. Every mound we came to seemed to belong to them, and the horse seldom missed striking one of them.

When once a stinging ant settles on you, it is impossible to get rid of it outside of despatching it to another world ; and the bottom of the trap was strewn with the lifeless bodies of those whom I had thus summarily disposed of ; whilst my hair, my shirt, my socks, and clothes generally were black with the living. There were also dozens awaiting the opportunity when I should open my mouth to rush therein with sickening rapidity. I say sickening advisedly, for if there is anything which is likely to make one sick, it is to swallow a cluster of sting-dealing ants. At the commencement they make a dash for your throat, as if they had a wager on which should get there first ; but once inside, they seem to reverse the process, each one taking its own time to get down, as if the race were decided as with donkeys—the last ant being the winner.

This is all very well for the ants, but it is decidedly uncomfortable for the unfortunate man in whose stomach the races are held; and it is impossible to conceive anything more calculated to take all the saintliness out of a poor human than his unavailing efforts to dislodge the wriggling, tickling, indigestible mass of insect life, whilst his body is smarting in every part with the nippings of those who are awaiting their turn to plunge down his throat.

Every person who comes across stinging ants on the prairie is supposed to swallow his share. I feel certain I did this, if I did not do more, for I foolishly opened my mouth every time I desired to express the state of my feelings, whereas an old hand keeps his feelings in check until he is free from the presence of the ants, when he ventures to express himself, and invariably with interest. But this to me seems somewhat cold-blooded, and I cannot help thinking that a man who does this needs to pray much oftener than the one who is carried away in the moment when the insects are in his throat and his flesh swollen with their prickings.

To make matters worse, the ground on which we were driving at the time we struck the ant-hills was too rough to enable us to go at any pace, and thus get out of the reach of the insects, who can neither fly very fast nor make headway against a breeze. There is an end sooner or later to all things, whether

good or bad—only the turning in the lane seems to be reached quicker in the former than in the latter—and we eventually drove into a haven of safety, and a short while afterwards we sighted the buffaloes.

In the distance the herd looked more like a clump of bushes than living animals; and it was not until we drove close up to them that I could clearly distinguish their shape. They were quietly browsing, and so tame were they that they in no way resented our approach.

They were for the most part fine animals, and it was highly interesting to trace the different stages of the cross-breeding. The half-breeds looked rather scraggy, but the three-quarter breeds were in several instances scarcely distinguishable from the pure buffalo, save perhaps in the breadth and general massiveness of the head.

It was a bad time to see them with respect to their coats, for during the summer months the hair on the sides and back is not only short, but in places it is completely rubbed off, giving the animals a somewhat mangy appearance. Before the 1st of November the hair is not long enough to make what is called a 'prime' robe, and by the end of January the coat is bleached by the weather to the colour of dirty tow, especially along the back; and this was the condition the buffaloes presented when I saw them, although

one could see in the faded mane and ragged dewlap a promise of renewed grandeur with the return of snow and frost.

A buffalo bull looks very leonine, and with his savage-looking muzzle and prominent black eyes flashing between the tangled locks of his hair he presents a dangerous appearance ; yet he is in reality the opposite of ferocious, and will never attack unless driven to it.

Mr. Bedson's herd are perfectly tame, and I walked amongst them without scaring them in the least, although at first I was, I must confess, somewhat scared myself when an old bull glared at me between the wool and shaggy hair hanging over his forehead almost concealing his beautiful horns, for all the world like a lion making ready for a spring.

On returning to Stony Mountain I found 'Sec' battling with a swarm of stinging ants, which had come in at the open window whilst he slept. Poor 'Sec's' face was very red and swollen, and the insects had evidently had a 'good time' before he had become aware of their presence. It was in that moment that my friend's true greatness became apparent ; for instead of, as I had anticipated, having to stop my ears whilst he 'cussed,' he bore the increasing pain and irritation with saint-like fortitude. But whilst outwardly he was as calm as snow-capped Mount Elias, inwardly he was, I felt certain, a raging volcano,

and it was solely owing to the presence of the prison chaplain that an eruption was prevented. But it nevertheless says worlds for 'Sec's' early religious training that he, under such strong temptation and undeniable provocation, should have thus held himself in check. It is not always good, however, to restrain your feelings, for the torrent held back is apt, when it does burst forth, to carry you right out of yourself, as it were, leaving you in the end demoralised and stranded. Much though there was in 'Sec's' self-restraint worthy of canonisation, it would, I think, have been better if he had adjourned in the midst of his torments to have unburdened himself of some of the things that troubled him, instead of letting loose at a go the whole flood of his wrath so soon as we were alone.

In the cool of a summer evening the prairie affords an enchanting prospect for a drive, although, as the night descends, it seems more impassive, lonely, and impressive than ever. An almost rigid silence reigns everywhere: a bird may flutter from underneath your horse's feet; a winged insect, losing its way in the uncertain light, may strike your face with a sharp buzz, or far away in the distance may come the wail of a prowling wolf; but of man or his ways there is, a few miles from any settlement, not a single sign.

Round about Winnipeg there are numerous small

settlements, and the farmers for the greater part seem to be doing well.

Manitoba is without doubt the garden of the North-West, and while there is an acre of good land to be had in the province intending settlers would do well to secure it before searching for acres of doubtful value further west.

The Hudson's Bay authorities were all along aware of the fertile character of the soil in the Winnipeg district, as they grew their own corn and raised their own cattle; but it was part of their policy to decry the Great Lone Land, in order that the gigantic monopoly granted them under King Charles's charter should be retained intact. But in these days of advancement it was impossible to longer lock up these fertile wilds, and any attempt to retain them for mere skin-producing purposes would have been an act of selfishness little short of criminal.

The key which the Hudson's Bay Company had held for some two hundred years was finally delivered into the hands of the Dominion authorities on June 23, 1870, when, by imperial Order in Council, what was known as Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory were added to Canada, the Company receiving for their interest in these vast possessions the sum of £300,000.

On July 15, 1870, Manitoba was created a province of the Dominion, and from that time it has

continued to increase in wealth, population, and importance; but whilst the Dominion Government was haggling with the Hudson's Bay Company about terms and conditions, the tide of emigration was uninterruptedly flowing into the western States of America; and by the time Canada was ready to receive her visitors, her cute rival across the border had not only skimmed the cream, but had succeeded in convincing the world that there was no place like the United States in which to settle. Canada, for her part, had fully as good, and in many instances far better lands to offer, but these lands were not so easy of access as those on the southern half of the continent; and she eventually became alive to the fact that, if she wished to avoid being entirely outstripped in the race, her means of intercommunication would have to be improved. The result has been the 'Queen's Highway,' and through this railway the valleys of milk and honey are brought into direct touch with the mother country. Nothing now but political dissensions or short-sighted acts on the part of her rulers can keep Canada back, and the promise of a great future is certainly with her.

Had the Hudson's Bay Company more promptly delivered up the key, the population of Canada would be far greater than it now is; for up to 1840 a larger number of European emigrants had been attracted to the older provinces of Canada than to the United

States. But about this time the western States, a region which first began to attract attention in 1830, were opened up, and whilst draining England and Ireland of their surplus thousands, they drew great numbers of Canadians over the border, the movement continuing for years.

One cannot wonder at the Canadians seeking their fortunes in the region which held out such splendid hopes, especially as they were unaware that the Great Lone Land, west of Lake Superior, was the counterpart and in many respects the superior of the new 'Land of Promise.'

It was not till thirty years after the opening up of the western States that the Dominion secured the territories held by the Hudson's Bay Company. In the meantime, for a whole generation, population had spread throughout the western States towards the Canadian boundary line, and when the restraints to settlement imposed by the Company were removed by the purchase of the region by the Canadian Government, many crossed over from America into Canada. This is especially the case in the ranching districts, and the tide of immigration increases rather than diminishes.

Before the act of purchase and the energetic action which followed, attempts to settle the North-West cannot be said to have been attended with any great success. As far back as 1811 the Earl of

Selkirk conceived the idea of settling a populous colony in these regions, and for that purpose he purchased of the Hudson's Bay Company a vast tract of land in the vicinity of the Red River. The first batch of colonists reached the coast of Hudson's Bay in the autumn of 1811, and in the following spring, having advanced so far inland, they pitched their tents at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, about forty miles from the foot of Lake Winnipeg.

From the first the settlers encountered difficulties, for not only did the rival French Canadian fur companies, contending for the possession of the territory with the Hudson's Bay Company, resent their presence as intruders, but the Indians took objection to the cultivation of their hunting-grounds. For the first year the colonists turned their attention to farming, but with the destruction of their crops and dwellings by their all too powerful enemies they gave up such operations as a bad job, and took up with pursuits more in keeping with the situation in which they found themselves. This situation was anything but agreeable, for there they were utter strangers in the centre of the American continent, fully 1,500 miles in direct distance from the nearest city, and separated from their own country by thousands of miles of sea and land.

No wonder, then, they adopted a nomadic life and

lived by the products of the chase instead of those of the plough.

With the coalition of all the fur companies in 1821 the colony was materially increased in size by the acquisition of the French hunters and traders; but whilst this rendered the pursuit of agriculture possible, the experience of the last ten years had totally unfitted them for such work, and the roving life of the plain hunter appealed therefore more strongly to their fancies than the eventless life of an agriculturist. Besides, many of the younger members had taken to themselves aboriginal wives, and had in a measure fallen into the ways of the red man. The French, who had all along been trappers and hunters, clung to their old habits, and gave little or no attention to the tilling of the soil. A few of the first colonists brought from their Sutherland homes, it is true, still confined themselves to agricultural pursuits, but they were chiefly those of advanced age, who could not very well follow the chase; but the majority of the community, which by this time numbered from eight to ten thousand, pursued a nomadic life.

The anomaly of a settled civilised community subsisting by the pursuits common to nomadic life was a strange one, yet the same mode of life appears to have been adopted by all the early settlers in this locality; and it was not until the Territories passed

out of the hands of the great fur-trading company into those of the Dominion Government that any striking change took place in their condition. It is ancient history now how these settlers and their half-breed offspring disputed the sovereignty of the Government, and resisted their authority with arms; and, as history never fails to repeat itself, the rebellion of last year was but a repetition of the original Red River rising of 1870–71.

Love of the chase is ingrained in these half-breeds, and the chase of itself is entirely unable to sustain them. They will, therefore, have to conform to the exactions of the ever-advancing tide of civilisation, hard though it may seem, and adopt a method of living different from that of the past; or, like their Indian grandfathers, completely disappear from off the face of the earth. They are being gradually pushed from pillar to post, as it were, murmuring as they go; from the Red River they have reached the Saskatchewan, and from the Saskatchewan they will have to go still further north, unless they turn and meet the civilising tide, mix with it, and fall in with it instead of foolishly attempting to stem it. One great source of income—the buffalo—has entirely disappeared, and the time will come when the various fur-bearing animals will be so materially diminished that their capture will afford occupation for but a limited number of trappers and hunters only, so that

nothing will be left to the Indians and half-breeds but the cultivation of the soil, or occupation in some form or other in connection therewith.

In walking down Main Street it would be impossible to imagine that the pavements you trod were but a few years back the camping-ground of these half-breeds, and that in place of the many-storied houses there were but a few smoky *tepees*; and where the tram-cars pass, bullock waggons and Red River carts crawled creakingly along in summer, and dog-sleighs went their way in winter.

The contrast, too, between the uniformly and carefully dressed citizens of Winnipeg and the picturesque untidiness of the *habitués* of old Fort Garry would make one rub one's eyes in wonderment, could the two be brought suddenly together; and were it not for the few nondescript half-breeds you occasionally see wandering about in the rags of European attire it would be difficult to believe that the red man ever had place there.

Lord Southesk's description of a half-breed *voyageur* is one of the best I have yet come across, and his lordship's pen portrait does duty, in all essential points, as the correct portraiture of the hardy and daring men who, less than twenty years ago, were to be found in considerable numbers at Fort Garry.

FORT GARRY.

One John McKay is the person sketched, and of him Lord Southesk says,—

'A Scotchman, though with Indian blood on his mother's side, he was born and bred in the Saskatchewan country, but afterward became a resident of Fort Garry, and entered the company's employ. Whether as a guide or hunter, he was universally reckoned one of their best men. Immensely broad-chested and muscular, though not tall, he weighed eighteen stone; yet, in spite of his stoutness, he was exceedingly hardy and active, and a wonderful horseman.

'His face—somewhat Assyrian in type—is very handsome; short, delicate, aquiline nose; piercing, dark grey eyes; long, dark brown hair, beard, and moustache; small, white, regular teeth; skin tanned to a regular bronze by exposure to the weather. He was dressed in a blue cloth *capote* (hooded frock coat) with brass buttons, and red-and-black flannel shirt, which served also for waistcoat; buff leather moccasins on his feet, black belt around his waist; trousers of brown-and-white striped home-made woollen stuff.'

I should add that the term 'half-breed' is applied indiscriminately throughout the North-West to all persons having Indian blood in their veins. The quantity of such blood forms no part in the calculation, for a man may be three parts red, or so white as

to be practically undistinguishable from the paleface, and yet be a 'half-breed.'

In the earlier days of the Hudson's Bay Company the employés, in their isolation, and for lack of anything better, freely married amongst the dusky daughters of the land, and in their offspring are to be met many fine men and several beautiful women who are sufficiently white to pass muster, yet they would be looked down upon as half-breeds *pur et simple* by the whites, who are almost as particular as the Spanish about blood.

In the Peninsula it is the ambition of every grandee to be thought—

> A true hidalgo, free from every stain
> Of Moor or Jewish blood.

It does not exactly amount to this in America, where scarcely any one can lay claim to the possession of *sangre azul*, that ichor of the demigods which Spanish dons alone would appear to have inherited; but no one likes it to be thought that he has the slightest possible stain of aboriginal blood in his veins.

Ford, in his famous book on Spain, tells us how from this tint of celestial azure the term *sangre su* is given in sunny Spain to the elect and best set of earth, the *haute volée*, who soar above vulgar humanity. *Red* blood, he adds, flows in the veins of

poor gentlemen and younger brothers, and is just tolerated by all except judicious mothers whose daughters are marriageable. *Blood*, simple blood, is the puddle which paints the cheek of the plebeian and *roturier*; whilst *black blood* is the vile Stygian pitch found in the carcasses of Jews, Gentiles, Moors, Lutherans, and other combustible heretics, with whose bodies the holy tribunal in the days gone by made bonfires for the good of their souls.

In America the matter would be summed up somewhat as follows:

A white man to eat with; a red man to hunt with; and a black or a yellow man to kick.

So mixed up have some of these so-called 'half-breeds' become that it is impossible to tell where the white man begins and the red man ends. Through frequent intermarriage the blood of four or five nationalities often mingles in their veins. Their grandfathers may have been English or French Canadians, their great-grandfathers Lord Southesk's Highlanders, their grandmothers or great-grandmothers Cree or Beaver squaws; their fathers Christian 'half-breeds,' and their mothers heathen Blackfeet or Assiniboine; and according to how they marry will the colour of their progeny be determined.

The possession of an Indian wife, although she is remarkably easy of acquirement, is not, I am

assured by those who ought to know, an unmixed blessing.

For a few dollars, a ragged pony, a bottle or two of spirits, or some cast-off European finery, the choicest dusky maiden may be obtained of her parents or guardians; but the unfortunate purchaser not infrequently finds that he has, although the original purchase-money was ridiculously insignificant, made a dear bargain. For should his habitation be within easy distance of the village whence he acquired his bride, he will be literally overrun with her sisters, her cousins, and her aunts, who will never leave him so long as there is meal in his tub or liquor in his bottle. It is perfectly astonishing how the number of relatives of an Indian squaw increases immediately she is 'acquired' by a paleface, and how solicitous they suddenly become over her welfare, never missing an opportunity of looking in to see how she is getting on.

In place of the motley yet picturesque crowd—and it seems but yesterday—which used in the summer months to assemble on the banks of the Red River at Fort Garry to watch the boat brigades depart on their northward voyages, we have the platforms of the railway depôt lined with a still larger crowd.

That of the past was very mixed. There were

copper-coloured Indians, with their well-greased, straight black hair, ornamented with bright ribbons and feathers, their thick necks bound with bands of wampum, from which dangled silver medals, whilst broad leather belts or variegated sashes were about their waists, holding their beaded and quilled fire-bags. Scotch *metis*, and French half-breed *voyageurs* strolled about, gay in tasselled cap and *capote* of fine blue cloth ornamented with silver-gilt buttons, jaunty leggings, corduroy trousers, and bearskin moccasins, a sash of many colours girding the waist. There were but few whites amongst this medley of gaily bedizened young bucks and half-breeds, and those who were there were one and all connected in some way with the Hudson's Bay Company and the fur trade. To-day those who form the crowd are almost, if not entirely, palefaces. Now and again, it is true, a shapeless, stayless old hag of a squaw in a bedraggled skirt, and a tottering 'brave' in a rimless pot hat and seatless trousers, do put in an appearance on the platform; or a seedy-looking half-breed may bump you with the luggage he is carrying; but the company for the most, if not the whole part, is made up of farmers and cattle-dealers, shopkeepers and traders, tourists and travellers, and the general array of publicans and sinners who go to make up a crowd at a large station in Western America.

Winnipeg, in virtue of its unique position as the

head of numerous navigable waterways, was even in the old *voyageur* days a sort of halfway house between the extreme north-west and the east. From what was then Fort Garry brigades of boats were despatched every summer north and north-west to Methy Portage and York Factory in Hudson's Bay, there to connect with other brigades from the remote arctic regions, to whom their cargoes were delivered, the year's collection of furs being received in exchange.

The season during which water transportation is available in the North-West is naturally limited ; and the loss of a few days in the departure of boats destined for the interior might deprive a whole district of the means of traffic for the ensuing year, and lock up an immense stock of furs for a like period.

Although the frost begins to give in April, and the ice-bound rivers finally succumb to the warm May sunshine and soft rainfall, it was not till about the first week in June that the freighting season began, and the longest journey from Fort Garry to Methy Portage occupied about four months, so the reader can imagine the importance of starting each brigade in time.

The extent of territory over which the Hudson's Bay Company still carries on its trade is very great. The distance between Fort Vancouver on the

Oregon, and Fort Confidence on Bear Lake, exceeds 1,350 geographical miles ; and the space between the company's ports on the Labrador coast and Fort Simpson, situated near the Sitka River, the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia, is upwards of 2,500 miles. The company's most northern port east of the Rockies is on the Mackenzie River, and, being within the arctic circle, is about the coldest, although Fort Churchill, on the Churchill River, in Hudson's Bay, runs it, I should imagine, pretty close. Fort Simpson, the most northerly west of the Rockies, is a more genial spot, not being quite without the warming influence of the Japan current.

With the transfer of its interests in the North-West Territories to the Dominion Government the power of the Hudson's Bay Company was from that moment materially diminished, but the northern part of Canada is still as much in the possession of the company as ever.

Before the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway the depôts of the great fur trading company to which supplies from the civilised world were periodically sent, and which formed the keys of the company's vast sections, were York Factory in the northern department (the northern department is situated between Hudson's Bay and the Rockies) ; Moose Factory, in the southern (which lies between James Bay and Canada); Montreal, in the Canadas ;

and Victoria, Vancouver Island, in the west. The vast extent of the northern department necessitated a depôt for the 'inland districts,' which exists at Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg; and Fort Garry, both on account of the uniqueness of its position, and as the centre for traffic passing over the United States route, became the principal depôt for the 'plain districts.'

Throughout the immense territory (the area embraced was about 4,500,000 square miles) then under its influence the Hudson's Bay Company kept up a regular communication, and supplies were forwarded and the products of the chase received in return, with a regularity and exactness truly marvellous. In summer this was done by means of canoes, boat brigades, and Red River carts; in winter by dog-sledges.

What a lively sight Fort Garry must have presented in winter, with its mixed assembly of *voyageurs*, fur-clad whites, and athletic snow-shoe runners; gaily painted carioles, drawn by shaggy diminutive ponies, and trains of dog-sledges.

Without these dog-trains locomotion over the northern plains and over the frozen surface of the rivers and lakes was impossible; they were used for freighting, for passengers, and for carrying the mails.

There were three kinds of sledges—the dog-cariole, the freight-sledge, and the travaille. The

first named was for passengers, and it consisted of a very thin board, usually not over half an inch thick, fifteen to twenty inches wide, and about ten feet long, turned up at one end in the form of a half-circle. To this board a light framework, resembling a slipper-bath, was attached, about eighteen inches from the rear end. Over this framework was stretched buffalo-skin parchment, which was duly painted and decorated. The inside was lined with buffalo robes and blankets, in which the passenger reclined. In order to prevent the vehicle from capsizing the driver ran behind on snow-shoes, holding on to a line attached to the back. The end, which projected from behind the passenger's seat, was utilised as a sort of boot, upon which to tie baggage, or as a platform upon which the driver might temporarily stand when tired of running.

The sleigh used for freighting purposes is made of two thin oak or birchwood boards, lashed together with deerskin thongs. It is turned up in front, and its length is from nine to twelve feet, and its breadth from fourteen to sixteen inches. Although invariably heavily laden, it runs over hard snow or ice with great ease.

Good sleigh-dogs are not now met with in the vicinity of Winnipeg, but there are plenty of them in the Saskatchewan district and the districts further north, where they are still the chief motive power.

In the mangy lurchers one sees sniffing amongst the refuse in the streets of Winnipeg it would be difficult to recognise the descendants of the gaily caparisoned Mercuries who made the square at Fort Garry merry with their bells as they scampered amongst the snow, or dashed gleefully out of the gateway on their northward journeys.

Sleigh-dogs are, as a rule, but little removed from the wolf; and if left to themselves, they would speedily revert to the wildness of their original ancestors. The Esquimaux dogs are, however, distinctly different from the ordinary Indian dogs; they are, it is true, neither so fast nor so dashing as these long-legged, wiry-haired brutes, but they possess greater powers of endurance, and are infinitely more tractable. The portrait of the Esquimaux dog, with its fox head, clean legs, furry coat, bushy tail, and sharp-pointed and erect ears, is doubtless a familiar one, and certainly one that needs no additional sketching at my hands.

Four miles an hour is the average rate of speed for a well-laden dog-sleigh, and ten hours constitute a day's work. But many of the well-trained teams leaving Fort Garry with passengers and mails made considerably more than forty miles per day, their rate of speed and powers of endurance being almost equal to many of the so-called express trains in Spain and Portugal. The speed of these dog-trains was, I am

assured, greatly determined by the capacity of the driver to 'cuss'; for so heathenish had the dogs invariably become through a very loose early training, that they mocked at soft words and gentle adjurations, even when accompanied by the use of the whip, and alone responded to unprintable imprecations.

Travelling by dog-sledges, after the first charm of novelty has worn off, is anything but agreeable, especially if the journey to be taken is of any length, when much rough ground has necessarily to be gotten over.

The journey day after day through the intense stillness, rarely meeting a sign of man or animal life, and with the thermometer several degrees below zero, does not present a very cheerful picture. There is the same monotonous sky-line and the unending vision of snow, unbroken by shrub or tree, ever before you; the only change being in the rising and setting of the sun, a sight unspeakably grand.

The cold is bearable, so dry and crisp is the air in the North-West, when there is no wind; but let the wind blow from the north-east, and then see how it is. No animal exists that can grow a fur warm enough to keep out the penetrating blasts, which find out crevices, the existence of which you up to then never once suspected, and damp you and chill you all over. The fine particles of snow are whirled

in clouds above your head, striking your face and freezing thereon, blinding your vision, and making you tremble for the safety of your nose. In such moments the utter desolation of the situation strikes you with overwhelming force. You search the horizon in vain for a forest of pines, for a clump of birch, or a mere hazel thicket—anything for shelter ;

THE GREAT NORTHERN PACKET.

but nothing meets the eye save a glittering expanse of white, broken by ridges where the snow has drifted, and the journey has to be continued under hourly increasing misery.

The 'Great Northern Packet,' consisting of four dog teams, left Fort Garry early in December on its northward journey *viâ* Norway House, the depôt on Lake Winnipeg, and, with its connecting links, it

was the one medium in winter through which news was conveyed to the various parts of the Hudson's Bay Company, scattered all over the vast region lying between the forty-ninth and sixty-seventh parallels of latitude in North America, and reaching east and west from Labrador to Alaska. The route taken was down the frozen bed of the Red River and across the icy expanse of Lake Winnipeg.

There was something strikingly novel and picturesque to the outsider in the scene of the brightly accoutred dog-trains leaving the walls of Fort Garry at a jog-trot, the quick yelp of the team mingling with the tinkling of the bells and the sharp crack of the *voyageur's* whip.

Sledge-dogs in the North-West are harnessed in various ways. The Esquimaux run their dogs abreast. In the Hudson's Bay region they run in a pack, harnessed by many separate lines. The teams that left Fort Garry were driven tandem, and this is the form they still run in in the Saskatchewan district. The 'Great Northern Packet' consisted, as I have said, of four teams, four dogs to a team.

Every one will know by this how, until a few years back, comparatively isolated Winnipeg was; and how, with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, she has been brought into direct touch with the Old World and with all parts of the Dominion. I have already mentioned that, in addition to being the half-

way house on the 'Queen's Highway,' and the head of far-reaching waterways, Winnipeg is the centre from which radiate several branch railways, giving her extensive internal as well as external communication. Yet, even with these splendid facilities, Winnipeg is as yet unsatisfied. She desires something more in the shape of railways; and that something—although the wish has been decried as foolish, childish, and impossible of attainment—she, it appears, has hopes of eventually securing.

Manitoba is in the shape of a parallelogram, and she alone of the provinces of the Dominion is without a sea-board. Her nearest outlet is, of course, Hudson's Bay, which is something under 700 miles from Winnipeg, the capital; and it is by way of Hudson's Bay that Manitoba seeks to reach the outer world.

For a long time Manitoba's best friends looked upon the scheme as being neither more nor less than a pious wish on the part of the ambitious Manitobans; but the last few months have witnessed such a practical development of the undertaking that even its bitterest opponents now hesitate to express an opinion adverse to its ultimate realisation.

The scheme is to build a railway, some 700 miles long, from Winnipeg to York Factory in Hudson's Bay, there connecting with steamers direct for England. The line of rail will not follow the route

taken by the 'Great Northern Packet,' which was over the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg, but will run between Lakes Winnipeg[1] and Winnipegoosis, leaving Norway House on the right, and skirting the Nelson River as it approaches Hudson's Bay.

The contracts for the whole distance are, I am informed, already let, and so soon as the promoters know how they stand with the Government (much, I presume, depending upon the result of the coming elections) construction will be rapidly pushed on. Already some sixty miles have been constructed, and trains will by this time be running from Winnipeg over a portion of the track. Moreover, arrangements, I am also told, have been made with Messrs. Milburn for the supply of steamers to run to and from York Factory in connection with the railway.

It is a matter of history how the 'company of adventurers' (the original Hudson's Bay Company) received the royal charter giving them exclusive right to trade in Hudson's Bay.

The only consideration the company were called upon to make in return for this magnificent monopoly was the annual payment of two elks (to be collected, I believe, by the king in person); but under the charter they contracted to do all they could to discover the much

[1] In the Indian language Winnipeg means the Lake of the Dirty Water, the waters of the Red River discolouring the lake as they discharge themselves therein. Winnipegoosis means the Little Lake of the Dirty Water.

sought-after north-west passage. So soon, however, as they discovered what an inexhaustible gold mine in the shape of furs had been given them to work, they at once not only ceased themselves to search for the fabulous Straits of Anian, but concentrated their efforts upon preventing any one else doing so.

Maps compiled by French geographers in the seventeenth century, based upon the discoveries of Cabot and Cartier, represented the country west of Hudson's Bay as a vast inland sea, and even in the maps of a century later everything north of the Gulf of California was marked as unknown.

So bent were the company of adventurers from the commencement of their undertaking to keep dark the fruitful region which had fallen into their hands, that they, instead of dispelling popular delusions upon the subject, sought if anything to increase them. For with them not only was the much-desired north-west passage non-existent, but the whole region was bleak, barren, and inhospitable beyond description; and a similar policy caused the company to make equally misleading statements about the inland country over which they held sway down to quite recent times.

It is the fashion, I know, to abuse the Hudson's Bay Company for what they did in this matter, but at the risk of running counter to fashion I must confess that the selfishness which they displayed was highly

natural; and the man has yet to be born and the company to be formed who would strictly confine himself or themselves to the truth when fiction alone would effectually raise a protecting barrier around his or their vested interests.

Besides, it must not be forgotten that during the two centuries and more that British North America was occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company they undoubtedly turned the country to the best account possible by utilising what all along was considered (erroneously, it turns out) the sole portion of its wealth, viz. its furs.

The fur trade, on account of the barbarous nature of the region and its complete isolation, was the only one which possessed strong vitality, and beyond furs nothing could be profitably exported.

The fur trade was undoubtedly the motive spring which gave life to everything in the way of business in the 'Great Lone Land,' and it may be fairly claimed that the half-breed *voyageurs* employed by the Hudson's Bay Company in connection with the trade formed the advance guard of civilisation in the unknown regions stretching from James Bay to the Pacific, and from the Athabasca to the Missouri. The term *voyageur*, I should add, is not restricted to boatmen or canoemen, but it is generally applied to all persons connected with the fur trade, as freighters, guides, hunters, trappers, &c.

Everything serves its turn, and the pursuit of furs was the means by which the fertility of the vast plains which early geographers imagined were an indefinite ocean became known : only the knowledge was kept back too long ; for had it been made public earlier, Canada would without doubt have a much larger population and be in a more advanced condition than she is at the present time.

The natural outlet to what has been appropriately called the Great Fur Land is Hudson's Bay ; and through Fort Churchill and York Factory, the company's chief depôts in the bay, touch was kept with Europe.

The company's packet left England for these depôts in June, laden with stores, ammunition, and so forth, which were distributed from there amongst the Mackenzie River, Athabasca, Red River, and the northern districts generally.

The opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway has of course changed the channel of communication so far as Manitoba, the Saskatchewan, and the Pacific coast are concerned, but the communication between England and the Hudson's Bay depôts remains the same.

Fort Churchill, which is situated about five miles from Hudson's Bay, on a small bay on the Churchill River, receives its annual supplies from the mother-country towards the end of August or the beginning

of September ; and the vessel by which they arrive starts on her homeward voyage within ten days of her arrival, the severity of the climate rendering it imprudent to make a longer stay. The climate in this region is anything but a desirable one ; for it is not until the middle of June that the river on which the factory is situated frees itself from the hold of the frost, whilst by the middle of November it is again enchained in ice. Snow also falls as early as October, remaining deep on the ground until late in April ; so that it is practically impossible to walk about from the end of October to the beginning of May, save on snow-shoes.

For six months in the year little, it will thus be seen, can be done by the residents at this port outside of that which has direct reference to self-preservation ; and during the summer months one is almost eaten up by the swarms of mosquitoes which infest the swamps adjoining the fort.

York Factory, at the head of the Nelson River, enjoys a more cheerful location, and it is the port nearest England in that part of British North America.

From York Factory to Liverpool it is but 2,966 miles, the distance being only 305 miles longer than that between Quebec and Liverpool, which is 2,661 miles.

From Winnipeg to Liverpool *viâ* Montreal and

Quebec it is 4,256 miles, but *viâ* York Factory it is only 3,666 miles, the saving in actual distance in favour of the latter route being 590 miles.

These figures are, however, somewhat delusive, for whereas the Quebec route is open fully six months in the year, and the route *viâ* Halifax all the year round, it is by no means certain that the one by way of Hudson's Bay is navigable for four months together.

The Dominion Government, with the object of definitely clearing up the mystery which surrounds this matter, recently sent out expeditions to take observations and to report thereon. The reports which have been received from the officers in charge of the vessels comprising the expeditions are, I understand, contradictory, and therefore inconclusive and unsatisfactory. They must, however, stand for what they are worth ; but, as the last report was in favour of the practicability of the route, the Government have, I hear, decided that further inquiries in connection with the subject are unnecessary.

The fact is, one year is unlike another in these regions, and there is no actual certainty about the extent of time in which navigation (which appears to be solely dependent upon the whim of the arctic current) is possible.

One season the straits which connect Hudson's

Bay with the Atlantic may be free from ice, whilst another they may be almost blocked with it, rendering navigation dangerous if not impossible.

Hudson's Straits are about 600 miles long, and in the broadest part 50 miles wide; and the Bay itself is 1,000 miles long by 600 miles wide.[1]

It is, I believe, a fact that the casualties to the sailing ships annually despatched by the Hudson's Bay Company through the straits to the depôts above mentioned have been few and far between; and it is argued, by those who wish to make the route the highway to the cornfields of the North-West, that what could for upwards of a hundred years be done without great loss by sailing vessels could be accomplished by steamers in very much less time and with a minimum of risk.

Old Hudson's Bay men aver that it is impossible to navigate the straits in steamers, in consequence of the floating ice, which would crush the propellers, wooden sailing ships alone being suitable for the traffic. But the promoters of the Hudson's Bay Railway Company class these objections as childish,

[1] The basin of Hudson's Bay is the largest in British North America, it being 2,000,000 square miles in extent. The Mackenzie basin comes next with an area of 550,000 square miles; whilst the St. Lawrence basin covers 530,000 square miles (of which 70,000 are in the United States), and the Pacific slope 341,305 square miles. The St. John basin and the Atlantic slope together have but an area of 50,214 square miles.

and they assure me that, with the modern appliances at their disposal, the ships to be employed would be able to overcome all difficulties on this score, and that during the season they would be able to make very fair time.

If this be so, and should it be conclusively proven that the straits are open sufficiently long to allow of the despatch of the current year's wheat, the carrying trade of the western States of America, as well as that of the north-west of Canada, would undergo a complete revolution. For the Hudson's Bay route is not only the shortest one to the interior corn-lands of the American continent, but there are natural aids to traffic in the shape of waterways, which are navigable for long distances.

The United States Government are paying considerable attention to the deepening of the waterways on their side of the border, and it is anticipated that by the time the projected railway from Winnipeg to York Factory could be finished, there would be uninterrupted communication between Fargo, on the Northern Pacific, and the capital of Manitoba. A few miles below Winnipeg there are small rapids, navigable, it is true, for the North-West Navigation Company's steamers all spring, and the company's river stern-wheelers for the greater part of the summer, but of such a character as to prevent their being navigated by vessels of a greater draught.

The Hudson's Bay railway people, however, talk about making them available for corn traffic, and in such case the wheat-fields of Dakota and Minnesota would be brought within 290 miles of the sea ; for beyond these rapids there is, I understand, an open channel, enabling vessels to proceed as far as the head of Lake Winnipeg, which point is about 290 miles from the bay coast.

The all rail route would, I suppose, connect with the Manitoba and South-Western at Winnipeg, which, until the Canadian Pacific was constructed, was the line by which passengers and freight were conveyed to the United States, and from there to Europe, the North-West being cut off from the rest of Canada for lack of direct rail communication. So great is the change effected by the 'Queen's Highway,' that words entirely fail to convey an adequate idea of the difference in the situation.

By the Hudson's Bay route the American corn-fields would be brought 1,000 miles nearer by rail, and 1,700 miles nearer by water to the shipping point to the United Kingdom or the Continent.

But the saving in distance might be more than counterbalanced by the delays and perils of navigation; for until the experiment of running direct steamers were tried, it would be premature to say that the route was a practicable one. For there is, it cannot be denied, always the danger of these straits not

being found open sufficiently long to allow of the corn being shipped the same year as grown. And until this matter was decided, but few growers would care to run the risk of shipping corn to Europe with the possibility of its remaining a whole year at York Factory, having arrived there too late to be despatched before the close of the navigable season, the length of which repeated ventures alone can determine.

Of the actual character of the land through which the projected railway would run little is known, but for the first 150 miles it is believed to be very good, whilst the greater part of the remaining 550 is not expected to be of any great value for agricultural purposes. It is a truly wild land, a land in which it has been said the stillness can be felt and the silence heard; the land of the prowling wolf and of the many furry-coated animals, against which the Indians of the plains and the woods wage a perpetual warfare.

There, as the author of 'The Wild North Land,' says, 'the seasons come and go, grass grows and flowers die, the fire leaps with tiger bounds along the earth, the snow lies still and quiet over hill and lake, the rivers rise and fall, but the rigid features of the wilderness rest unchanged. Lonely, silent, and impassive; heedless of man, season, or time, the weight of the Infinite seems to brood over it.'

But civilisation is ever advancing and conquering these wilds, working change upon change in a manner so rapid and effectual that little trace is left of the original state of things ; and in no place is this more so than in Winnipeg and the surrounding district.

Dog-trains have given way to the iron horse ; and the shrill whistle of the steam-engine is heard on the Red River, in place of the wild *chansons* of the half-breed *voyageurs* as they urged their canoes over the water.

If Mr. Hugh Sutherland (the president of the Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Railway Company) should succeed in carrying through his great scheme, further extraordinary changes will be wrought thereby in the position of affairs in the North-West. It would be enough to make the early *employés* of the Hudson's Bay Company turn in their graves to see how modern science, manipulated by latter-day energy and cuteness, had overcome difficulties which they and their successors had learnt to look upon as nature's prerogatives, impossible of conquest and absolutely resistless.

For the future, so full of surprises, may after all see the original highway to the Great Fur Land become the highway to those limitless plains of waving corn which but a decade ago were a wilderness, possessed by the beasts of the field and the birds of

the air, but now, owing to the white man's perseverance and skill, a veritable land of plenty.

. . . . . .

Winnipeg, which is 758 feet above sea level, and enjoys a mean summer temperature of 60·8°, is, during July and August, a pretty warm corner, and I sought whilst I was there cool relief in linen suits and a solar topie. In winter (the *mean* temperature is 32·9°) it is quite another thing; then the mercury drops to—well, I don't exactly remember how many degrees below zero, but sufficiently low to make you think of fur coats and fur-lined boots. But the cold is not nearly so trying as it is in Northern Europe, where chill mists and marrow-searching winds seem indispensable adjuncts to frost. In Winnipeg and in the North-West generally—save when it is a 'poudre day'—the atmosphere in winter is ever rare and clear, with a bright sky.

For my own part, I love a Canadian winter, with its sleighing, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing. Canoeing and boating on Canada's broad rivers and far-reaching lakes are summer recreations ever to be sighed after when once indulged in; whilst the sportsman, whether armed with rod, rifle, or gun, quickly finds his paradise a few miles removed from any populous centre. In the North-West this is especially the case, and small game can readily be found almost within the city limits of any of the

growing towns, and big game very often just outside them.

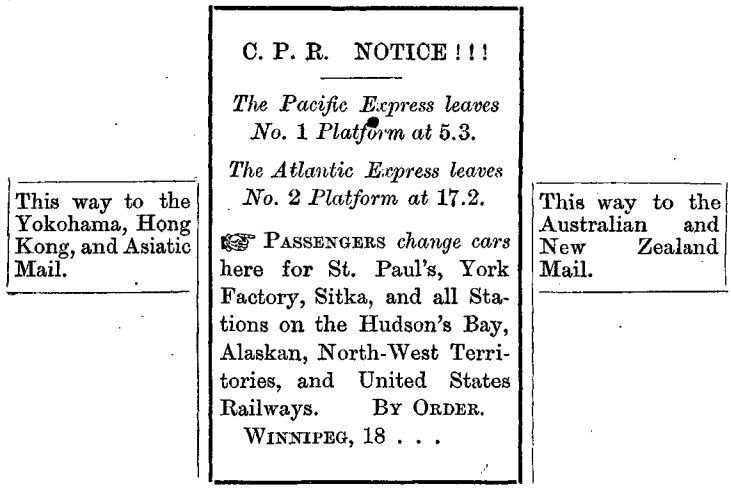
Winnipeg is a city which at first sight commands the interest of every visitor, whilst no one can fail to admire the splendid enterprise and daring of her inhabitants. Those who get to know her better find their interest and admiration develop into love—firm and unalterable.

I have conceived a strong affection for Winnipeg, and for her warm-hearted, sturdy citizens, magnificent specimens of the most hospitable country in the world. I felt a little wrench at my heart when I wished good-bye to my numerous friends at the excellent little club where I had passed so many pleasant hours; and I distinctly remember promising 'Sec,' Colonel Osborn Smith, Mr. Fred Buchanan, Mr. J. McTavish (to whom I am specially indebted for a good deal of information contained in this chapter[1]), and others who stood by, that I would pay them another visit; and I sincerely trust that nothing will prevent the fulfilment of this promise.

Before, however, I can revisit Winnipeg, great changes will probably have taken place in the city and neighbourhood. The halfway house on the Queen's Highway will yearly increase in importance,

[1] I must also mention that I have derived considerable knowledge of past affairs in the North-West from Mr. H. M. Robinson's *Great Fur Land.*

and on next visiting it I should not be greatly surprised to see at the station notices running somewhat as follows :—


This way to the Yokohama, Hong Kong, and Asiatic Mail.
C. P. R. NOTICE ! ! !
The Pacific Express leaves No. 1 Platform at 5.3.
The Atlantic Express leaves No. 2 Platform at 17.2.
☞ PASSENGERS change cars here for St. Paul's, York Factory, Sitka, and all Stations on the Hudson's Bay, Alaskan, North-West Territories, and United States Railways. BY ORDER.
WINNIPEG, 18 . . .
This way to the Australian and New Zealand Mail.

CHAPTER VI.

ROUND THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE 'Atlantic express' leaves Winnipeg for Montreal by way of the north shore of Lake Superior at 17.50 (that is 5.50 P.M.), and on the evening that I journeyed by it the train was inconveniently crowded, the traffic between the halfway house and points further east being very great. So numerous, in fact, were the passengers, that those who had not secured their berths beforehand experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining even a portion of a section. Having myself omitted to book in advance I had to take up my quarters for the night in the smoking-room, where a 'nig' conductor fitted me up a berth. The bed was fully as comfortable as elsewhere, and I had the advantage of having the large room all to myself; but that night I did not happen to be particularly sleepy, and, whenever I managed to doze, my sleep was troubled and weighted with a thousand cares.

The forms of those who just before I had retired to rest had been eagerly playing 'poker' in the very room in which I was, presented themselves to me, and besought me to take a hand.

Now, although I never touch cards save when I am travelling, 'taking a hand' in order to break the monotony of travel is a weakness of mine. This the shades evidently knew, and they tempted me accordingly, and, needless to say, I fell.

In a twinkling I found myself seated at the table with piles of 'chips' in front of me, and merrily sped the game. But luck was against me from the first; if I had three kings, some one was sure to have three aces, whilst a 'full hand' invariably brought out 'four of a kind.' Do what I could I found it impossible to win. If I drew for a 'fill,' I 'filled,' it is true, only to find that some one at the table had drawn a 'full hand' of a higher denomination; had I a 'flush,' with 'king high,' some one would be sure to rake in the shekels with 'ace high;' so bad, in fact, was my luck that a hand of four aces was met by a 'sequence,' and the whole of my 'chips' went to my opponent.

Dreams, they say, go by contraries; this may be so as a general thing, but with 'poker' I found that the games I played in dreamland were but a repetition of those I had played *in propriâ personâ*, when my ill-luck was equally extraordinary.

What dominoes are to the Latin races poker is to the inhabitants of the western States of North America: it is the national game, every one playing it from the highest to the lowest. The legislator

'takes a hand' within the precincts of the very house where the laws of the land are made, and the backwoodsman tries his luck with his companions seated round the stump of a tree which they have just felled. Even religious people do not escape the mania; and in some of the out-of-the-way settlements the popularity of a parson depends, I believe, more upon his skill in playing 'poker' than on the quality of his sermons. Indeed, I have frequently noticed that the more circumspect a man is as a general thing, and the higher the reputation he bears for all-round godliness, the better does he play 'poker.' My advice is, always beware of such a man, for you will invariably find him more difficult to read than the most hardened gambler going. You never know when you have got him; for, with an aspect that is at once truthful and childlike, he will 'bluff' you without mercy.

It is scarcely ever worth while trying to 'bluff' him; for he is not at all likely to be scared off, but will, if he has any hand at all, invariably stay in when he thinks he is being 'bluffed.' His attitude on such occasions is calculated to take any one off his guard, for you feel certain that every 'raise' he makes will be his last, whilst he in reality is meekly egging you on to your destruction.

In rough Western parlance a man who falls in with such a player 'catches on a snag,' and it is said

that every one who visits the North-West comes across sooner or later the snag on which he is to catch. I know I found my snag, and this was how it happened :

One night I found myself—quite by accident, of course—in the snug little card-room of a club west of the Rockies ; and a game of 'poker' was suggested, in which I was asked to join.

This I agreed to ; and as I was taking my seat there entered a certain distinguished statesman (whom we will call Browne—with an *e*, please). I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and as we wanted one to make five, I suggested that he should take a hand.

'I never play poker,' he replied in a voice that was full of meekness, casting a look of reproach at me the while.

'No, Browne doesn't play,' 'never saw him touch cards,' 'doesn't understand 'em,' I heard my friends whisper ; but there was something in Browne's manner as he watched some people playing at another table which told me that he did understand cards, and that he would take a hand if he were pressed ; so I pressed him.

'No, thank you,' he said several times, 'I really couldn't ; besides, Mrs. Browne [with the *e* writ large] is waiting for me.'

But I knew my man, and I could tell by the furtive glances he threw at the cards, and the nervous

way in which he turned over the money in his trouser pocket, that in the end he would find that he could play, and that he would let Mrs. Browne wait.

My surmises were correct, and in a little while he ventured to join us.

'Remember,' he said as he took his seat opposite me, 'I don't know the game, and I fear I shall make some sad blunders.'

But it was astonishing how well, in spite of his alleged ignorance, he knew the value of his hand.

Well, we played on, and luck, curiously enough, was with me from the first, and quite a little heap of small money (the play was very low) had accumulated by my side. Browne was, I think, a little out, but there was about him an air of Christian resignation which encouraged one to win of him.

By-and-by I found myself with three kings in my hand, and hoping to 'fill,' I took two cards. Chance favoured me, and I 'filled.' After one or two 'raises' all went out except Browne; and as he had drawn three cards, I thought there was no difficulty in beating him. But he stayed with me, and the rest of the players were the silent witnesses of a tug of war between us.

I raised Browne's last declare to the extent of the limit, but instead of throwing up his hand he went the 'limit better.'

At this I paused to take in my man ; but he was difficult reading—so difficult, in fact, that I could make nothing of him ; so I 'raised' him again.

'I'll see you, and go a dollar better,' was his reply as he put his two dollars upon the table.

All the time his attitude was one of irreproachable humility, and his eyes seemed to say, 'I'm very sorry, but I am bound to do it ; but I do hope I may not win *your* money.'

This is what his eyes said ; but the firm line in which his lips were drawn told me that he was not bluffing, that he had a good hand, and that he was determined I should not win *his* money. Then I felt I was beaten, splendid cards though I had ; for experience had taught me that, good hand though I might have, there was always the possibility of a better one being out, and that that better one invariably was out whenever the stakes were worth winning. The proverbially unlucky gambler never, or very, very seldom, makes a grand *coup*. Fickle fortune may allow him to win small sums, in order that he may the more surely be lured to his destruction, but never large ones ; and when he, in virtue of such successes, stakes his all upon a hand which appears absolutely invincible, that is the moment when for a certainty better cards will be out against him, and his 'all' will go to swell an opponent's pile.

An unlucky man—and he will know his luck only

too soon—should not play any game of cards for money; and the luckiest man in creation should, in a game of poker, always 'see' the cards of a player who has the air of a saint and the manners of a novice. He should, unless wilfully seeking financial disaster, never 'raise' him, for that player will invariably be found to have the whip hand of every one.

Taking this into consideration, I declined to be led on by the brilliant prospect such a hand as my own presented; and, rising superior to what seemed an easy cut to fortune, I decided to 'see' Browne, the luxury of 'seeing' him costing me a dollar.

'I have only two pairs,' said Browne.

'Oh, that's no good,' I replied, stretching my hand towards his pile.

But my hand was stayed with a gentle counter movement on the part of my opponent, whose eyes at the same time meekly rebuked me for my worldliness.

'Stay a moment,' he said, in his calm reflective way, giving another look at his hand; 'I forgot to say that my two pairs are alike,' and he laid his cards quietly upon the table.

They were four queens!

A good poker-player is supposed never to express his astonishment, no matter what may happen; but I am a very bad player, and am sufficiently human to

feel aggrieved when the whole of my winnings, and more besides, goes in one fell swoop to a man who is 'just learning the game.'

Of course Browne commiserated with me, and said how sorry he was that the four queens were not in my hand instead of in his; but he pocketed the winnings all the same.

He afterwards counted up his 'chips,' and as he pushed them towards the middle of the table every one thought that—good, unselfish spirit that he was—he, as a sort of rebuke to the mammon of unrighteousness, was going, before rising from the table, to leave them for the benefit of the next 'jack-pot.'

Nothing of the kind; he asked the banker to redeem them, and, adding the money to that which he had obtained from me, he got up from his seat.

'I am afraid, gentlemen,' he said, as he buttoned up his coat, 'my ignorance of the game has caused you no end of trouble.' (This with a sweet self-deprecating smile.)

'Not at all,' was the reply. 'Don't go; take another hand.'

'No, thank you,' he answered, looking at his watch, 'I cannot; Mrs. Browne is waiting for me;' and, with a sigh which clearly told how bitterly he repented having spent so much time in such sinful company, he took his departure for the realms of domestic bliss.

For many years I have made an exhaustive study of human nature, and character-reading has, in a measure, been my business in life; but I have never in any part of the world met people whose motives were so unfathomable as the poker-players of the Far West.

It is difficult for the most self-contained man to keep his emotions entirely in check, and to remain under expectation or excitement so completely passive as to give no physical indication of his mood; yet old-time poker-players seem to be hewn out of stone as they sit at the table figuring out their hands. Their features are as inscrutable as those of the sphinx, and the careful observer who anticipates reading their secrets through facial or bodily expressions will be mightily deceived.

I remember how, as I lay tossing on the narrow bed in the smoking-room, I dreamt that I suddenly became possessed of supernatural powers, and that in virtue of such possession I should sweep everything before me.

I thought I could read in the face of a veteran gambler opposite me that he was 'bluffing,' and that I had only to keep putting down the limit to 'raise him out of his skin.' But he stuck to me, and there I was fetching out my last dollar and laying my letters of credit upon the table, thinking as he staked the equivalent what a rich haul I should have

when he did venture to call me. But he didn't call me, and soon I was effecting a mortgage on my last article of wearing apparel, and then I had to 'see' him. If I had only 'seen' him earlier! He had a *sequence flush*, and I only three of a kind; and as he raked in my coin and general belongings I felt unspeakably mad. Supernaturalism had played me a mean trick, and I was not only cross with supernaturalism, but with myself for being such an immeasurable idiot as to imagine that any person this side of heaven could divine the secret thoughts of a skilled Western poker-player.

I was aroused from dreamland and brought to a knowledge of my actual position by a blinding light suddenly falling across my eyes, and with it disappeared gamblers and table, cards and 'chips,' and the whole scene in which I had recently been so prominent an actor. A terrific cannonade followed the unearthly glare, and in an instant I was wide awake. It was not the first thunderstorm I had encountered in the plains, otherwise I should have been scared out of my life; for never did the heavens apparently discharge such quantities of electricity, or reverberate with such deafening thunderings.

In a comfortable sleeping berth one can shut one's eyes and lie still whilst the train runs through the storm; but it is quite a different matter being

out on the open prairie alone and without shelter. Once I had an experience of this, and I have never forgotten it.

I had been spending the evening with some friends who lived about two miles from the town in which I was staying, and on my way home I had to come across the plains.

When I left my host's house I had three companions, but they almost immediately branched off in a direction different from the one I had to take, and I found myself absolutely alone.

'Keep straight ahead down the centre track,' said one of these gentlemen by way of a parting injunction; 'and be tarnation quick about it, for a storm is brewing, certain.'

'Right you are,' I shouted, with an air of assumed cheerfulness, forging ahead in the darkness; for, to tell the truth, I didn't half like the terrible stillness which reigned around, and the inky blackness of the sky, which prevented my catching even so much as a glimpse of the centre track referred to. But I determined to make the best of matters, and 'gang me ain gait;' for one does not care to be looked down upon as an 'emigrant,' and every man who makes a fuss about difficulties or fails to rise to the occasion in the North-West is contemptuously dismissed from further notice with the remark, 'Oh, he's only an emigrant' (emigrant with a blank). So I floundered about

in the darkness, in no way certain as to the correctness of the direction I was taking.

Presently the veil of night was rent in twain, and a flood of light burst from the heavens almost blinding me in its luridness. In the first moment I thought the day of judgment had arrived, and immediately my mind was clouded with the recollection of my past misdeeds. I think I should in that moment have prayed had I only known how to; but my whole time seemed to be taken up in remembering how worthless my life had been, and how absolutely unprepared I was to be translated to another sphere. After the first shock, however, the dominant idea in my mind was, I am sorry to say, not my unfitness for another sphere, but the intense desire to keep myself alive and well in this world. But how?

For it certainly did seem as if escape were impossible, and that with each flash I should be so scorched up that it would be impossible to find anything upon which an inquest could be held.

In those moments I discovered how weak my knees were, and how anxious my hair was to relieve itself of my hat; in fact, I never knew it so stiff and straight before.

I never from a child took kindly to lightning; and whilst my sisters, cousins, and aunts would watch with increasing interest the play of the forked

fire, I would hide my infantile head under the bedclothes, or in any place where the light was invisible. In later years I learned to admire it—at a distance; and the greater the distance, the greater the admiration.

My horror, therefore, in finding myself suddenly enveloped in flashes of sheet lightning, with no shelter within a mile or so, can readily be imagined.

I never saw such lightning, and in its diabolical grandeur it seemed rather to have its origin in the nethermost pit than in the heavens above. Any way, it ran along the ground, its trail traceable by a faint smoky blue line like the phosphorescent slime of a demon serpent. It ran into the cracks made by the summer heat, and the earth appeared to open the wider at its approach, and, in its thirstiness, to lap it in as if it were a volume of cooling rain water.

All the scars of the recent prairie fires were vividly displayed, the great black patches looking in the sickly blue light like the huge mouths of yawning hells ready to receive all wandering human and animal life.

I tried to make for the house I had recently left; but in my bewilderment I had lost all knowledge of direction.

A new alarm seized me; for if I escaped being shrivelled up to a cinder, I felt I should have to

make a night of it out in the open, coverless and exposed to the attack of prowling wild animals ; and in my anxiety I thought I heard the baying of wolves in the distance.

By-and-by the rain began to fall, not softly and refreshingly, but in large hard drops which struck the dry earth with a dull thud, quickly wetting me to the skin—and (as it at the time appeared) beyond. For I shivered miserably, and felt as if I had been suddenly taken out of a Turkish bath heated by flashing gas jets, and put under a douse worked by an engine of a thousand horse-power.

No, I was not happy, and no one ever longed for home, sweet home, more eagerly than I did.

Oh the solitariness of the situation! a desolate loneliness which made me almost wish for the presence of devouring wolves or life-destroying thunderbolts.

I am glad I said almost, for when something did fall with a thud and a hiss, ploughing up the ground about a hundred yards ahead of me, I know I was thankful enough that it had not fallen on me, and I at once decided that death by meteors was not to my liking. And as for wolves, I freely confess to having ceased longing for their presence immediately I saw some dim shapes moving in the distance. What those shapes were I did not stay to find out, for I made a ' bee line ' in the opposite direction, the charms

of forming a supper for the hungry animals disappearing with the first glimpse of the moving shadows. I had, in fact, no further longings in this direction, but plodded on my miserable way, hoping to eventually come across some place of shelter.

As I went along the rain suddenly ceased, but, save when the lightning flashed, the night, being moonless, was as dark as ever. Although these flashes made in their vividness the space around me as clear as would the noonday sun, they failed to reveal any landmarks by which I could find my way; nothing but a houseless, treeless expanse stretched to the left, to the right, before and behind.

A subsequent flash, however, gave me a glimpse of three black forms moving a short distance in front of me. These forms, as the blue light played about them, looked quite demoniac, and my thoughts at once reverted to the weird beliefs of Indian medicine-men; but, whether humans or spirits, I was determined to seek their company. In my utter loneliness I should, I believe, have freely welcomed the companionship of any one short of Mephistopheles himself.

Taking advantage of the next burst of light, I dashed in the direction of the figures.

'Thunder!' (I think the word used was even more brimstonish, but in my agitation I may have been mistaken). 'Whose hand 's that gripping my

shoulder?' exclaimed the man whom I caught hold of.

I recognised the voice of one of the gentlemen I had parted from some time before.

'What, don't you know me?' I replied, in an ecstasy of thankfulness at having come across those whom I knew.

'Know you, old man? Shook! Why, I thought you were safe home by now.'

'Safe home?' and I echoed his words with a groan.

'Why, what's the matter?'

'Matter! why, I'm wet through for one thing, and almost frightened out of my life by the lightning for another. Besides, the idea of having to roost out here on the open prairie, a handy meal for every prowling wolf, isn't a thing calculated to make a man particularly happy.'

At this my friend burst into a loud laugh.

'Wolves about here at this time of the year! that's too funny for anything;' and his merriment increased. 'Why, that beats Curran.'

Curran (one of the three) was a young man from the Emerald Isle, who had come out to the North-West avowedly for the purpose of learning ranching and farming, but whose education in connection with matters appertaining to the North-West had not, so far as I could see, advanced beyond the

elementary stage, which included poker-playing and a knowledge of mixed and straight drinks.

'What about Curran?' I asked, on recovering from the very natural indignation which my companion's ill-timed jest had caused.

'Why, it was the funniest thing I ever saw.

'When the lightning came on, Curran at once fell out, and when Murray and I looked round we found him on his knees praying to all the saints in the calendar. He would have counted his beads had he got 'em to count, but he just ran over his "poker chips" instead. I never heard a man make so many good resolutions—all of which he'll break before the week's out; and when Murray and I went to bustle him out of it, he was busy clearing the cards out of his pocket. His whisky flask had already been flung overboard. [Aside] Murray, however, fixed that. Curran's a good Catholic, you know, and he thought it wouldn't be giving his soul a fair chance to have a pack of playing-cards and a spirit-bottle found in his pockets.

'Ain't that so, Curran?'

But Curran was grumpy and put out, and his answer was a growl.

'Well, Murray will confirm me.'

But Murray, who had none of Curran's scruples, and whose soul, if it had been released that night, would in all probability have had a somewhat un-

steady upward flight, was too much engrossed in watching the prairie go round and round to either confirm or deny Reid's statements.

Eventually we got safely home, when Curran bemoaned the loss of his whisky, and actually took to 'cussing' (the mean, backsliding creature) when he found that he had thrown away a five-dollar bill along with the pack of cards. The reformation, it will thus be seen, was by no means lasting.

As for Murray, he would have it that the lightning had singed his whiskers, although, as I explained to him, I had myself seen him set them on fire whilst lighting his pipe. He also complained of the rain having got into the house, causing the furniture to swim about; and when I turned in I left him on his hands and knees holding down the four-legged table, to prevent it, as he said, from being floated out of window.

The play of the lightning as seen from the train upon the broad expanse of Lake Superior is a sight so uniquely grand that it cannot fail to leave a lasting impression upon the memories of those who witness it.

The light falls upon the many little islands which nestle close in by the shore, bringing out in the flash their natural beauties in vivid display, leaving them the next moment in unfathomable gloom.

The fierce crags and pinnacled fronts of the

rugged coast rocks attract the lightning, and forked tongues of blue flame play about them in devilish glee. They penetrate into the very bowels of the rocks, lighting up the interiors of the gruesome caverns into which no man has ever peered. The castellated rocks as seen between the flashes look for all the world like mediæval strongholds, only built of solid iron instead of stone.

But I am anticipating the scene a stage; for Lake Superior is not reached on the first night of the journey out from Winnipeg, but on the following day.

The land for some distance east of the Red River crossing is more or less flat, and its prairie nature practically continues up to the boundary line separating Manitoba from the province of Ontario. Signs of cultivation are about on every side, for the land is rich, and will produce almost anything.

Lower down, at Rat Portage, which is the centre of the watery mazes leading into the interior, lumbering is carried on extensively, and the saw-mills there are actively employed in preparing the logs which are floated down from the vast forests behind.

After passing the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake the country becomes sterile and uninteresting, providing nothing deserving of special description.

On approaching Lake Superior the railway runs

along the valley of the Kaministiqua, and at 11.45 Port Arthur (430 miles from Winnipeg and 993 from Montreal) is reached.

Here the passenger can have his choice of routes to the Atlantic. If tired of the all-rail route, he can get off at Port Arthur and journey by the splendid steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company across Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and Georgian Bay, to Owen Sound, which point is connected by rail with all points on the C. P. R. system. Should he, however, prefer keeping to the railway, he will go direct to Montreal by way of the north shore of Lake Superior, round which the line runs its tortuous course.

Before the railway between Port Arthur and Winnipeg was built[1] the method of communication between Fort William, the Hudson's Bay Company's depôt on the north of Lake Superior, and Fort Garry was by canoes and boat brigades ; for, with the exception of some 50 miles portage, there is a navigable channel from the great lake to the waters falling into Hudson's Bay. The route was a most roundabout one, being by way of Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, Rat Portage, and Lake Winnipeg, and thence up the Red River to Fort Garry. This was the route taken

[1] This portion of the 'Queen's Highway' was originally commenced by the Dominion Government, the Canadian Pacific Company finishing the uncompleted parts under their charter with the Government.

by Lord (then Colonel) Wolseley in connection with the Red River Expedition of 1870.

Canada is exceptionally rich in waterways, and they serve as powerful auxiliaries to the network of railways which are fast spreading over the land. In addition, however, to the natural means of intercommunication with which the country is favoured, there are canal systems constructed by the Government with the object of circumventing nature's barriers to a perfectly free communication. The Government have already done much in this direction, but instead of resting from their labours they zealously undertake further constructions and improvements wherever necessary.

Between Port Arthur and Montreal there is uninterrupted communication by water during the summer months, the course taken being by way of Lakes Superior, Huron, St. Clair, Erie, Ontario, and their connecting canals.[1]

The Welland Canal, which is $26\frac{3}{4}$ miles long, enables vessels to overcome the barrier caused by the Niagara Falls and rapids; and the Cornwall,

[1] These canals were constructed primarily with a view to the defence of the country, and they were long held by the Imperial Government, being transferred to the Canadian authorities in 1856. The necessity of the Ottawa and Rideau Canals, which connect Montreal by the waters of the Ottawa with Kingston, on Lake Ontario, was suggested during the war with America in 1812, when the difficulty of communication by way of the St. Lawrence River, in face of the enemy, was often great.

Beauharnois, and Lachine Canals circumvent the various rapids met with on the St. Lawrence.

The advantage of this waterway as a route for despatching Canadian-grown corn from west to east must be apparent to the dullest. The Canadian Pacific Railway brings the fertile lands of the North-West within easy distance of Port Arthur, where nature takes over the carrying at less cost than it could be done over the route constructed by man.

The area of Lake Superior is 31,500 square miles; its breadth is 170 miles, and its estimated depth 1,000 feet.

The great lakes in the St. Lawrence, viz. Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, taken collectively, cover an area of 90,000 square miles, and form the largest and purest body of fresh water in the world.

Lake Michigan is second in extent, its area being 22,400 square miles, its length 320 miles, breadth 70 miles, and depth 700 feet.

Lake Huron, the third in size, covers an area of 21,000 square miles; but whilst not so long as Lake Michigan, it is both broader and deeper.

Lake Ontario is the smallest, its area being less than 5,500 square miles, and its elevation above ocean level not more than 235 feet (that of Lake Superior is 600 feet); it is, however, much deeper than Lake Erie,

which has an area of 9,000 square miles, a length of 240 miles, a breadth of 57 miles, and a depth of only 200 feet (Lake Ontario is 600 feet deep).

The lakes of the prairie region, particulars of which are contained in the following table, cover an area of over 13,000 square miles.

Lakes	Length	Breadth	Elevation	Area, square miles
Winnipeg	280	57	710	8,500
Winnipegoosis . . .	120	27	770	1,936
Manitoba	120	24	752	1,900
Cedar Lake	—	—	770	312
Dauphin	—	—	700	170

The four principal rivers of the eastern, northern, and western watersheds of Canada are the St. Lawrence, the Saskatchewan and Nelson, the Mackenzie and the Fraser. The length of the St. Lawrence is 1,500 miles, and it drains an area of 330,000 square miles. The Saskatchewan and Nelson taken together are the same length, but they drain 450,000 square miles. The drainage area of the Mackenzie, with a length of 1,200 miles, is 440,000 square miles; and that of the Fraser, whose length is 450 miles, 30,000 square miles.

Port Arthur (which had no place in the census of 1881) is a bustling town of 5,000 inhabitants; whilst Fort William, seven miles to the west of Port Arthur, has with the advent of the railway developed from a

mere fur trading station into a town of equal size and importance.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have erected grain elevators of immense capacity at both places, with which to handle the produce of the great Canadian cornfields. So excellent are the facilities for the handling of grain at these lake ports, and so easy of access is the lake route to the Atlantic, that I am assured, by those who profess to know all about it, that the proposed Hudson's Bay route, even if it were proved to be capable of safe navigation, could never hope to favourably compete with it as a highway for the grain traffic between Europe and the Far West.

A few tribes of Indians are located in the district of Lake Superior, but they are neither powerful nor numerous; they are, however, the remnants of great tribes which have survived the advance of civilisation, and some of their chiefs are, as judged by the white man's standard, both civilised and educated.

A chief belonging to one of these tribes journeyed with us in the Atlantic Express, getting off at one of the intermediate stations between Winnipeg and Port Arthur. He was most conversive, and in his questions and remarks displayed considerable intelligence.

I took to him at once, for there was a frankness and a charm about him which at once attracted attention.

He was an invalid, and had been to Winnipeg for the purpose of having an operation performed upon him by a friend of mine, a well-known doctor, in whose charge he then was; but although in considerable pain the whole of the journey he bore his sufferings with remarkable stoicism, not a single complaint escaping his lips.

He was certainly different from many of the Indians I had seen lately, being neatly and well dressed (Indian fashion), and fully alive to his own importance, which fact was instanced in his dignified attitudes.

Upon his breast he wore a medal, of which he was most proud: it had, I believe, been given him in recognition of his loyalty to the Crown. He seemed to perfectly comprehend the meaning of 'loyalty,' and he was anxious to let the world know that he was a faithful subject of the Great White Mother who lived beyond the sea.

There are many Indians in Canada equally advanced in what is called civilisation, and who highly prize the electoral franchise which they possess.

Of the 85,000[1] Indians reported to the Indian Department as resident on their allotted reserves, those west of the Ottawa River to Lake Superior, along the great lakes, are the most advanced; and of

[1] The total aboriginal population of Canada, including those who lead a nomadic life, is supposed to exceed 131,000.

these the so-called Six Nation Indians stand in the front rank.

Speaking of this tribe, Sir John Macdonald, in his annual report of 1884, says :

'Many of their farms are well cultivated, and the products of the soil and dairy exhibited at their annual agricultural exhibitions command the admiration of all persons who attend them. Their exhibition of this year was remarkably successful, and they combined with it the centennial celebration of the grant made to them by the Crown of the tract of land of which their reserve forms a part, in recognition of their loyalty and valour, as practically proved on numerous occasions on the field of battle in defence of the British flag.'

The same tribe sent a farewell address to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise upon their departure from the country where they were so deeply beloved ; and upon learning the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, the chiefs in council evinced their sympathy and loyalty by a message of condolence to the Queen ; and they will, I dare say, do something towards celebrating the 'Great White Mother's' jubilee.

The change from savagery to civilisation is not made in a day, but the Dominion Government have valiantly grappled with the difficulties of the situation. Schools and farm instructors are provided by

the State, in order that the natives may be the better prepared to gain their livelihood as farmers, labourers, operatives, and such like, instead of, as heretofore, by the chase alone.

There are mineral deposits—silver, copper, and iron—in the neighbourhood of Port Arthur, and if one tenth part be true of what one hears concerning 'Silver Island,' by Thunder Cape, that place is a veritable 'bonanza.'

The country in the immediate vicinity is more or less level and suitable for agricultural purposes, considerable portions of it already being under cultivation. But soon after leaving Port Arthur the train runs through some wild scenery. So rough and forbidding is the coast-line that it seems a perfect marvel how a railway could be constructed at all; indeed, the cost of construction was, I believe, greater on this section than on any other portion of the line, and it was the link in the great highway chain that was finished last.

The scenery, with its towering rocks, beetling crags, and projecting promontories, is imposing but not beautiful. There is a gloominess about the surroundings which gives the onlooker the impression that Nature had been troubled with a fit of the blues when she created them; whilst the deep fissures in the rocks, and the torn and splintered condition of the mountain crags show how in vexedness

of spirit she had striven to undo what she had built up.

Natural fortresses guard every pass through which the line has forced its way, and they frown down upon the work of man in a manner calculated to make the timorous passenger tremble for his safety. Now and then a loose stone rattles down from the heights, but there is no danger; the basaltic walls, spared in the general destruction dealt by ancient convulsions which have made the land about desolate and unfruitful, stand solid and immovable.

Thunder Bay, as seen from the railway, looks in its deep indigo tint like a sea of shadows; and the rugged columns of basalt which surround it not only shut out the warmth and the light, but serve to attract the dark storm-clouds.

The general colouring of the coast-line is sombre in the extreme, unrelieved by one bit of brightness. The trees, chiefly white birch, are scraggy-looking things, their unearthly pallor serving to intensify the air of desolation which the scene presents.

Of human life there is scarcely a sign; here and there a fisherman's hut may be seen close in by the shore, and a stray Indian or two drifting about in a canoe, whilst the eagles and fish-hawks perch on the rocks overhead or skim the surface of the waves.

There are portions of this world which Nature reserves to herself, they, in consequence of their

sterility or inaccessibleness, being unfitted for the uses of man; and almost the whole of the lake coast from Thunder Bay to Peninsula Harbour seems to be one of Nature's reservations.

Fur hunting is still actively carried on in the lakes and forests back of the coast-line, and the Hudson's Bay Company have ports at various intervals.

The bridging and tunnelling along this section are very heavy, and had it not been possible to have made use of the lake for the conveyance of the necessary plant and material, the railway could in all probability never have been built.

As it is, with all the engineering feats which have been accomplished, the train, in order to get to a certain point, has often to make the most roundabout journeys.

Frequently the solid face of the towering cliffs has had to be cut in order to make a road-bed for the rails; whilst frowning promontories have been tunnelled and blasted, bridged and spanned, in a manner most wonderful to behold.

In some instances rivers, fed by the smaller interior lakes, come dashing down from the hills, losing their way in the depths of the great lake, and these rivers are broad enough to require massive and expensive bridges. Such is the Nepigon, which brings down the surplus waters of Lake Nepigon,

a region practically unknown save to the hunters of fur and the casters of nets.

Smaller bridges tying the rocky gorges together, whilst the fierce, angry waters bubble and foam beneath, are almost without number; for, although Nature could not prevent man from invading her stronghold, she has been most lavish in those gifts which had for their object the prevention of this scheme. Level land, therefore, is scarce, and whenever it does present itself, and there is the appearance of a continuous straight run, the chances are that the anticipations formed will not be realised. For before you have journeyed far you will find that some ancient upheaval has thrown immense boulders in the track, necessitating a curve round them, or has rent the rock in twain, leaving a gaping fissure which has to be bridged and girded together before the train can pass.

At what is called Red Sucker Cove there is a long trestle bridge about 120 feet high, above which tower the cold, uninviting cliffs.

Now and then the train descends and runs along the pebbled shore. The shallow water as it washes the stones is full of colour—a clear sparkling green. Here and there rocks white with birds rise a few inches above the water, whilst low-lying islands, tree-clad and bright with verdure, frequently meet the eye. They offer a cool relief in their greenness and

freshness to the cheerless grey of the overhanging crags.

Whilst everything seems harsh and fettered in iron bonds along the coast, the islets on the lake are fresh and gay in their colouring and apparent freedom. Fruitful little specks on the face of this great inner sea, they seem to float about at their own sweet will, without anchorage or locality, affording a striking contrast to the clumps of earth with their sickly growth of scrub imprisoned in the rocky clefts. Vegetable life has no chance in such surroundings, where the jagged crags between which the soil has temporarily lodged frown down on every speck of green, depriving it of light and air, warmth and nourishment. In such a birthplace it is only the meaner kind of trees that can manage to exist, there not being sufficient soil to maintain those of a larger growth. Sometimes a birch or spruce, fed well in its infancy, outgrows its fellows, and lords it over them accordingly. But the strength and pride of this tree are its fall, for one spring thaw, when the mountain torrents are additionally fierce, it becomes sapped at the roots, overbalances itself, and is eventually whirled over the heights, whilst the cliffs look coldly down upon its shattered remains, and the other trees, taking warning by its fate, stunt themselves, and thus escape destruction. A more forlorn position for a tree to be in it would be difficult to

conceive, and no tree with any spirit would stand it for a single season ; but these trees, through centuries of ill-usage and want of sustenance, have become utterly spiritless and ambitionless, and they apparently prefer withering by inches to taking a short and speedy cut to another sphere over the frowning walls of their prisons. Mutilation or utter destruction would, I should think, be infinitely preferable to the miserable aimless existence they eke out on the rocky beds where a cruel fate has planted them.

There are eleven stations between Port Arthur and Heron Bay, a distance of 191 miles, where the line commences to leave the coast of the lake, making for the open country.

A small station on this bay called Peninsula is reached at 11 P.M. (the trains east of Port Arthur run on Eastern standard time, and not on the 24-hour system), by which time weary passengers seek their 'sections.'

Nothing of importance, however, is missed whilst one sleeps, as the country through which the train runs during the night is for the most part the reverse of picturesque. As the journey proceeds tracts of forest land are traversed, and it is not till Chapleau (which is 378 miles from Port Arthur and 615 miles from Montreal) is reached, at nine in the morning, that we come across a station with any

pretensions to a settlement, and Chapleau's inhabitants all told scarcely number 600.

In addition to having a round-house and other railway buildings, Chapleau is a port of the Hudson's Bay Company, as a glance at the map will show, being conveniently situated near the range of waters which flow through Moose River into James Bay —*i.e.* the southern portion of Hudson's Bay. Communication by water—the portages not being very long or difficult—can, it will be seen, be readily had between the Company's port at Chapleau and Moose Factory, the chief depôt of the Southern Department at the mouth of Moose River in James Bay. The country lying between Lake Superior and James Bay is a perfect paradise for the fur hunter, and the Hudson's Bay Company are naturally taking every advantage of the railway which brings them into such direct communication with their hunting-grounds.

The supply of furs in this vast district, over which the Hudson's Bay Company still hold sway, appears to be practically inexhaustible, chiefly owing to the judicious manner in which the traffic is carried on by the officers of the Company. For so soon as there is a danger of any particular animal getting scarce the Company at once depreciates the value of its skin, and, accordingly, the hunter ceases to trap it. Were this not so, it stands to reason that no hunter would

trouble to trap a cheap fur when a high-priced one remained alive.

The principal fur-bearing animals[1] of British North America are the silver fox, marten, fisher, weasel, ermine, mink, beaver, wolverine, land-otter, skunk, and sea-otter. Taken all in all, the pine marten or Hudson's Bay sable yields the greatest profit. The skins of these animals, except those that are found in the extreme north, are neither so fine-furred nor so dark as the Russian sable, but they are nevertheless in great demand. The fisher is similar to the pine marten, only larger, whilst his tail is longer and bushier. Minx, musk-rat, and racoon are in plenty, but their skins have no great market value.

The beavers[2] are fast disappearing from the great fur land, and in some districts they have been wholly exterminated; but with the introduction of silk in the napping of hats the demand for their skins materially diminished. Beaver skins are now worth 1*l.* per pound weight.

The wild cat is still found in considerable numbers, despite the indiscriminate slaughter of these prettily marked animals.

Thousands of land-otters are killed every year,

[1] The catalogue of quadrupeds in the Company's hunting-grounds embraces (or rather embraced, some being extinct) ninety-four different animals.

[2] At one time the beaver skin, the unit of computation, was the standard by which the value of other skins was gauged.

but the supply of sea-otter and seal is not great, and it appears to be diminishing.

The fur which has the greatest market value—taken skin for skin—is that of the black or 'cross' and silver foxes, a good skin of either being worth as much as 10*l*., although that of the silver fox, of which China is the chief buyer, is the more valuable of the two.

The common red fox (of which the two former are said to be only varieties[1]) is also killed in great numbers, but his skin is only worth as many shillings as that of the black or silver species is worth pounds.

Bears—black, brown, and grizzly—are still numerous in the North-West, and their skins are ever in demand.

The cougar, although quite extinct in the older provinces of the Dominion, is frequently met with in the forests of British Columbia: his skin is a handsome trophy. It was to the cougar that the early discoverers gave the name of the American lion.

In the region stretching from the northern shores of Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean is found the musk ox. The robe of this animal is much prized:

[1] The Indians assert that cubs of the three varieties are constantly seen in the same litter. And in a large collection of skins every intermediate tint of colour, changing by regular gradations from the red into the cross, and from the cross into the silver and black, may be found, making it next to impossible even for the experienced trader to decide to which of the varieties a skin really belongs.

in its natural state it has what may virtually be called a double fleece, consisting of long surface hair and an undergrowth of close fine wool.

The mountain goat, with its beautiful silky coat, is common in British Columbia; but they are difficult of approach, and their skins are not often met with.

The Indian and half-breed hunters have different methods of snaring and trapping the various animals.

The marten and fisher meet their fate in what is called a 'dead fall.' This, according to Mr. H. M. Robinson (whose knowledge of wild life in the North-West is most extensive, and to whom I am indebted for much of the information concerning fur-hunting), is constructed by the trapper as follows:

'Having cut down a number of saplings, he shapes them into stakes of about a yard in length. These are driven into the ground so as to form a small circular palisade or fence, in the shape of half an oval, cut transversely. Across the entrance to this little enclosure, which is of a length to admit about two-thirds of the animal's body, and too narrow to permit it to fairly enter in and turn around, a thick limb or thin tree-trunk is laid with one end resting on the ground. A tree of considerable size is next felled, stripped of its branches, and so laid that it rests upon a log at the entrance in a parallel direction. Inside the circle a small forked

stick holds a bit of dried meat, or a piece of partridge or squirrel as a bait. This is projected horizontally into the enclosure, and on the outer end of it rests another short stick, placed perpendicularly, which supports the large tree laid across the entrance. The top of the tree is then covered over with bark and branches, so that the only means of access to the bait is by the opening between the propped-up tree and the log beneath. It is a guillotine with a tree instead of a knife.'

Traps set in this fashion in places where marten and fisher tracks are plentiful are sure to yield good returns, as they very seldom miscarry.

The animal for whose capture the trap is set creeps under the tree and seizes the bait; but being unable to pull it off, he, after the fashion of his tribe, commences to back out, tugging the while at the forked stick to which the tempting morsel is attached. Eventually he releases his hold, and with it lets slip the small supporting stick, which brings down upon him the large horizontal log. It kills him instantly, and does no injury to the fur.

Wolves, foxes, lynx, and the large animals are generally caught by a steel trap with double springs and no teeth. In setting the trap the fur-hunter takes the precaution that the jaws when spread out flat are exactly on a level with the snow, a thin layer of snow being carefully sprinkled over the trap

itself. Fragments of meat are then scattered about, and the place smoothed down so as to leave no trace.

The usual method of catching beavers, in the early autumn before the ice has formed, is with a steel trap. The trapper sinks a trap in the water in the vicinity of the animals' lodges (where the water is generally shallow), taking care to regulate its depth, which should be about twelve inches below the surface.

Suspended from a stick so as to just clear the water, immediately over the trap, is the bait, made from the castor or medicine gland of the beaver. To the trap is attached a long cord and a buoy, to mark the spot where the beaver swims away with it. On the animal returning to his lodge he cannot fail to scent the bait thus temptingly displayed, and he makes for it accordingly. Failing to reach it whilst swimming, the animal commences to feel about with his hind legs for something to stand on. He, to his sorrow, invariably finds that something, and at once makes off with the trap clasping his leg. The buoy reveals his hiding-place, and the trapper when he comes upon the scene speedily puts an end to his misery.

In the winter months, when the beavers keep within doors, the trapper often cuts through their lodges (having taken due precautions against their

escape therefrom), and despatches with an axe the unfortunate animals found therein. In a like manner, having previously cut off their retreat, he destroys those which may have found their way into the storehouses on shore.

The wolverine, whose fur is coarse and of no great value, is a very difficult animal to catch. He is the most cunning of the fur-bearing animals of North America; and the Indians, who call him *Kekwaharkess*—that is, the 'Evil One'—hold him in considerable dread, for whilst keeping clear of all snares and pitfalls set for him, he, during the winter months, manages to make a very comfortable living out of the labours of the trappers, whose trail he unerringly follows from trap to trap.

His cunningness is thus described by one who is familiar with his habits:—

'Avoiding the door [of the 'dead fall'], he speedily tears open an entrance at the back, and seizes the bait with impunity. If the trap contains an animal, he drags it out, and, with wanton malevolence, tears it and hides it in the underbrush, or in the top of some lofty pine. When hard pressed by hunger he occasionally devours it. In this manner he demolishes a whole series of traps; and when once a wolverine has established himself on a trapping-walk, the hunter's only chance of success is to change ground, and build a fresh lot of traps, trust-

ing to secure a few furs before his new path is found out by his industrious enemy.'

The wolverine is also called the 'glutton,' and no animal has been more correctly named. He is a curious-looking animal, rather larger than a badger, with a long body, stoutly and compactly made, mounted on exceedingly short legs of great strength. His feet are large and powerful, and are armed with sharp curved claws, so that his big coarse trail can be readily distinguished on the snow.

The life of the trapper is a hazardous one, and full of hardships and privations. It is all winter work (for it is only in winter that the fur is 'prime'); and the loneliness and cheerlessness of an occupation carried on in the depths of a pine forest, across bleak wilds, and on the icy margins of lakes and other haunts of fur-bearing animals can be well imagined.

The cold is generally below zero, and trappers are not infrequently frozen to death, or overwhelmed in a snowstorm; but they nevertheless pursue their solitary and dangerous calling, which requires so much courage and endurance, undeterred by the fact that every time they venture into the trackless forests they in a measure carry their lives in their hands.

The reward is in no way commensurate with the hardships they undergo and the risks they run, but the trapper, whether Indian or half-breed, seems to

enjoy the life, and as long as he has sufficient for the day is perfectly content; for he has no idea of saving or putting by for the morrow.

The hunter is invariably in debt to the Company; for he no sooner wipes off an old chalk on the slate than he contracts a new one. Unless death steps in before the debt is liquidated the Company, however, seldom loses by a trapper, who is not yet sufficiently civilised to seek to get out of paying what he owes. This is natural, for the Company is a just master, who looks after him when he is sick, feeds him when he is hungry, and rewards him for his labours. It is this system of fair dealing and humane treatment, which has all along characterised the Company in their transactions with the Indians and half-breeds, that has maintained the bond of good-will existing between them; whilst the relations of other fur companies beyond the border with their native *employés* have, in consequence of knavery and unjust treatment, been marked by bloodshed and rapine.

The profits made by the Hudson's Bay Company have been something enormous, and under the judicious system[1] adopted by the Company relative to

[1] The Alaska Commercial Company have adopted an equally wise policy in connection with the seal fisheries in the North Pacific. Only young males are allowed to be killed, and not more than 100,000 in any one year. The killing is restricted to certain months in the year, and the use of firearms, which serve to drive them from their habitats, is strictly forbidden. When Russia had possession of Alaska the seals were slaughtered indiscriminately; and, had the system continued,

the conservation of the more valuable animals it will be a long while before the yield of fur becomes so much diminished as to be no longer a paying concern.

The country onward from Chapleau is wild and rough, but it is in the main well wooded, and one frequently comes across saw-mills at work, the lumbering industry being about the only one capable of being profitably pursued.

The line runs northward of Lake Huron,[1] and it skirts the shores of Lake Nipissing (which empties itself in Georgian Bay) in its course.

The land about Lake Nipissing is, I believe, very fertile ; it is, in fact, said to be the richest portion of North-west Ontario.

North Bay, which is reached at 7.22 P.M., is already a flourishing place, although it had no existence prior to the construction of the railway.

As seen in the gloaming the view across the Lake was singularly attractive.

The Nipissing region not only possesses many natural beauties and valuable agricultural limits, but it is prolific in marketable timber, whilst its position,

seals would ere long have become more or less extinct. The yield, moreover, was not nearly so great then as it is now. During the Russian occupation the average yearly yield was 36,000, whilst the Commercial Company manage to secure something like 95,000 skins a year, and the supply seems to steadily increase.

[1] Lake Superior and Lake Huron are connected by the Strait Soult Ste. Marie, through which runs the international boundary line.

close to the line of rail and immediately connected with the great lakes, is all that could be desired.

Until the construction of the 'Queen's Highway' this fruitful region was comparatively unknown, but during the process of locating the line of rail explorations were made into the adjoining country, with the result that the general fertility of the soil, the prevalence of mineral wealth, and the excellence of the timber have attracted many settlers thereto.

At Sudbury, some 79 miles to the west of North Bay, a branch line is being constructed to Soult Ste. Marie. It cuts through a country rich in minerals, especially in copper. This line, however, not only serves to open up this mining district, of which, by the bye, great things are expected, but it will in the future act as a valuable feeder to the main line, it being anticipated by the C. P. R. Company that the corn-growers in the Western States of America will adopt this route, which brings them into direct communication with the sea, at a considerable saving of mileage and freightage.

After leaving Lake Nipissing the way of the 'Queen's Highway' towards the sea lies across a wild tract of country until Mattawa is reached, when it follows the valley of the Ottawa River. But by this time night has fallen, and the remaining 200 miles to Ottawa is made in darkness.

From Pembroke (104 miles from the capital of the

Dominion) onward the line traverses an older settled country, and clearings are more frequently met with. It is in the main a good lumbering district, and the character of the town is such as to provide unlimited water-power for the various saw-mills which dot its banks.

As Ottawa is approached the numerous signs of cultivation, industry, and general prosperity afford a striking and agreeable contrast to the wild waste lands through which one has recently passed.

Ottawa (120 miles from Montreal) is reached at 4.38 A.M., and Montreal at 8.20 A.M.

So important a place of call on the 'Queen's Highway' as the Dominion capital demands something more than a passing notice. I therefore devote to it and its surroundings an entire chapter.

CITY OF OTTAWA.

CHAPTER VII.

OTTAWA, THE DOMINION CAPITAL.

At the confluence of the three rivers, the Ottawa, the Rideau, and the Gatineau, there was established in the early part of the present century a British military outpost and trading station, which in the course of time received the name of Bytown, not from its out-of-the-wayness, but after its founder, one Colonel By.

By 1854 the trading station had so far developed that it became incorporated as a city, and its original name not being thought to accord with its growing importance, Bytown was changed into Ottawa, the river to whom her prosperity was solely due acting as sponsor.

In 1858, when Montreal and Toronto were in the throes of a fierce contention as to which should be selected as the seat of government of the newly federated provinces, her Majesty the Queen very wisely (as it turned out) passed over the claims of both, and selected an aspirant whose claims were neither so 'superior' nor so pressing. This decision,

which made Ottawa the capital of the Dominion, put an end to the race differences existing between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and henceforth the rivalry between Montreal and Toronto has been on commercial instead of on political grounds.

Ottawa is in the province of Ontario, and although a long way removed from some of the outlying parliamentary districts, it is fairly central[1] so far as the older provinces are concerned.

It is admirably supplied with railways, which radiate in all directions ; and now that the 'Queen's Highway' is finished, she has direct touch with all parts of the Dominion.

The most distant westward city which sends representatives to the federal capital is Victoria, British Columbia ; and the most distant eastward one is Charlottetown (Prince Edward Island). The former is 2,871 miles from Ottawa, and the latter 1,060 miles.

The constitution of Canada (which at the present moment finds so much favour in the eyes of certain British politicians, who see in its application to Ireland a satisfactory settlement of the Irish question) is set forth in the British North America Act, 1867 (30 Vict., cap. 3). By it the executive government

[1] Ottawa is distant from Montreal 120 miles; Quebec, 279 miles; Toronto, 261 miles; London, 377 miles; St. John (New Brunswick), 835 miles; and Halifax (Nova Scotia), 978 miles.

and authority is vested in the Queen, who governs through the person of a Governor-General, appointed by her, but paid by Canada.

A council, known as the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, taken only from members of the Dominion Parliament, forms a ministry, which must possess the confidence of the majority in the House of Commons. The power of dismissing the ministry lies with the Governor-General.

The command of the Canadian military, both active and reserve, is vested in the Queen, who appoints an officer of the British army, of not less rank than a major-general, who is paid by Canada.

There is one parliament for Canada, consisting of the Queen, an upper house styled the Senate, and a lower house styled the House of Commons.

The Senate consists of seventy-eight members, appointed for life by the Governor in Council—twenty-four from Ontario, twenty-four from Quebec, ten from Nova Scotia, ten from New Brunswick, four from Prince Edward Island, three from British Columbia, and three from Manitoba.

The House of Commons consists of 214 members, elected for five years, on the basis of representation by population for the older provinces, the arrangement being that the Province of Quebec shall always have sixty-five members, and the other provinces proportionately to population according to census,

which is taken every ten years, the last being taken in 1881.

The representation in the Commons, under the latest rearrangement, is as follows : [1]

Province (name of).	Members (number of).
Ontario	92
Quebec	65
Nova Scotia	21
New Brunswick	19
British Columbia	6
Manitoba	5
Prince Edward Island	6
	214

The qualifications of voters for the House of Commons are as follows :

Every person of the full age of twenty-one years, a British subject by birth or naturalisation, is entitled to vote on being registered, provided he is the owner of real property within a city of the actual value of $300, or within a town of the actual value of $200 ; or is the tenant of real property within cities or towns, under lease, at a monthly rental of at least two dollars, or quarterly rental of twelve dollars, or annual rental of twenty dollars, having been in possession for at least one year ; or has been the *bonâ fide* occupant, for at least a year,

[1] In the next census it will be found that the population in the Provinces of British Columbia and Manitoba has so much increased that they will be entitled to additional representatives.

of real property within a city of the actual value of $300, or within a town of the value of $200; or is a resident within a city or town, deriving an income from earnings or investments, in Canada, of not less than $300 a year; or is the son of any owner of real property, which property is of sufficient value to qualify both father and son; or, in the event of the father's death, has been resident upon such property continuously for a year with his mother.

In counties every person is entitled to vote, on being registered, who is of the age of twenty-one years, a British subject, and the owner of real property within the electoral district of the value of $150, or is tenant under the same conditions, as to rent, as in cities and towns; or is a *bonâ fide* occupant of real property of the value of $150; or is resident, with income from earnings or investments of $300; or is the son of a farmer, living with his father on a farm of sufficient value to give both father and son votes; or is the son of a farmer, living with a widowed mother; or is the son of any other owner of real property in the electoral district, under the same conditions as the father, living or dead; or is a fisherman, and is owner of real property and boats, nets, fishing gear, and tackle of the value of $150.

Voting in elections for representatives sitting in the Commons is by ballot. Under the naturalisation laws, aliens, after three years' residence, can have a

certificate of naturalisation given them, and enjoy all the privileges of British subjects.

Under an Act passed in 1885, Indians, whether on reserve or mixing with the general community, had conferred upon them the right to vote for members of Parliament on the same conditions as the whites. Persons of Mongolian or Chinese race are, however, rigorously excluded from enjoying the privileges possessed in this direction by other inhabitants of Canada.

The Dominion Government has, under the Act of Union, the more or less absolute control of all matters which by that Act are not specially delegated to the provinces. It has power to make laws for the peace and good government of the whole Dominion, as also to regulate—

Public debt and property.
Trade and commerce.
Indirect taxation.
Borrowing on the public credit.
The postal service.
The census and statistics.
Militia and defence.
Lighthouse and coast service.
Navigation and shipping.
Quarantine.
Fisheries.
Currency and banking.

Weights and measures.

Bankruptcy and insolvency.

Naturalisation.

Marriage and divorce.

Penitentiaries.

Criminal law, including procedure in criminal cases.

With regard to Provincial constitutions—

Each province has its own elective assembly and administration, with full power to regulate its own local affairs as set forth in the Confederation Act; to dispose of its revenues, and enact such laws as it may deem best for its own welfare, provided only that such laws do not interfere with, and are not adverse to, the legislation of the Federal Parliament.

The provinces appoint all the officers required for the administration of justice, with the single exception of the judges.

The Government of Canada appoints a Lieutenant-Governor for each province, his salary being paid by the Dominion Parliament.

The provinces regulate—

1. Education.
2. Asylums, hospitals, charities, and eleemosynary institutions.
3. Common gaols, prisons, and reformatories.
4. Municipal institutions.
5. Shop, tavern, and other licences.

6. Local works.
7. Solemnisation of marriage.
8. Property and civil rights.
9. Administration of justice, so far as the constitution, maintenance, and organisation of provincial courts of both civil and criminal jurisdiction, and the appointment of magistrates or justices of the peace are concerned.

The general principles of the Canadian constitution may be summed up as follows: Representative Government by ministers responsible to the people; a Federal Government having charge of the general public good; and Provincial Governments attending to local and provincial interests.

The provinces have not (as in the United States) the power to organise and maintain a provincial military force; nor have they final legislation, the Dominion Government possessing, under the constitution, the power of veto.

I should also mention that a vast amount of business, which in England would require special Acts of Parliament, is successfully carried on by the various municipal bodies under the provisions of the general law.[1]

[1] Most of the particulars contained in this chapter respecting the constitution of Canada are taken from the *Canadian Handbook*, compiled under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture, to which work I am much indebted for other statistical information.

With regard to the acquirement of land by intending emigrants, it should be stated that land can be more readily acquired and in larger quantities in Canada than in the United States.

The land of Canada consists of granted and ungranted land. The ungranted land in the older provinces[1] is the property of the provinces, and is disposed of, by officials appointed for the purpose, in accordance with the provisions of statutes passed by the several Provincial Legislatures.

The vast tracts of land in Manitoba and the North-West Territories belong to the whole people of Canada, and are administered by the Federal Government.

Any person, male or female, who is the sole head of a family, or any male who has attained the age of eighteen years, is entitled, on making application before the local agent of the district in which the land he desires to be entered for is situated, and paying an office fee of ten dollars, to obtain homestead entry for any quantity of land not exceeding 160 acres. This entry entitles the holder to occupy or cultivate the land to the exclusion of any other person.

Any person obtaining homestead entry is entitled

[1] By the Act of Union the provinces retained possession of the lands belonging to them before confederation. Manitoba had no public lands at the time of its creation into a province.

to obtain, at the same time, on payment of a further office fee of ten dollars, a pre-emption entry for an adjoining section of 160 acres, and to use and to cultivate the same in connection with his homestead.

The Crown appoints officials to see that the conditions with respect to cultivation, residence, and so forth, are fulfilled by the settler, and titles to the various grants remain with the Crown until the issue of patents.

Both the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—the former under the terms and conditions of the deed of surrender,[1] and the latter under its charter—possess immense tracts of land in the North-West; but land can be easily and cheaply acquired of either of the companies.

For a long time timber was the staple article of Canada's export trade, but with the settlement and development of the country it now takes second place, ranking after agricultural produce. The expansion of the farming interests of the Dominion is in a great measure alone due to the lumbering industry.

In the North-West it was the fur-hunters, and in the older provinces the lumbermen who served to open up the country.

In clearing the land of its primeval forests these

[1] Under the conditions of this deed of surrender, the Company became entitled to one twentieth of the land within what is called the 'fertile belt.'

pioneer lumbermen caused the soil to become amenable to culture, and wherever the land was suitable for agricultural purposes settlers followed closely in their wake.

First the land along the banks of the great rivers was cleared of its forest growth, and then every tributary stream that could float or be made to float a log in the spring freshets was followed, causing hitherto trackless, impenetrable wildernesses to be opened up to settlement.

The same thing will be repeated in the new districts between the Ottawa and Lake Superior, through which runs the 'Queen's Highway;' and already many lumbermen—principally French Canadians from Quebec Province—have taken advantage of the facilities afforded by the railway to explore the virgin forests of the interior. Agricultural developments will follow upon the heels of these pioneers; and Mr. Van Horne tells me he has received very favourable reports from the woodmen as to the character of the soil, and that a very large immigration from Quebec Province may be anticipated. A new region like this offers the French Canadian advantages far beyond those provided by the province of his birth, where the paternal acres, under the French system, are so divided and subdivided that there eventually arrives a time when further subdivision is impossible, and it becomes imperative for

the younger members of the family to seek their fortunes 'in fields and pastures new.'

The Kanucks are expert lumberers, and they seem to be more at home in clearing than in tilling the soil. From the earliest days of its occupation by the French the timber wealth of the country engaged the attention of the Home Government, who saw therein vast resources available for their navy yards; large numbers of masts and spars were consequently drawn from the Canadian forests, and stringent regulations were issued for the preservation of the standing oak. When, however, the country was ceded to Great Britain, but little attention was paid by the Government to the timber supply, owing chiefly to the fact that almost the whole of the Baltic trade was carried in British bottoms, and that the timber of Northern Europe provided an unfailing and convenient return freight for the shipping thus engaged. Besides, it was feared that Canadian timber could not hold its position in the English markets, being heavily handicapped as it were by a short season of navigation, and heavy charges for ocean freights and insurances. These fears proved to be groundless, and almost every year saw an increase in the exportation of Canadian timber. The pine lands of the United States are fast becoming depleted, whilst it will be many generations before the vast forests of the Dominion can become exhausted.

Ottawa is a great lumbering centre, and the busy whir of the saw-mills is heard the whole day long, whilst the air is redolent with the resinous smell of pines.

The saw-mills are a sight in themselves. Some of them are lighted by electricity, so that, during the season, work is carried on without cessation day and night.

The principal mills are clustered around the Chaudière Falls ; and although it cannot be expected that people of artistic tastes will quite forgive the manner in which this romantic body of water has been vulgarised by man, the excellent use to which man has applied it says much in mitigation of the offence. Much, in fact, of the prosperity of the city is due to the valuable water-power furnished by these falls and the river's turbulent rapids, which serve to run quite a number of flour mills and factories.

The produce of these saw-mills finds its way to Lake Ontario by means of the Rideau Canal, the length of which system of navigation (which begins at Ottawa and ends at Kingston on Lake Ontario) is 126¼ miles.

On the opposite bank of the Ottawa lies Hull, the home of the lumbermen. It is joined to the capital by a suspension bridge, which spans the river just in front of the Chaudière Falls. It is from this bridge that the best view of the falls can be had. These

falls are highly attractive at all times, and no one should visit Ottawa without taking the opportunity of seeing them. I have seen them in all seasons, and they never failed to have a fascination for me.

In the summer months, when the busy hum of the mills fills the air, and the water foams and sparkles with many colours in the warmth of the sun, they are the brightest; but in the spring freshets their grandeur increases, and they, as the increased volume of water romps and roars, carrying everything before it, seem altogether new-born. This vigorous new life is in striking contrast to the thraldom from which they have just been released; for in the winter they are enchained in ice and shrouded in snow. Then they seem but the ghosts of their former selves; and were it not for the gush of escaping waters it would be difficult to imagine that they ever lived; for the clang of the wheels and the sharp hiss of the dividing saws are no longer heard, and the roar of the waters in the unfathomable basin has ceased. The gladsome music of summer and the turbulent uproar of spring have given place to the rigid silence of winter.

The spray has formed itself in fantastic draperies, lacing the rocks and connecting the river's frowning sides by icy threads seemingly spun by a gigantic spider born of the frigid north. The whirlpool in front of the falls, whose depth no man has yet

discovered, lies unruffled in the arms of the frost king, whilst the frozen foam has heaped itself in weird shapes upon its glassy surface.

In such time the scene, to my mind, is the most striking.

The principal 'sight' in Ottawa is, however, the Government buildings. They are situated on what is called Barrack Hill, in the midst of beautifully laid-out grounds, and the situation is the most picturesque one imaginable. They have an elevation of fully 150 feet, and from this point of vantage one can take in the whole of the surroundings, and at the same time have a splendid view of the Ottawa which washes the western base of the hill.

The main building contains the senate chamber and House of Commons. The dimensions of these halls are the same as those of the House of Lords, viz. 80 by 45 feet. The whole building is 500 feet in length, and is constructed of a light-coloured sandstone; the red sandstone of the arches and the cut sandstone ornamentations give a warmth to the pile, and relieve it of its otherwise creamy dulness.

There are two departmental buildings, removed about a hundred yards from the Legislative Chambers, each of which has a front of 375 feet in length.

A third departmental edifice, called for by the growth of affairs in the North-West, is, I should add,

in the course of erection, and altogether Canada will have public buildings far in advance of those possessed by many of the European Powers (no other colony has anything approaching them), and fully worthy of her growing importance.

The buildings together cover close upon four acres, and they cost, I believe, some $5,000,000.

The Parliamentary Library is a splendid room; it is circular in shape, and constructed after the plan of the library of the British Museum, with a dome 90 feet high. There are two librarians—one an Anglo-Saxon, and the other a French Canadian; the former (Mr. Martin J. Griffin, a very clever writer) was at one time the editor of the *Toronto Mail*, the leading organ of Conservatism in the Dominion; and his zeal in the cause which he made his own eventually obtained for him the much-coveted post. With Mr. Griffin's co-librarian I am unacquainted. Each librarian is supposed to bury the political past immediately on entering the library's classic shade; but the old Adam, I fancy, often requires a lot of curbing.

Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, is situated across the Rideau River, a few miles out of the city. It has no architectural beauties of any kind, and contains nothing that calls for a special pilgrimage, but in the minds of those who have partaken of the kindly hospitalities of the Mar-

quis of Lorne, or those of other Governors-General, it will ever be associated with many happy memories.

Speaking of Lord Lorne, he of all those who have represented her Majesty in British North America has left the most lasting impression upon the inhabitants. In following so able and so exceedingly popular a man as Lord Dufferin he had a most difficult *rôle* to perform, yet he performed it with tact and good judgment, and in a manner which gained him the respect and admiration of both the Government and the people.

Lord Lorne has not used Canada as a stepping-stone to other things, but since his return to England has never once ceased to promote the country's welfare, and in so practical a manner that his efforts have invariably borne excellent fruit.

I was in Canada during the Marquis of Lorne's administration, and I have since travelled over it from ocean to ocean, and I know the love and esteem in which his lordship is held amongst the Canadians, whom nothing would better please than his re-appointment as Governor-General.

The centre figure in Canadian politics is, of course, Sir John Macdonald, and no one in the Dominion so completely fills the political bill as does this veteran statesman.

He is the Disraeli[1] of Canada, and many on both

[1] The resemblance between Lord Beaconsfield and Sir John Mac-

sides of the Atlantic imagine him to be the great English leader's equal in statesmanship. He has managed the various conflicting political elements of the Dominion with a skill and success that are little short of the marvellous. In his hands the quarrels of opposing factions, which might have wrought disunion and ultimate destruction to Canada as a separate country, have been rendered harmless. Under his administration Catholics have joined hands with Orangemen, and Liberals with Conservatives ; whilst he, with unflinching nerve and inimitable finesse, has driven the national coach over, at times, a road so rough and so beset with dangers, that a less far-seeing or skilful whip would have either turned back in fear, or have abandoned the ribands in despair.

But the Canadian national coach has, thanks to Sir John's skilful piloting, turned the corner of the long lane through which it has been slowly wending its way ; and, provided it escapes wrecking at the hands of a factious opposition, its future course should be a broad and even one.

Sir John Macdonald deserves well of his country and of his Queen ; and when he does finally lay down the reins of Government, his great services to the State will, I trust, be specially recognised.

donald is, by the bye, not only a political one, but, curiously enough, there was a strong physical resemblance between them ; so much so, that people have experienced some difficulty in telling 't'other from which.'

First of Sir John's lieutenants is Sir Charles Tupper (finance minister in the recently elected Parliament), who for the past three years has so ably represented Canada in England. It was, I believe, in a great measure due to Sir Charles's finesse and oratorical powers that the Conservatives were returned by so large a majority; and he certainly did a great thing when he succeeded in converting Secessionist Nova Scotia from the error of her ways.

Sir Charles Tupper is an able debater and a skilful politician, who would make his mark at once in the Imperial Parliament, and his many friends in England have urged him to find a seat at Westminster; but whilst it would be our gain were he to do so, the loss to Canada at the present time would, in a measure, be an irreparable one.

Both Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper did much to bring about the greatly needed confederation, and they have undoubtedly done more than any other politicians in British North America to strengthen and maintain it.

I do not pretend to judge of the merits of the opposing political parties in the Dominion, and in my desire to steer clear of politics I altogether refrain from drawing a comparison between the policy of the Government and that of the Opposition; but this much I can say, that it is to Sir John Macdonald

and his party that we are chiefly, if not solely, indebted, not only for the United Canada of to-day, but for the great transcontinental railway linking the shores of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific.

It was a proud moment for Ottawa when her Majesty, nine-and-twenty years ago, selected it as the capital of the united Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; and the height of its ambition was probably reached when, in 1867, the two maritime Provinces joined the Union, and it became the centre of government for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as well as for Ontario and Quebec. At this time the Great North-West was in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Province of the Midnight Sun was a separate colony; but three years later the Great Lone Land passed out of the hands of the Company and was added to the confederacy, which the year following was joined by British Columbia, and in 1872 by Prince Edward Island. Then Ottawa became the political centre of a vast empire, stretching in one unbroken expanse westward to the Pacific, eastward to the Atlantic, northward to the Arctic Ocean, and southward to the international boundary line, instead of being merely the capital of the four adjacent provinces.

The long-hoped-for ideal Canada was, however, as yet unattained, for Ottawa was completely isolated

from the greater portion of the mighty dominion of which she was legally the political heart.

Now all this has changed, and through the 'Queen's Highway' Ottawa has touch with the most distant points, and the thousands of miles lying between the two oceans have become thereby united for this and for all time.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONTREAL, THE COMMERCIAL CAPITAL.

THE prophecy of the French priest who, 245 years ago, amidst such clerical pomp as the primitive surroundings would allow, consecrated the site of the present city of Montreal has been duly fulfilled.

'The grain of mustard seed' has taken root, and its branches overshadow the land to a greater extent than ever could have been dreamt of by Maisonneuve's little band of pioneers, who listened to the inspiring words of the officiating priest under the shadow of the mountain which Jacques Cartier had, over a hundred years before, named after his royal master, Francis I.

The history of Montreal in reality dates from the visit of this intrepid explorer, who, according to historical records, penetrated thus far in 1535, landing on the 2nd of October of that year at a populous town of the Algonquins, called Hochelaga (on the site of which stands the present city).

The natives welcomed him and his little band most cordially, giving feasts and entertainments in

CITY OF MONTREAL.

their honour ; and on their returning to Quebec (then an Indian village called Stadacona), where they had determined to winter, they were loaded with presents.

Cartier was, we are told, much impressed with the industry and comparative civilisation of these natives, and the high intelligence they displayed. From them he learnt of the vast interior lakes, the illimitable plains of the Far West, and the mines of silver, copper, and gold, which the latter-day pale-face has made such excellent use of.

The following spring Cartier returned to France, and he duly acquainted the French monarch with the advantages that the 'Isle de Mont Royal' offered as the location for a permanent settlement. As an outcome of this recommendation, Cartier, when he returned to Canada some five years later, was accompanied by a representative of the king in the person of le Sieur de Roberval, who had been created Lieutenant-General and Viceroy of Francis's newly acquired possessions.

The centre of government was, however, located at Quebec, but next to nothing was done in the matter of settlement, the pioneers having most of their time occupied in resisting the attacks of the Indians, whose hostility they had excited by more than one act of treachery. Eventually the majority of the colonists returned to France, anything like a permanent settlement having been found to be

impossible; and, in 1544, Cartier finally withdrew from the country, the Sieur de Roberval having received his recall in the previous year.

Further attempts at colonisation in these regions languished until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Samuel de Champlain was commissioned to open up what was at that time called New France to civilisation.

In 1603 he continued his passage up the St. Lawrence as far as Mont Royal, when he found that Hochelaga had been destroyed some time previously during one of the internecine wars then waged amongst the native tribes.

The growth of the mustard seed sown by Maisonneuve on May 17, 1642, was considerably retarded by the action of the Indians (for whose hostility the French had only themselves to thank), who terribly harassed them. Massacres were of frequent occurrence, and the plant whose branches were to overshadow the whole land was plentifully watered with blood. No wonder, therefore, that its growth was slow and sickly.

The bitterest opponents of the colonists amongst the aboriginal tribes were the Iroquois, who had become incensed against the French, originally on account of Champlain having espoused the cause of their natural foes, the Algonquins. Later on, the Iroquois became the allies of the English, and, some

forty-two years after the foundation of Montreal, the Governor, M. de la Barré, bitterly complained to Governor Dongan that the redskins were permitted to buy arms, powder, and lead at Albany. Governor Dongan, in reply, stated that the Iroquois were under the protection of the British Government.

M. de la Barré made representations to his Majesty King Louis XIV. on the subject, and the *Grand Monarque* thereupon urged the Governor to crush the Indians without delay.

His commands in respect thereto ran as follows :

'As it concerns the good of my service to diminish as much as possible the number of the Iroquois, and as these savages, who are stout and robust, will, moreover, serve with advantage in my galleys, I wish you to do everything in your power to make a great number of them prisoners of war, and that you have them shipped by every opportunity which will offer for their removal to France.'

It is not recorded that his Majesty's wish in this direction was extensively gratified.

The growth of Montreal under the French *régime* was but slow ; the French, however, not only held their own there against foes both white and red, but they pushed on their outposts as far as Lakes Ontario and Erie, carrying on therewith a large and prosperous trade in furs.

For 118 years from the time of its foundation,

Montreal remained, with varying fortunes, in the possession of the French; but exactly one year after Wolfe had won Quebec[1] on the Plains of Abraham, Montreal[2] capitulated under De Vaudreil to the combined British armies commanded by Amherst, Haviland, and Murray.

On the whole, the inhabitants appear to have welcomed the change of government, they being, as it was at the time stated, 'agreeably surprised to find such an unexpected relief from the arrogance and rapacity of their former intendants.' The local institutions, the language, and the religion of the people were scrupulously respected; and the French of Montreal, like their compatriots in Quebec, speedily discovered that they were no longer slaves of an oppressive feudalism, but that, as the historian Dr. Withrow puts it, British rule 'supplanted the institutions of the Middle Ages by those of modern civilisation.'

The 'new subjects,' as the French were termed in distinction from settlers of British extraction, who were called 'old subjects,' were as a body loyal to the Crown, and they eagerly answered the call to arms when the Secessionists, during the War of Independence, invaded Canada, the address of the American

[1] September 13, 1759.

[2] At the date of its capture Montreal was described as being 'of an oblong form, surrounded by a wall flanked with eleven redoubts; a ditch about eighteen feet deep and of proportional width, but dry; and a fort and citadel.'

Congress urging them to rebel being met with indignant refusal.

But on November 12, 1775 (seven months from the commencement of hostilities), the Secessionists having captured Ticonderaga and Crown Point on Lake Champlain—the gateway to Canada—possessed themselves for the time being of Montreal. The tide of victory, however, turned in favour of the Canadians when the Secessionists essayed the capture of Quebec, which successfully resisted the daring attacks made upon it.

At this time Montreal possessed between four and five thousand inhabitants, fully nine-tenths of whom were French by birth or extraction.

During the War of Independence many of the American colonists who remained loyal to the mother-country passed over into Canada, where they found a welcome and a home. After the treaty of peace,[1] signed at Versailles, September 3, 1783, those of the

[1] By the terms of this treaty the whole of the region lying between the Mississippi and the Ohio was lost to Canada, which was divided from the United States of America by the great lakes, the St. Lawrence, the 49th parallel of N. latitude, and the highlands dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic from those emptying themselves into the St. Lawrence and the St. Croix Rivers. Under what was known as the Quebec Act, passed by the British Parliament in 1774, the bounds of Canada (Quebec) were extended from Labrador to the Mississippi, and from the Ohio to the watershed of Hudson's Bay. It was this Act, passed just before the outbreak of the War of Independence, which so incensed the American colonists, who bitterly complained against this transfer to Canada of the country to which they themselves laid claim on the ground of priority.

United Empire Loyalists, as they proudly termed themselves, who still remained in America, found a residence there fraught with danger and difficulty; so, in order to relieve them from their perilous position, the British Parliament voted a sum exceeding three million pounds sterling, chiefly to be applied to settling them in Canada.

In this way what is now called Ontario—then almost a complete wilderness—began to be settled.

Whilst, therefore, the inhabitants of the older province of Quebec were alien in race and religion, this portion of the country became peopled with settlers of British origin, and chiefly Protestants.

By the Constitutional Bill, passed by the British Government in 1791, Canada was divided into two provinces, known as Upper and Lower Canada, or Canada West and Canada East. Each province received a separate Legislature, consisting of a Legislative Council appointed by the Crown, a Legislative Assembly elected by the people, and a Governor appointed by the Crown and responsible only to it.

Montreal remained in the lower province, but Quebec was selected as the capital of the province, and the first Legislature of Lower Canada, held in 1791, sat at Quebec, then a city of 7,000 inhabitants.

The first Legislature of Upper Canada sat the following year at a small town called Newark, where

it continued to sit until 1797, when it removed to what is now Toronto, then called Yorktown.

During the war of 1812–14 the Americans made several attempts to capture Montreal, but suffered defeat on each occasion, the Montrealers making up for the capture of the city by the Secessionists in 1775 by capturing the commander of the American army, General Hull, who was, on September 6, 1812, together with many of his soldiers, led in triumph through the streets.

At the close of the war, race prejudices and religious differences, kept in check by the instinct of mutual self-defence, began to assert themselves, throwing the two provinces into disorder. During these domestic troubles two men came to the front —Louis J. Papineau in Lower Canada, and William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada—as the champions of popular rights. Unfortunately the 'rights' of one province were antagonistic to those of the other, and a union of the two provinces was rendered impossible on account of this antagonism.

The form of government[1] at this time was highly distasteful to the people of both provinces, who

[1] It was a body called the Executive Council which was chiefly obnoxious to the people. It consisted of salaried officials of the Crown, and judges who were the confidential advisers of the Governor, although not accountable for their acts either to him or the Legislative Assembly. They generally held seats in the Legislative Council, and virtually controlled the legislation by their predominant yet irresponsible influence.

agitated for a new constitution. The struggle for responsible government in place of the existing form of Crown government was carried on with great bitterness, and in 1837 a secret order, known as the 'Sons of Liberty,' took advantage of the general discontent to precipitate a riot, which ended in open rebellion.

The rebels were completely routed, and the Government vigorously vindicated its authority.

About twelve years later the French Canadian majority in the Legislative Assembly passed a Bill to indemnify the 'patriots' of 1837 for the losses they had sustained; and Lord Elgin, who was then Governor-General, sanctioned the Bill, viz. on April 26, 1849.

This act naturally enraged the British Canadians to the utmost, and a serious riot ensued, in the course of which Parliament House (then located in Montreal) was fired by the mob, who temporarily assumed authority.

From this time Montreal ceased to be the meeting-place of Parliament, Quebec being once more chosen as the seat of government for the province, and there it has ever since remained.

Such, briefly, is the past history of Montreal—a history replete with romantic and stirring incidents.

With the single exception of Quebec, there is no city in Canada which brings us so directly in touch

with the past as Montreal, and there is certainly no city in North America which, in its relics of bygone days and instances of modern civilisation, affords such striking contrasts. It is a city in which romance and prose are blended in a most extraordinary manner. In one moment you are in spots which are filled with the solemn silence of an old-worldism, and in another in the midst of the bustle and excitement peculiar to business centres in the New World.

There are places which strongly remind you of Rouen and Caen, and in passing through them you readily carry yourself back to the days of Louis Quatorze; whilst you have only to turn the corner to find yourself surrounded by unmistakable evidences of nineteenth-century enterprise.

The life in the streets is entirely different from that of any other town in North America, presenting as it does very few Anglo-Saxon traits. The women are French, the men are French, the very horses and public vehicles are French; and not, moreover, representations of the France of to-day, but the France of two hundred years ago. Now and then you catch sight of a blue eye and golden hair amongst the dark-eyed and nattily dressed women who throng the pavements; but, save in the newer parts of the city, the pure British type is not frequently met with. For out of the 180,000 inhabitants it is

computed that fully two-thirds are of French descent, and that a considerable portion of the remaining third are of Celtic origin.

The incessant clang of rival bells tells you that you are in a city of churches; and the figures of saints in their niches and the display of crucified Christs prove beyond question that, in the matter of religion, the inhabitants are chiefly Roman Catholic.

In the black-frocked priests and white-bonneted sisters passing through the tree-shaded squares one is somewhat reminded of Seville, only the gold of the ripening oranges is wanting to complete the picture.

Most of the shops bear foreign names, and they are tricked out in foreign fashion; whilst the *Sprache* of the passers-by is mainly foreign to the English ear.

People salute each other as they meet, not hurriedly *à l'Anglaise*, but gravely and politely after the fashion of the *ancien régime*; and this remnant of an old-time courtliness is not alone confined to the respectables, but is in a measure common to all.

Added to the courtliness of the men are the piquancy and beauty of the women, who are, to my thinking, by far the best dressed and most beautiful of the daughters of America.

Montreal is the largest city in Canada, and by far the most important. Great business ventures

are carried on there, on a perfectly solid basis. It is the head-quarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is at present the eastern terminus of the great transcontinental system, from which it daily derives great benefits. In addition to this Montreal is the centre of other railway systems, and from there one can get to any part of Canada or the States.

In 1839 the first railway in Canada was opened from the south shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, to St. John's, P.Q.; and in 1847 the first line on the north shore of the river was put in operation. In 1860 Stephenson's famous bridge over the St. Lawrence, connecting the city with the south shore, was formally opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The Canadian Pacific Railway authorities have a bridge of their own in course of construction across the river, but it will scarcely be so fine or so costly as the Victoria Bridge, which is one of the 'sights' of the city.

When Jacques Cartier in 1534 sailed up the river which he had (on the festival of the saint) named in honour of St. Lawrence he found his progress barred by the sand-bars of St. Peter, and he had to take to his boats in order to reach Hochelaga. History tells us that it was with the smallest of the three vessels with which he started from France with the blessing of the worthy Bishop of St. Malo that he tried to make the passage of the river (he having left the other two

behind at Stadacona); but its actual size we are not told, although we know the largest vessel to have been only 120 tons burthen.

It will, however, be seen by this how shallow the original channel of the St. Lawrence up to the point where Montreal now stands really was, and what difficulties had to be overcome before it could be made available for the enormous traffic of the present time. Indeed, it was not long ago that vessels which could reach the port from the sea were limited to about 300 tons. Modern improvements have, however, changed all this, and vessels of the various lines (there are, I believe, fourteen lines in all) of from 1,000 to 5,000 tons can be seen any day in the season lying alongside the wharf.

The harbour of Montreal is situated on the north side of the river, immediately below the Lachine rapids, and it is the highest point to which the larger sea-going vessels can ascend to meet the vessels trading in the great inner lakes. It is in every sense a well-equipped harbour, and offers admirable facilities for every class of ship.

In order to show what improvements have in recent years been made in this direction, there were, I would mention, up to 1825 only two small wharves in existence, in which the depth of water at the lowest stage was not more than two feet.

In 1832, after the construction of the Lachine

barge canal, and with a much-improved wharfage accommodation, Montreal was made a port of entry, and she has since completely outstripped Quebec and the older ports.

Of all the waterways constructed by Canada the most vital to Montreal's success was the enlarged Lachine ship canal commenced in 1875. This splendid work has a length of eight and a quarter miles. From Lachine to Côte St. Paul (five and three quarter miles long) its mean width is a hundred and fifty feet; the remaining distance has a mean width of two hundred feet, and the greatest depth is fifteen feet. The old barge canal, commenced in 1821 and completed in 1825, at a cost of $438,404, was eight and a quarter miles long; its bottom width was twenty-eight feet, at water surface forty-eight feet. The depth of water on the sills was four and a half feet.

The first ship canal, commenced in 1843 and completed in 1849, cost $2,149,128. It was eight and a half miles long; bottom width eighty feet, at water surface a hundred and twenty feet, with nine feet of water on sills.

The new Lachine Canal is, as I have said, of vital importance to Montreal, which port, as well as being the head of navigation for sea-going vessels, forms, through the canal's connecting link, the distributing

point for the yearly increasing traffic over the vast waterways of the interior.

By means of this and similar canal systems there is a continuous navigation from Liverpool to Duluth, Minnesota, a distance of 4,618 miles.

As I have already mentioned, the difficulties encountered by Cartier in navigating the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal have been effectually overcome. The present ship channel of the river is twenty-five feet at low water, and when the improvements now in hand are carried out the channel will be twenty-seven feet at lowest stage of water. It has been an expensive work for Canada, the cost amounting to $5,008,470. In addition to this, close upon three million dollars have been spent upon the harbour improvements. But it is this splendid enterprise that has made Montreal what it is—the commercial capital of the Dominion.

Montreal is by far the best built city in Canada, and is (with the exception of Quebec) the least American in its style. Its churches, public buildings, and Governmental institutions rank in size and architectural beauty with any city on the American continent.

Montreal has been so frequently and, I might say, exhaustively described, that were I to attempt to minutely describe it the introduction of a great deal of old matter would be absolutely unavoidable;

I must—although in this way I do it but scant justice—in order to avoid repetition, content myself with merely glancing over the city's chief attractions.

The parish church of Notre Dame, erected by 'the gentlemen' of the seminary of St. Sulpice, is the most unique specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The Sulpicians were at one time the seigneurs of the island of Montreal, and they still hold a great deal of valuable property in the city. The Grand Seminary of the Order is situated in Sherbrooke Street, and in connection with the new building there are preserved the turreted remains of the old 'Fort des Messieurs,' in which ancient establishment the first Indians received a religious education. The Grand Seminary possesses a splendid library, containing amongst its four thousand volumes many unique records.

The present church of Notre Dame, called 'The Cathedral,' was opened for public worship in 1829, it having taken about six years to build. It occupies the site of the church erected in 1672. The church accommodates close upon fifteen thousand people, and on special occasions is frequently completely filled. Notre Dame is not only famous amongst churches in the New World for its size and architectural beauties, but for its bells. The chief of the peal, the *Gros Bourdon*, which is only sounded on

occasions of moment, weighs 24,780 pounds, and is, I believe, the largest bell in America.

The old church of the Recollects was a building of considerable historic interest, and it ought to have been preserved, but some years ago it fell into the hands of Vandals, who, according to approved custom, promptly demolished it, in order to make way for so-called 'modern improvements.' The Recollects, I should add, were the first religious order to settle in Canada, and several of the pioneer fathers suffered martyrdom at the hands of the aborigines.

There are many other churches belonging to the Roman Catholics, the chief of which are the church of Notre-Dame de Bon Secours (the first stone church built in Montreal); the Jesuits' church, famous for its choir, its frescoes, and its paintings; the modern church of Our Lady of Lourdes, the lower chapel of which is constructed after the fashion of the Grotto of Lourdes; and the church of St. Patrick, which has a *façade* two hundred feet high.

There is also in the course of erection still another church, which is to put all the other religious edifices in the shade; it is to be an exact counterpart of St. Peter's at Rome—although, of course, smaller. It adjoins the palace of the Roman Catholic bishop.

Of the religious establishments the Grey Nunnery

and the Hôtel Dieu are the most important, and at the same time the most attractive.

The Protestants, although but a small proportion of the population, have some exceedingly handsome edifices. Christ Church Cathedral, a Gothic structure, is a building of which the Episcopalians may be justly proud. The Central Methodist Church, situated in St. James Street, is a commodious but unecclesiastical-looking building—not unlike, in fact, an ancient Roman amphitheatre or a modern Spanish bull-ring. The oldest Protestant house of worship is the little unpretentious Presbyterian church of St. Gabriel, erected in 1790.

The mountain which first struck Jacques Cartier's eyes when he landed at Hochelaga is, perhaps, Montreal's chief lion, and none should leave the city without paying the mountain park a visit. From the mountain's height a splendid view of the adjoining country can be had.

At one's very feet lies the city, and each striking object that it possesses is clearly defined.

Seen in the setting of a summer's sun the scene presents features of exceptional grandeur. Beneath the purple and gold of the sky extends the city, its cold grey buildings borrowing some of the flame-like colour of the sun as he goes down in all his majesty. The streets are busy with the hum of life; the black frocks of the priests and the grey

dresses of the nuns are mingled with the gay-coloured garments of fashionable idlers. Carriages and horsemen go along the broader ways, whilst waggons laden with merchandise wind their way through the narrow streets down to the docks.

Everything is fresh and green, and the air is odorous with many flowers. Later on, when the sun has actually set, fire-flies will come out in their myriads, and light up the darkness of the moonless night. But the fiery glow of the sun is still in the sky and over the expanse of roofs and towers, the walled-in gardens and open squares, tinging blood-red the spurting waters of the fountain in the Place d'Armes, and lighting up Marshal Wood's statue of her Majesty in Victoria Square; whilst Nelson's monument, in Jacques Cartier Square, borrows some of its warmth ere the pall of night descends.

The sound of bells is in the air, and in the open space by the skeleton church of St. Peter a band is playing, whilst the pigeons seek their roosting-places on the pinnacles of Notre Dame, a few homeward-bound crows move like black specks across the burning skies, and the grasshoppers fill the grasses with their deafening chirp.

Below stretches the mighty St. Lawrence like a silver thread, whilst beyond one can just trace the bluish outlines of the distant White Mountains.

As the eye glances southward, following the St. Lawrence, visions of the turbulent Lachine rapids, the fairylike Thousand Islands, and the mighty grandeur of Niagara Falls crowd the memory. To the east, over the White Mountains, is the rolling Atlantic; west lies that land of promise which I have just described; and stretching far away to the north are the ice-fields of desolate Labrador.

There is a good deal of fertility in the land about the city, and the fields of waving corn and the rich green grasses of the meadows add to the beauty of the picture. Although denuded of its finest trees, Montreal in summer is literally embowered in foliage, and at the back of the city the forests rise blue-black against the scarlet clouds.

How different is the scene of to-day from the one that struck the eye of Jacques Cartier when he named the mountain on which he stood after his royal master! In place of the palisaded town of Hochelaga, with the gaily painted war canoes moored at its feet, with the Indians coming with their offerings of fish and corn, skins and carved objects to the boats of the first paleface who had yet visited them, lies a great city filled with the hum of traffic, and active with the movements of busy thousands.

Could Jacques Cartier but see the mighty vessels gliding safely up and down the great river where, three hundred and fifty years ago, his own poor little

ships had been prevented from going—could he but see the splendid harbourage and wharfage in place of the broken banks where, on October 2, 1535, he landed his shallop, and the grand array of houses and churches, convents and nunneries, banks and other public buildings, how great the tribute he would pay to the magnificent enterprise of the Canadians which had made these things possible!

Descending from the wooded heights, with the cool breezes from the river rising to meet you, the memory recalls the scene of two hundred and forty odd years ago, when the first actual settlement of what is now Montreal was made.

In fancy one can see the shrine, with Montmagny, Maisonneuve, and their companions kneeling before it; and the priest, rich in his vestments, with the Host held high above his head, performing the sacred rites. There seems to come upon the air the scent of the curling incense and the measured chant of the monks; and as one listens, one, in imagination, hears Vimont at the conclusion of the ceremony solemnly declaiming to the kneeling band of pioneers, '*You are the grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.*'

As one gains the road, and Montreal appears in view, the vision of altar and Host, of monks and

devout women, of knights and soldiers finally disappears, and one sees in the far-reaching city how the mustard seed has expanded, and how in truth its branches overshadow the land.

On entering Montreal from the mountain, a building *vis-à-vis* with the skeleton church of St. Peter immediately attracts attention. It looks like a palace, and scarcely any one would take it for an hotel. Yet an hotel it is; and in this palatial edifice (the 'Windsor') Montreal possesses not only by far the best hotel in Canada, but one of the very best in America, and consequently in the whole world. In summer it is crowded with tourists, who make it their headquarters for the various charming excursions to be made in the adjoining country, whilst visitors attracted by the Ice Palace and the winter Carnival completely fill it in the winter season.

No city in the New World is better supplied with railway and water communication than is Montreal. By the Grand Trunk Railway system the passenger can journey southward along the north shore of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Toronto[1] (the second city in the Dominion), and from there through its various branches to all parts of Western Canada,

[1] A description of this interesting and highly prosperous district cannot, I regret to say, have place in the present work, it not coming within the immediate neighbourhood of the 'Queen's Highway'; but in a further work on Canada I shall not fail to do it justice.

the garden of Ontario, and the United States. A branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Ottawa also runs into Toronto.

Admirably conducted steamboats regularly ply in the season between Niagara and Toronto, and Toronto and Montreal, performing the exciting feat of shooting the Lachine rapids. From the commercial capital to the ancient city of Quebec there is a daily steamboat service during the months when navigation is open. There are lines, too, running to New York, and through Vermont and Maine to Portland. The North Shore Railway, a branch of the Canadian Pacific, is a connecting link in the 'Queen's Highway' as far as Quebec; whilst the Grand Trunk connects Montreal with Point Levis, the starting-point on the Intercolonial Railway for the Atlantic. So that the passenger on arriving from the distant Pacific by the great transcontinental railway can take his choice of routes to Europe. My route between the two oceans goes through British territory from start to finish, and the concluding stages from Montreal to Quebec and from Quebec to Halifax are contained in the following chapters.

CITY OF QUEBEC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CITY OF THE NARROWING WATERS.

JACQUES CARTIER has the credit of having first penetrated up the St. Lawrence as far as what is now Quebec, but it is just possible that the place was sighted by Jaspard Cortereal in his explorations of eighty-five years before, although no authentic record has been preserved of this memorable voyage. It is, however, admitted that in addition to going over much of the ground covered by the Cabots in 1497, Cortereal, two years later, explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence for a considerable distance. It was the discoveries of John and Sebastian Cabot, acting under a commission from King Henry VII. of England, and those of Cortereal, made on behalf of the Portuguese Crown, and later on the discoveries made on behalf of Spain, that caused France to exert herself in a similar direction.

The French king, Francis I., seems to have been particularly exercised over the matter; and he is reported to have said, on despatching the Florentine Verrazzani across the Atlantic in 1524, 'Shall the

kings of Spain and Portugal divide an America between them? Faugh! I would like to see the clause in Father Adam's will bequeathing that vast inheritance to them.' Verrazzani, who, it appears, explored the coast from Florida to 50° north latitude, proceeded, therefore, to annex the country visited on behalf of his royal master, giving it the title of New France. His annexations, however, included the region previously discovered by the Cabots and claimed for the English king; and it is a matter of history how the rival claims to this territory eventually brought about war between the two countries, ending, after many a bitter struggle for supremacy, in the British flag being planted on every rampart where once had proudly floated the *fleur de lis*.

It appears that Cartier was received by the Indians with a cordiality similar to that extended to the Pilgrim Fathers many years afterwards on their arrival on the Atlantic sea-board; and he was escorted to Stadacona[1] (now Quebec), then a considerable Indian settlement, by Donnacona, the Algonquin chief.

Cartier repaid these kindnesses by a very gross act of treachery. He caused Donnacona and nine of his chiefs to accompany him back to France, and, need-

[1] In Algonquin parlance Stadacona meant the narrowing of the river, the St. Lawrence at this point being less than a mile wide. The meaning of the word Quebec has not, I believe, ever been satisfactorily explained.

less to say, they never returned. This breach of faith naturally incensed the Indians against the 'paleface'; and when Cartier, five years later, returned from France with the purpose of effecting settlements in the region, he found the red man in arms against him—so much so that anything like permanent settlement was rendered impossible.

It was not, in fact, until 1608, under Samuel de Champlain, that the site of what is now Quebec city was permanently occupied by the French. Quebec was selected as the capital of New France, and, as an historian has pointed out, 'thenceforward, during many years, the history of Quebec was the history of Canada.' This history was an unrelieved record of hardships and privations, and the settlers seemed to be ever at war with the natives.

Under such conditions the growth of the place naturally was slow; and at the end of fifty-four years (that is, in 1662) the total white population did not exceed two thousand.

Champlain, to whose indomitable energy and chivalrous conduct the settlers alone maintained their position, died on Christmas Day, 1635, and was buried in the castle of St. Louis,[1] such being the name the gallant commander had given to the fort he had caused to be erected on Stadacona's beetling crags.

[1] The castle was destroyed by fire in 1834.

With the exception of Port Royal,[1] in Acadie, Quebec suffered, I believe, more attacks at the hands of an enemy than any other fortified place on the American continent.

The first actual siege (omitting the desultory attacks of the Indians) Quebec suffered was in 1629, when the place was invested by the British under Sir David Kirk, who starved the garrison into a surrender. It eventually, however, turned out that, prior to this, peace had already been concluded between the two rival countries; so, under the treaty of St. Germain, the territory occupied by the British was restored to France, who was, moreover, confirmed in her claims to the whole of Canada, Cape Breton, and Acadie.

The breaking out of war in 1688 caused the English to make further attempts upon the French colonies in North America; and in 1690 Sir William Phipps made a bombardment of Quebec, in

[1] Port Royal was founded by the Sieur de Monts in 1605; and it was there that the first wheat ever sown by the hand of a white man was grown. The English stormed the place five times, viz., by Argall in 1613, by Kirk in 1621, by Sedgwick in 1654, by Phipps in 1690, and by Nicholson in 1710. Argall abandoned it soon after its capture, and the treaties of St. Germain (1632), Breda (1667), and Ryswick (1697) duly restored it to France. The English failed in their attempts on the fort no less than three times; and the French and Indians combined, under the Abbé de Loutre in 1774 and Duvivier in September of the same year, were unsuccessful in ousting the British. But a band of pirates succeeded in sacking it in 1690, and it did not escape the attack of the revolutionary forces in 1781.

which he was unsuccessful. A still greater disaster attended the expedition under Sir Hevenden Walker in 1711 (consequent upon the war of the Spanish succession), the majority of his vessels being lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in a great storm.

The repulse and ultimate victory of Wolfe in 1759 are too well known to need recapitulating; and every student of history is aware how, in the following year, the French, ten thousand strong, under De Levis, attempted to retrieve Montcalm's defeat by Wolfe, and how General Murray's forces, decimated by sickness, would probably have capitulated had it not been for the opportune arrival of Commodore Saunders with a formidable fleet, causing the siege to be raised.

During the Rebellion, Quebec was besieged by the American colonists commanded by General Montgomery; and in the final assault on December 31, 1775, when the besiegers were completely routed, the general lost his life, whilst General Arnold, the second in command, was wounded and taken prisoner.[1]

This was the last occasion on which Quebec underwent a siege.

There are only three cities in the world—viz., Edinburgh, Salzburg, and Athens—although by including Granada you might say four—which have

[1] The house where General Montgomery's body was taken is still standing, and it bears an inscription commemorating the fact.

sites equal to the one occupied by Quebec; and in historic interest the Canadian stronghold is not far behind even these famous places.

The view from the Terrace is one of unrivalled grandeur.

Below is the majestic St. Lawrence, placidly narrowing just in front of the city, yet growing broader and deeper, swifter and fiercer, as it passes on its way to the sea. Its surface in summer is crowded with life, with the boats coming and going on their various errands. There at the wharf where the big Atlantic liners discharge and receive their human freight, and the schooners are being loaded with lumber brought down from the forests behind, there is plenty of bustle and excitement; otherwise the city is steeped in a quiet which looks very much like sleep.

At this elevation of two hundred feet it is never too hot on any of the warm summer days; and the wind which comes in from the sea brings with it a freshness and a coolness unknown in Montreal. In summer, therefore, Quebec attracts many visitors, and it is every season becoming more frequented.

But it is in winter that Quebec charms the most. In winter, when the St. Lawrence is enchained in ice, and the ranges of the Laurentian mountains tower white against the sky, and the Plains of Abraham, where the gallant Wolfe fell, are covered with

a pall of snow; when the click of the saw-mill is quieted, and the whistle of the steamer is no longer heard, and the frost king forms a bridge connecting the opposite cliffs of Point Levis, bristling with guns, with those of Quebec, then the scene in its silent grandeur is, to my mind, the most impressive.

The beauty of the view from the citadel on a moonlight winter's night is almost impossible of description, and anything that I could say would convey but a very faint idea of its reality.

But try and follow me as I gaze upon the frozen expanse of the noble river, with the moonbeams playing upon the rills of snow, and the patches of transparent ice glistening like sheets of burnished gold.

The whole country round about is enveloped in a sparkling white mantle, the distant sombre pine forests furnishing the only bit of colour in the whole landscape. The air is clear and crisp, and everything can be clearly seen, even unto the slowly ascending smoke from the chimneys in the town below. A supreme silence reigns over all, unbroken either by the voice of man or nature.

The sky's expanse is unflecked by a single cloud; and you stand under a canopy of the purest blue, with the pale stars looking coldly down upon you, whilst the surrounding ramparts are bathed in almost

supernatural light, so powerful and lavish of her gifts is the moon.

Lying in the middle of the river to the east is the island of Orleans, where Cartier first landed on his way from the sea, and where Donnacona, accompanied by five hundred followers in twelve war canoes, paid him a state visit. The wild vines which existed in Cartier's time, and which caused him to call the spot the Ile de Bacchus, have long since disappeared, and with them the evil spirits[1] who held high revels on the island, drinking in mad fury the wine crushed from the wild grapes.

The famed Montmorenci Falls opposite have gone to sleep in the arms of the frost king, and no longer throw their showers of spray, fine as dust, high up in the air.

The coves and inlets are filled with drifted snow, and the streams running into the monarch river look like twisted bands of white silk under the moonbeams.

Now and again there may come upon the stillness the plaintive cry of some wild animal in the woods beyond, the sharp snap of a tree splitting in the intense cold, or the resounding boom of fractured ice, but otherwise everything is still; and, as the

[1] The simple, pious pioneers firmly believed that this spot was infested with evil spirits, and for many years it went by the name of *l'Ile des Sorcières*.

hour grows late, and the blue smoke no longer issues from the chimney-tops, the city below looks like a city of the dead, for which nature, in the surrounding snow, has woven an endless ghostly shroud.

Quebec is supposed to be the most priest-ridden city in the whole of America; anyhow, its people are, without doubt, strictly religious, and many outward and visible signs are afforded of their exceeding devoutness.

There is scarcely a bookseller's window that does not contain some highly coloured print depicting the martyrdom of some early Jesuit father or other at the hands of the Indians.

These pioneer priests undoubtedly underwent great privations, and in many instances suffered fearful deaths, in the course of spreading the gospel amongst the heathen; but, at the same time, in many of the instances depicted historical accuracy has been sacrificed to artistic effect. Such pictures, whilst arousing the scepticism of the traveller, are not, however, without influence upon a people at once deeply superstitious and highly imaginative.

But it must be freely admitted that these priestly pioneers (chiefly of the Jesuit and Recollect orders) did more than any one at that time to explore the wilds of the Far West. Some records[1] of their travels have been preserved, and it is only by

[1] *Relations des Jesuits*, published by the Canadian Government.

perusing them that one can have any idea of the difficulties and dangers which beset them in their self-elected task of spreading civilisation amongst a race of savages, who frequently barbarously resented these pious folks' attempts to snatch their souls from perdition.

Quebec is very French—much more so than Montreal—the inhabitants of Anglo-Saxon origin forming an exceedingly small section of the community ; and I am assured that these numbers decrease every year, so that ere long the entire population will be French *pur et simple*. As it is, very few people speak English, and in the years to come, one, I expect, in order to make oneself understood, will have to make a study of the language of the *ancien régime*, for a knowledge of modern French will not be of much avail. A Kanuck in moments of studied calmness would not be readily understood by the *super-chic* Parisian of to-day ; but should he be at all excited, he would practically be as unintelligible to him as the heathen Chinee or the blubber-eating Kamtschadal.

The *patois* of the Kanucks is neither musical nor elegant ; nothing can be said in favour of it beyond the fact that, amongst a people who know no other language, it is not without its uses : although I assure the reader that more than once, when I have been kept awake in the train by the threshing out of

some vexed question of the day by some travelling French Canadians, I have deeply regretted that they ever advanced beyond the method of conversation adopted by Adam and Eve. But, primitive as they are in most things, there is no Kanuck living who would content himself with giving a brother Kanuck a piece of his mind by means of signs. Silence with him would simply mean ultimate explosion.

He is, however, a very good fellow, and of course it isn't his fault that you don't understand him; and I feel sure that if he knew how much his talking disturbed you he would at once invite you to take part in the discussion. More you could not expect of him, for nothing short of a miracle could keep him quiet until he had had his say.

The French Canadians have not only incorporated many aboriginal words into their language, but they have inherited from their Indian ancestors not a little of the spirit of palaver; and the consequence is, almost every educated man is troubled with an itch for jabbering. He jabbers on politics, religion, science, literature, the fine arts, trade, finance, and on every conceivable subject, whenever he can get a listener; and I am assured by those who understand him that he jabbers uncommonly well. Only the difficulty is that not one traveller out of a thousand will understand a single word of what he says; and

instead of looking upon him as a heaven-born orator, he will invariably vote him a complete nuisance.

In repose a Kanuck is dignified and self-contained, but he is quite another individual when he is animated. Then he gives the casual observer the impression that he is terribly enraged with the person with whom he is arguing, and that he imagines every one around him is completely deaf. It is, however, only a way he has ; for in reality he may be on the very best terms with his opponent, and, in all probability, he has not the remotest idea that he has so penetrating a voice.

The French Canadians are an excitable people, and easily moved, although in business matters they move only too slowly, and cling, in their conservatism, like grim death to old customs and antiquated ideas. They have many excellent qualities, being frugal, sober, and industrious ; but they look upon innovations of all kinds with suspicion, and nineteenth-century progress has little or no charms for them. They are, in fact, so enamoured of the past that they seem in all their actions to be guided more by what their great-grandfathers did than by what their more progressive contemporaries are doing.

This continual putting back of the hands has practically caused the clock to stop, so, instead of increasing like other towns in the New World, the population of Quebec remains stationary, or, if any-

thing, decreases. (The present population is about 60,000.)

But whilst this aversion to progress is bad commercially, the old-worldism in which Quebec is enwrapped gives it a poetical charm, which is all the more striking because it is in such direct contrast with the noisy bustle and glaring shoddiness of the so-called 'live' cities across the border.

There are many quaint corners in old Quebec in which the most matter-of-fact Yankee would find interest if he did not find poetry. Quebec is full of those architectural inconsistencies so dear to the artistic mind, and it is indeed difficult for the traveller in such surroundings to imagine that he is in the New World at all.

Much, however, of what was architecturally quaint and historically interesting has recently disappeared. The old gates have been pulled down, and with that act of vandalism disappeared for ever the romantic incidents with which they were associated.

That ancient abode of austerity, the Jesuit College, with its immense corridors, gloomy passages, and underground cells, used by the English for many years after the capture of Quebec as barracks, has been levelled to the ground; and of the Palace of the Intendants, a building which outshone the Castle of St. Louis in point of luxury and

splendour, but a mere fragment remains ; whilst only an outhouse of the Château escaped the fire of 1834, which completely destroyed the main building.

Apropos of fires, scarcely any of the public buildings in the city have altogether escaped burning. For instance, the ancient church of the Recollects, together with the convent, was burned in 1796 ; the old Court-house in 1873 ; the Seminary (founded by Monseigneur de Laval in 1663) in 1701 ; the Ursuline Convent in 1650, and again in 1686 ; the Hôtel Dieu just prior to the siege of 1759 ; and Parliament House in 1853, and again in 1883, on which latter occasion I witnessed the conflagration.

Of the buildings now standing the chief ones are—

The Basilica, consecrated in 1666 by Monseigneur de Laval, possesses no very striking architectural features, but it is said to contain some of the most valuable pictures and the finest vestments of any cathedral in North America.

The English cathedral, built in the Roman style of architecture, was consecrated in 1804. Its history has been an uneventful one ; but in the venerable elm tree which grew in a corner of the cathedral close, under which Jacques Cartier on landing assembled his followers, it had direct touch with the romantic past.

The remodelled Seminary, and the Laval University, erected in 1857, the former possessing pictures of considerable value, and the latter a library of some magnitude, including a number of MSS. relating to the early history of the country, are institutions of great public worth and importance.

The Ursuline Convent, founded by Madame de la Peltrie of pious memory in 1641, besides containing the remains of the gallant Montcalm, claims to have, amongst other relics, the body of St. Clement, brought from Rome in 1687, the skull of St. Justus, a chip of the holy cross, and a portion of the crown of thorns.

The Hôtel Dieu Convent and Hospital was founded in 1639 by the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who placed it in charge of the Hospitalières nuns brought out by her from France. It is an institution doing excellent work, and patients are treated therein gratis.

There are two other important hospitals in Quebec —the Marine and the General Hospital. The first-named is modern, having been built in 1834 ; but the latter was founded by Monseigneur de St. Valier, the second Bishop of Quebec.

In addition to the English cathedral there are eleven Protestant churches, one of which is Scandinavian ; and besides the Basilica there are twelve Roman Catholic churches and chapels, the most

interesting of which is the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

This church was built by Champlain in 1615, and, in commemoration of the defeat of Admiral Sir William Phipps in 1690, it was called Notre Dame de la Victoire; but after the loss of the English fleet, under Sir Hevenden Walker, twenty-one years later, it received the name it now bears.

Under the French *régime* Quebec was a place of considerable gaiety, and in the records of those times one is astounded at the wild extravagance, reckless dissipation, and luxurious profligacy of some of the officials, especially of, as historians term him, the 'infamous' Intendant Bigot.

The Duke of Kent, too, when he was in residence there, made things lively; and some remembrance of the brilliancy of his dinners and his *petits soupers* lingers yet, although five-and-ninety years have elapsed since their celebration.

Now, however, Quebec is dull enough, and there is very little going on in the place. The French Canadians content themselves with their own society, and the garrison folk enjoy themselves after their own fashion. The hospitality of the citadel and of the garrison club is notorious; and the good dinner that the accredited traveller receives at either place consoles him for the very indifferent accommodation he receives at the hotels.

Quebec is very well fortified; and it would be difficult of capture from the river; whilst the defences at Point Levis on the opposite shore offer considerable security against a land attack. The Dominion Government undertake the defence of the city, the British troops having been withdrawn some time since.

Quebec is 159 miles by water from Montreal, and 172 miles by rail; whilst, *viâ* the Intercolonial Railway, it is 678 miles from Halifax, the winter port on the Atlantic.

It is by way of the Intercolonial Railway, the link connecting the East with the Far West, that I ask the reader to follow me on my journey from Quebec to the sea.

CHAPTER X.

THE HIGHWAY'S LAST STAGES.

I. FROM POINT LEVIS TO THE SEA.

THE Intercolonial express train for the Atlantic leaves Point Levis daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 A.M., and arrives at Halifax at 9.10 on the following morning, taking 25 hours and 10 minutes to get over a distance of 678 miles. Between Point Levis and Halifax there are, however, great and small, no less than a hundred stations; and although, unlike the 'accommodation train,' it does not, as a matter of course, stop at every station, the so-called express merely omits to call at about thirty of them.

The Intercolonial Railway is Government property, and is worked by officials appointed by the Government. As a strategical line it is of vital importance to Canada, but as a passenger line it is lacking in many of the essentials which distinguish the more progressive railways in the Dominion, especially the Canadian Pacific.

Its course, as will be seen by the map, is most roundabout; but it had to be constructed in that

way in order to take in the villages and centres of rural population clustering along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

A good deal of the country through which it runs in its earlier stages is certainly more picturesque than fertile; and in several places where settlements have been effected it is difficult to see how the people can cultivate the land to a profit; and I dare say no one but a French Canadian would be content with the miserable pittance that these farms yield.

Many of the river valleys—especially the valley of the St. Charles—are, however, exceptionally fertile, and contain prosperous farms, which have been in the thrifty families who own them for generations. A French Canadian clings to the soil on which he is born with a tenacity as great as that of an Irish peasant or a Scotch crofter, and it is next to an impossibility to make him see the imperativeness of emigration, although the original holding may have been so divided and subdivided amongst the different members of the family that the plot of land out of which he is to make his living may not be bigger than a moderate-sized pocket-handkerchief.

The whole of the country between Quebec and the Metapediac is the land of the Kanucks; and until Rimouski is left behind nothing but the hand

of 'les habitants de la Nouvelle France,' as they once proudly termed themselves, is visible.

From Levis heights a splendid view can be had of Quebec and the district, and, as they are higher than Citadel Hill, you can, from this altitude, have the gratification of looking down upon a point which, when you previously stood thereon, seemed to dominate the surrounding country.

I left Quebec behind me bright in the rays of the summer's sun. The city was astir, and the church bells sounded musically from over the river, which was alive with many crafts. Close inshore were the timber vessels, busily loading, and an immense Atlantic liner was getting up steam preparatory to leaving. Ferry-boats were swiftly dashing across the river, upon the unruffled surface of which lay many ships awaiting their turn. The fishing-smacks, with their brown and white sails, stood out clearly against the blue of the water, and the splash of oars and the song of boatmen were on the air.

The red-coated soldiers on the ramparts and the many-coloured flags in the harbour lent a brightness to the picture, whilst the green of the trees relieved the sombre grey of the crooked narrow streets.

One leaves Quebec with a regret similar to that experienced on leaving a beloved mistress ; for there is but one Quebec, and search the wide world how

you will, you know that you will never see her like again.

Adieu, Quebec, with your churches and convents, priests and nuns, your monuments of an historic past and a wealthy present, your winding streets and open squares, broad places and quaint nooks where the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries mingle and embrace. Adieu, Quebec, the city of romance, the city of the heavenly site, the city at the narrowing of that noble river whose course I am following to the sea! Adieu, for the train fast takes me out of sight, and thy spires are but points losing themselves in the clouds, and thy frowning battlements in the distance seem but mere walls of cards ; whilst the liner and the schooner, the fishing-smack and ferry-boats, seem but specks of black and white down there where the water narrows.

For 182 miles, as far as Rimouski (where passengers from Europe are landed in the summer months), the line runs close along the shore of the St. Lawrence, and there is consequently not much change in the scenery.

One thing, however, which will strike the passenger is that almost every other station the train stops at is named after some popular saint. I counted twenty-four stations so named between Point Levis and the New Brunswick boundary, at which point one passes out of saint-land.

At St. Anne, 73 miles from Quebec, there is a convent of grey nuns, and a college which will accommodate 300 students. This St. Anne must not be confounded with *the* St. Anne, to whose shrine pilgrims flock in their thousands on her festival day, July 26.

The village which this good saint has taken under her particular care is some twenty miles below Quebec, and it commended itself to the piety of the faithful at a very early period; for we find that in 1666 M. de Tracey, then Viceroy of New France, presented to the church a fine painting by Le Brun, representing St. Anne and the Virgin. In consideration of the miraculous cures alleged to have been effected at this shrine, his Holiness the Pope was pleased a few years back to create it a shrine of the first order. In the church are placed countless crutches left by the halt and the crippled who have undergone sudden cures after kissing the finger-bone of *la bonne sainte* deposited in the sanctuary. In this direction it is almost as interesting as that museum of gratitude, the church of the Bonna Nova, in Barcelona. Within three miles of the shrine are some very fine falls, also named after St. Anne de Beaupré; so that it is possible they may eventually be found to be endowed with curative qualities of a high character.

Six miles after St. Anne on the Intercolonial is reached, the train stops at a place called Rivière

Ouelle, where, in the days long since past, a tragedy was enacted, the memories of which have been kept green by the Abbé Casgrain in his story 'La Jongleuse.'

Every inch of the country through which we are now passing is historic ground, and many authentic records have been preserved of the romantic events which occurred prior to the British occupation. Some of these records are replete with weird legends, handed down by the Indians, and with accounts of miracles described by the holy men who claimed to have witnessed them.

The legend associated with *l'Ilet au Massacre* at Bic is worth retelling.

Many years ago, long before the paleface came in his ships from over the sea, a band of Micmacs, consisting of two hundred men, women, and children, pursued by a party of the terrible Iroquois, took refuge in a cave on the island, where they were ultimately discovered by the enemy, who, finding themselves unable to dislodge them by any other means, burnt them out. All were massacred, with the exception of five braves who had previously made good their escape. They solicited and obtained the help of a friendly tribe of Malacites, and together they secretly followed the trail of the retiring Iroquois, whose canoes and provisions they first removed. It was a long way from this spot to the land of the Iroquois,

and the retreating warriors not only found their numbers daily diminished by unseen hands, but they were threatened with famine. By the time they had reached the open woods near Trois Pistoles River their number had shrunk to twenty-seven, and, discouraged and weakened by hunger, they made but a feeble resistance when the yells of their foes burst upon their ears. All were killed with the exception of six, and these were divided amongst the allies. The Malacites took their three to their village at Madawaska, and history does not tell us what became of them. One of the three claimed by the Micmacs was put to death by the allies in the presence of the other five; and, bidding adieu to the Malacites, the Micmacs, with the two remaining prisoners, retraced their steps to Bic. The unfortunate prisoners were then tied with their faces to the island on which the massacre had occurred, and put to death with all the subtle tortures that Indian savagery could devise. With their death the five warriors went their way, never more to return to the neighbourhood; but the ghosts of their slaughtered brethren remained behind, and although their death had been amply avenged, they, so tradition says, never failed on the anniversary of the massacre to assemble on the island wringing their hands in the agony of despair, and making the jagged rocks resound with their piercing wails.

The date of this story is unknown, but it was a

tradition amongst the Indians when Jacques Cartier arrived on the scene, it having been related to him by Donnacona, the Algonquin chief.

This tale of retributive justice reminds me of the tradition connected with the *Maison du Chien d'or* in Quebec. When this ancient structure, with which were associated so many historic memories, was demolished, a corner-stone bearing the letters P. H., a St. Andrew's cross, and the date 1735 was found. To this was fixed a piece of lead bearing the following inscription:

NICOLAS JAQUES,
dit Philiber,
m'a posé le 26 Août,
1735.

The story in connection with this runs as follows :—

In the days of the 'infamous' Bigot there lived in this building a wealthy merchant named Philibert, who for some reason or other had made himself obnoxious to the rapacious Intendant. The merchant, being unable to openly defy his all-powerful enemy, sought revenge upon him by putting a golden dog above his door, with the attendant lines—

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,
Un temps viendra, qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu.

The Intendant, to further gratify his spite, caused

troops to be quartered upon the *Chien d'or*, and on one of these occasions, a quarrel having taken place between an officer, a M. de la Repentigny, and M. Philibert, the latter was killed by the former. M. de la Repentigny escaped to Acadie, where he remained till he was pardoned by King Louis XIV. He afterwards returned to Quebec and took part in the siege of 1759. On the capitulation of the city he went to Pondichery, a nemesis in the shape of the son of his victim dogging his footsteps. In a duel fought between the pair M. de la Repentigny was killed, and the blood of the murdered man no longer cried out for justice. So runs a story which, I am told, has the merit of being true.

The scenery up to Bic is graceful and very pleasing to the eye, but it is by no means grand. There is grander scenery on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, and at Rivière du Loup (116 miles from Quebec) several passengers take the boats for Murray Bay and the Saguenay. Who has not heard of the Saguenay, that river which the early explorers thought led to the nethermost pit? For downright gloomy awfulness there is nothing to equal it in the world; and as the boat glides over the black fathomless water, through the chasm rent by angry nature in the frowning cheerless rocks, one finds it difficult to overcome the first feeling of awe that the scene creates. With the fall of night, and with all

brightness gone out of the skies, the surroundings assume an even more fearful aspect. From out of the inky darkness strange devilish forms seem to issue and flit in threatening attitudes before you, whilst from out of the depths of the impenetrable caverns there in accordance with your fancy come the despairing moans of souls lost in endless torture.

The early settlers were at constant feud with the evil spirits of this most demoniacal river, and at its mouth they built a church—the first one in Canada —the ruins of which still exist.

The Saguenay is navigable only as far as Chicontimi, a place about 65 miles from its mouth. Beyond this is a wild desolate land entirely given up to the beaver and marten, and other fur-bearing animals.

At various points on the Intercolonial Railway there are much-frequented summer resorts : such are Rivière du Loup, Bic, and Cacouna (the Saratoga of Canada).

From these places excursions can readily be made into the maze of interior waters, where excellent fishing and shooting can be had. The country through which the railway runs is intersected with navigable waterways, and it is perfectly feasible for a man in a canoe on leaving the line at the shores of the St. Lawrence to proceed to La Baie des Chaleurs or the Bay of Fundy ; and by making portages from the head waters of one river to the other the canoe

voyage can be indefinitely extended. In such manner the three great rivers of New Brunswick—the Miramichi, Restigouche, and St. John—can be readily traversed. But the venturesome traveller would do well to provide himself with a guide.

As the train passes onward one catches glimpses of the typical Kanuck villages steeped in an old-world quietness, and there is no change in the appearance of these settlements until Metis is reached.

In this land the Anglo-Saxon is, as it were, in a foreign country, for the language is strange to him, and the customs of *les habitants* stranger still. He will, in fact, in the more isolated spots, find great difficulty in making even his simplest wants understood, for just as he fails to understand their French they will be found ignorant of his English. *Les habitants* are French in all their thoughts and in all their habits, and they have an unchanging love for their language, and a profound veneration for their religion. They are for the most part simple and God-fearing, leading peaceful, moral lives, untroubled by either scepticism or ambition. They seldom travel; indeed, many of them scarcely go beyond their chimney's smoke, each family providing for its simple habits and few wants with the productions of its own fields and flocks. They are, to all intents and purposes, in the seventeenth century, and, in adhering to the habits of their forefathers, they for

the most part shun everything appertaining to a nineteenth-century progress; and although it may knock at their very doors they remain deaf to its demands. Moored to the anchor of prejudice, Quebec Province has stood on her old ways, whilst the other provinces round about her have progressed and waxed rich, leaving her behindhand in those very things to which she originally gave the cue.

The French Canadian, although vivacious by nature, is after all a mere creature of routine and a slave of prejudice; he has all the Turk's hatred of being hurried; and whilst the Eastern makes signs behind his back to ward off the evil eye when you talk about innovations, he crosses himself at the sight of everything new, and prays the parish priest to protect him from such heresies.

The primitive methods of husbandry in vogue two or three hundred years ago are those mostly adopted amongst the French Canadians of to-day. The agricultural implements in use are rude in form and material, often ineffective, and invariably inconvenient. The peasant scratches the earth with a plough modelled after those common to the time of Louis Quatorze, and beats out his corn after the fashion of the ancient Greeks. Modern inventions in this direction are, of course, things to be shunned, and I question if a French Canadian peasant's misgivings about using any one of them could be over-

come before it had been plentifully sprinkled with holy water.

The priests have an extraordinary influence over the *habitants*, who, as has already been stated, are pious and God-fearing. These priests are in truth the pastors to their people, and look with a keen eye after the spiritual well-being of their flocks ; but, as with the early Jesuit missionaries, their primary object is directed towards teaching the said flock that they have souls to lose in the next world, whilst progression in this world has practically no place in their teachings.

The French Canadians might say with the meek and patient Hindoo, 'We are the sheep, and we know that somebody must shear us ; but for the love of justice let us grow our wool as we think fit.'

The *curé* is always a man of intelligence, and often of refinement, and wherever you come across him in the land of *la Nouvelle France*, you will invariably find him most courteous and obliging. He is a little prejudiced and old-fashioned, it is true, but he is passionately attached to the land of his birth, and is exceedingly jealous of the ancient rights of his countrymen. He believes firmly in Satanic influence, and is honestly impressed with the idea that he is serving God's will by resisting change, which to him too strongly savours of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He will tell you that his people are

happy in the ambitionless, unprogressive lives they lead, and that they desire nothing better than to be left alone in this restful simplicity.

It is a picturesque quarter of America, this land of the French Canadians, and quite different from any other part of the New World—with its touches of old-worldism and relics of the romantic past meeting you at almost every step; and no traveller over the 'Queen's Highway' with time at his disposal should hesitate to break his journey at some of the chief points of interest.

But I must warn him that outside of the larger centres the hotel accommodation is anything but good; as a matter of fact it is generally very bad. First, as to the *cuisine*, there is very little variety, and the cooking is primitive, rough, and horribly greasy; but healthful exercise in the open air gives one an extraordinary appetite, and the traveller finds himself eating, in a wayside Kanuck hostelry, food which he would elsewhere turn from with sickness and loathing.

It is well that the traveller can live most of his time in the open air, for he would certainly find but scant comfort inside the inn, which is generally as dirty, evil-smelling, and as insect-infested as any Spanish *venta*.

I have had a considerable experience of the tribes whose nocturnal raids tend to make life in a *venta*,

posada, or even a first-class *fonda* absolutely unbearable; but I frankly confess that even a Spanish *chinche*, strengthened and made arrogant as he often is with the blue blood of generations of grandees of the first class, takes second place when compared with a full-scented domestic ladybird of the *ancien régime*. History fails to tell us which of the early explorers it was who brought these pests over from France, but whoever it was has undoubtedly much to answer for. The winged *voltigeurs* common to the country can in a measure be endured, and with a packet of Keating in one's trunk one can practically defy the various tribes of red deer which leap and bound with unaffected joy immediately a well-fed stranger enters his bedroom; but a Kanuck *punaise* is said to be partial to insect-powder, taking it as a tonic. Having no regular larder—for travellers are not numerous—she ever possesses the keenest of appetites, and with an avidity which knows no control, she, almost before you have had time to say your prayers and to blow out the light, commences foraging for her supper.

I forget how many matches I struck one night, and the exact number of impressions of my tormentors I succeeded in leaving on the wall, but one thing I do know is that I kept awake as long as I had a match remaining (the candle had already burnt itself out), and that I left my slippers, made fragrant by the slaughter, behind as a souvenir for the waiter,

who, I had only too excellent reasons for believing, was not over-fastidious in the matter of smells. He, in fact, was himself a most unsavoury individual, smelling like—well, like what only a Kanuck *garçon* or a garlic-eating Spanish *ventero* can smell: no health officer would have passed that man, and I cannot help thinking that the innkeeper in employing him either had no sense of smell, or he employed him because he was cheap.

People, who noticed the effect without understanding the cause, often complained of the drainage, and in consequence the drains were flushed instead of the waiter.

After leaving Rimouski the St. Lawrence is gradually lost sight of, and on entering the Metapediac Valley one leaves behind the *habitants de la Nouvelle France* and their ways. At little Metis (209 miles from Point Levis, and 27 miles from Rimouski) there is a colony of Scotch descent, originally established by a Mr. McNider, the seigneur of Metis, who, some five-and-seventy years ago, located several hundred men, women, and children brought from Scotland in various parts of the seigneury. The venture was successful, and Metis is now a flourishing farming district. Little Metis is a summer resort, and possesses many attractions, the principal of which are the falls, some seven miles distant. Good fishing is to be had in the neighbourhood, both the Grand

and the Petit Metis being favourite haunts of the salmon. Very fair sport can also be procured with the gun.

The train from Metis, on its way to the Metapediac Valley, no longer hugs the shore, but makes a dash across country, and at Malfait Lake it is nearly 750 feet above the sea, the highest point, I believe, on the whole line.

From this height the train descends into the beautiful valley of the Metapediac, by which time the last of the French villages has passed out of sight. The railway stations are no longer called after popular saints, they having for the most part received aboriginal names.

Lake Metapediac, a beautiful sheet of water sixteen miles long, and in some places five miles broad, is seen after passing Sayabec, which station is reached at 4.17.

The course of the train is now along the valley of the Metapediac, which river carries off the waters of the lake. In Algonquin parlance Metapediac means musical waters; and there is certainly music in the river as it dashes over its rocky bed on its way to the sea. The scenery in this valley is the most beautiful along the whole length of the railway, although after what I had seen in British Columbia it certainly seemed somewhat tame. The course of the river, as it twists and winds through the green of the valley,

with its dark mountainous setting, here foaming over rapids, there gliding into deep pools, the home of the salmon, is certainly a picturesque one; and altogether the scene is unsurpassed anywhere in Eastern America.

At the village of Metapedia the river effects a junction with the Restigouche, another famous salmon river, and they both discharge into the Baie des Chaleurs.

The Restigouche forms a part of the northern boundary of New Brunswick, and it and its tributaries drain a land which is scarcely anything more than a wilderness of mountains and valleys unexplored by man.

The Restigouche has a most eccentric course, making wild bends at all kinds of angles from its source to its mouth; the Indians in consequence called it 'the river that divides like a hand'—a very appropriate title.

Crossing the river, the train passes into the province of New Brunswick, halting at Campbeltown, 305 miles from Quebec. This growing town is most advantageously situated both as a railway centre and as a head of navigation. From there one can journey by steamer to the historic land of Gaspé, and from Gaspé to that island desert, Anticosti. Campbeltown is in the midst of mountain scenery, and from the top of the Sugar-loaf a magnificent view can be had:

below lies the Baie des Chaleurs,[1] and to the north rise the Gaspé Mountains, and that distant headland on which, 352 years ago, Jacques Cartier erected in the name of his master, Francis I., the huge cross bearing the lilies of France.

Before Jacques Cartier's days the bay was celebrated for its fish, and the Indians called it *Ecketuan Nemaachi*, 'the Sea of Fish.' Now it is famous for its possession of a phantom light; and just as no Sydney man, unless dumb (and even then I think he would endeavour to express himself by signs), will omit to ask you what you think of 'our harbour,' or no Lisboner refrain from pestering you as to your ideas about 'our climate,' you will for a certainty be asked by every Bay of Chaleurs man you come across your opinion as to 'our phantom light.'

I frankly confess not to have seen this wonderful light, which is, I believe, a modern institution, it having no place in Indian tradition or priestly records. A local writer describes the phenomenon as follows: 'It has appeared in various parts of the bay, sometimes appearing like a ball of fire within a mile or two of shore, and sometimes having the appearance of

[1] It was during the memorable voyage of 1534 that Jacques Cartier, having explored the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, sailed one day in July into a large bay, which, to commemorate the grateful warmth he felt therein after the cold of the inhospitable north, he named La Baie des Chaleurs, which name it has ever since retained. The bay is ninety miles long and from fifteen to twenty-ve miles wide, and the largest ships can freely pass therein.

a burning vessel many miles away. Sometimes it shoots like a meteor; at others it glides along with a slow and dignified motion. Sometimes it seems to rest upon the water; sometimes it mounts rapidly in the air and descends again. It is altogether mysterious and eccentric.'

The light, I understand, is generally followed by a storm, and, as an instance of its mysteriousness and eccentricity, it on one occasion, I am assured, actually appeared above the ice in the depth of winter.

I have watched more than once for a sight of the 'phantom,' but luck was never with me, and I can therefore offer no personal opinion with regard to it.

In conclusion I may however say, that amongst the simple fishing folk there is a tradition that some three quarters of a century ago the crew of a vessel lying in the bay mutinied, and killed their loyal companions and plundered the ship. In making off with the plunder, however, they were wrecked off the coast and drowned, having been led to their destruction by a mystic light which appeared for the first time in the memory of man.

This is all very well, but why this light continues to appear after it had effected its purpose is not at all clear.

The railway runs along the shore of the bay, through many highly cultivated farms, for a considerable distance; but by the time Bathurst, where

the bay is left behind, is reached night has already fallen.

The far-famed Miramichi, 'the river of the happy retreat,' and all the beautiful country adjacent thereto, are passed in the darkness; and it is close upon two o'clock in the morning when Moncton is reached.

Moncton is the head-quarters of the Intercolonial system, but beyond this it possesses no claims to special consideration. Like, however, all places in the New World, even Moncton is not without its 'lion,' consisting of an extraordinary tide, which deluded tourists come many miles to witness.

In consequence of having read that this tide, which it was alleged sometimes rose to the height of 120 feet, and had even been seen thirty miles off approaching with a terrific roar, could be witnessed in all its grandeur at the bend of the Petitcodiac, where Moncton is located, I on one occasion got off at that town for the express purpose of taking in the sight.

The tide duly came in with its much-vaunted 'bore,' but I confess to having felt badly treated and altogether swindled by it; for, instead of having a rise of half the talked-of 120 feet, its height scarcely exceeded 6 feet.

It is high time that tide and its everlasting 'bore' went out of the show business, otherwise it will get Moncton a bad name; for as an attraction

it has certainly played itself out, and the interested parties who advertise its daily appearance would do well to take its name off the bills for a while. It evidently requires rest from its prodigious labours of the past, and it will require years of recuperation before it regains that early vigour which so astounded the veracious chroniclers referred to.

At Moncton there is a branch line to St. John and to Fredericktown (the capital of New Brunswick), neither of which cities, however, comes within the scope of the present work. From St. John, which is 89 miles from Moncton and 579 miles from Quebec, there is direct communication with Portland, Boston, and all parts of New England.

At Painsec, eight miles below Moncton, the passenger changes cars for Shediac and Point du Chêne, from which latter place there is, in the summer, a daily boat service to Prince Edward Island.

Darkness is still over the land as the express train[1] passes through Au Lac with its historic memories. In the daytime one can see high up on a commanding hill the crumbling ruins of Fort Beauséjour, where France made her last effort for the retention of Acadie. Beauséjour was captured by Colonel Moncton in June 1755.

[1] A later train leaves Moncton at 10.28, so the passenger, unless compelled tc journey by the 'through express,' can stay over at the town and see the country between there and Halifax in the daylight.

Soon after leaving Amherst, a town 49 miles distant from Moncton, one commences to enter upon the vast coal-fields of Nova Scotia.

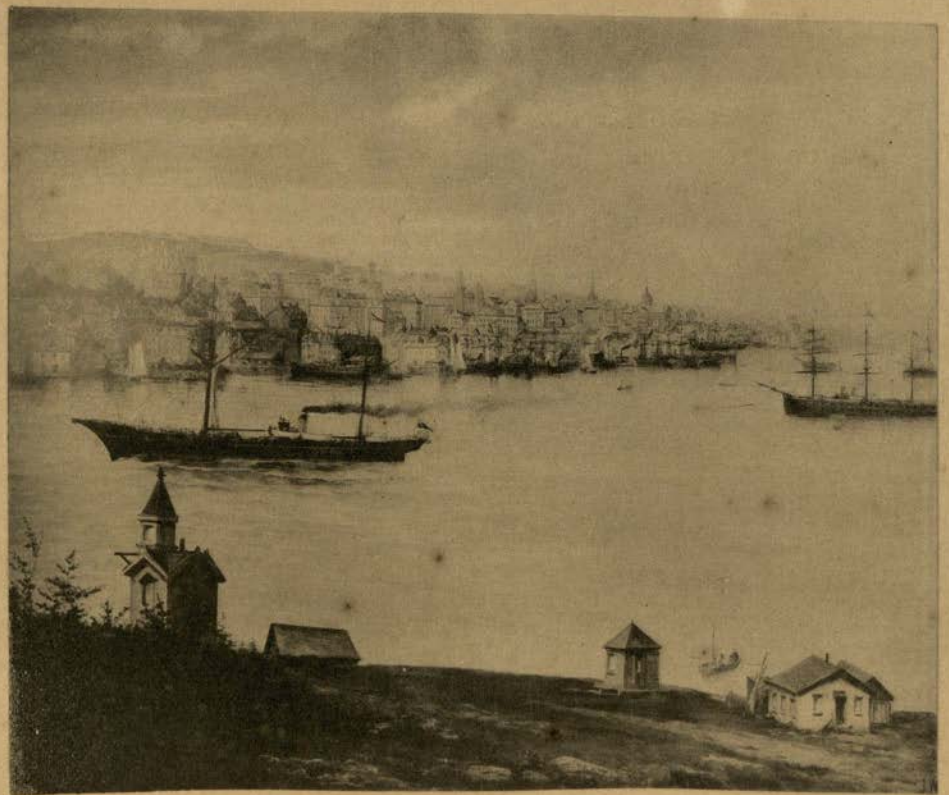
At Athol, 12 miles below Amherst, connection is had by stage with the land of the Acadians and the famed Basin of Minas.

Truro, a picturesquely situated and thriving town 62 miles from Halifax, is reached at a quarter to seven. Here there is a branch line to Pictou (whence the boats depart to Prince Edward Island) and New Glasgow, where the passenger branches off, *viâ* Mulgrave, for Cape Breton Island.

The rich Acadian coal mines are distant 20 miles from Truro.

The way to Halifax from Truro is through the district watered by the Stewiacke and the Shubenacadie; it is a rich farming country, and settlements are numerous.

At Windsor Junction, 14 miles from Halifax, a branch line takes the passenger into the heart of Acadia; and thirty-five minutes later the express arrives at the Atlantic terminus of the 'Queen's Highway.'



CITY OF HALIFAX.

II. THE ATLANTIC TERMINUS.

THE chief feature of Halifax, the Atlantic terminus of the 'Queen's Highway,' is its harbour, which undoubtedly is one of the finest in the whole world. This harbour is accessible at all times and in all seasons, and experts, who have taken the trouble to work the matter out, assert—so capacious is it—that a thousand vessels might safely rest therein.

Halifax itself is located on a rocky peninsula, the harbour being to the south and east of it. The water narrows on reaching the upper end of the city, but again expands into what is called Bedford Basin, which basin is said to contain ten square miles of safe anchorage. Some idea of the extent and beauty of the harbour will be afforded by the illustration appended.

Halifax, which was founded by Governor Cornwallis in 1749, is in itself not very attractive,[1] the streets being narrow and the houses for the greater part exceedingly poor. There is, in fact, nothing architecturally interesting in the whole city; yet, as the chief naval station of British North America and the only place in the Dominion now occupied by

[1] The surrounding country is very lovely, especially in the Annapolis Valley, where almost every inch, moreover, is historic ground. The land of the Acadians and the ruins of the famous Port Royal, its ancient capital, are within easy access by rail from Halifax.

Imperial troops, it undeniably possesses an interest of its own.

Both the city and harbour are very strongly defended, they being protected by no less than eleven different fortifications, armed with batteries of 300 and 600 pound Armstrongs.

The citadel, which towers above the town to the height of 256 feet, was commenced by the Duke of Kent; but, unlike that of Quebec, its history up to now has been one of peace instead of strife.

Halifax claims to be very British; but, judging by recent events, its claims are none too well founded. Long association with the army and navy has developed some British characteristics, but the traveller will hear more disloyalty expressed in Halifax than in any city in Canada; whilst he will there, and there only, find prominent politicians openly boasting of their preference for the scream of the eagle to the roar of the lion. It is, I believe, the only city in the Dominion where any man of note has dared to express a desire to see the Stars and Stripes wave over the citadel in place of the Union Jack. Of course the majority of the citizens by no means approved of this outrageous sentiment, but the individual in question—quite a leading politician by the bye—seems to be exceedingly proud of having the *sobriquet* 'Haul-down-the-flag' prefixed to his name.

The Nova Scotians are not a politically contented people, and Halifax, the capital, seems to be the centre of this political discontent. On the whole, however, Fate has treated them exceedingly well, and Nova Scotia is generally prosperous and well to do, whilst Halifax is a city of considerable wealth.

Nova Scotia might very properly be termed the Ireland of Canada, and her action towards the Dominion Government is provocative of future disturbance; but this much must be said, that although the provincial parliament of Nova Scotia possesses a majority in favour of secession, the secessionist movement, chiefly owing to the energy, tact, and ability of Sir Charles Tupper, suffered a complete defeat at the recent general election for the Dominion Parliament, when candidates advocating adhesion to the Dominion were triumphantly returned.

Of the merits of the origin of the quarrel between the Secessionists and the Dominion Government I do not presume to judge; but I am free to confess that it is difficult to see how the former are justified in saying that Nova Scotia was entrapped into confederation [1] instead of entering into it of her own free

[1] On April 17, 1866, the Hon. (now Sir) Charles Tupper moved in the Assembly of Nova Scotia that the Lieutenant-Governor be authorised to appoint delegates to arrange with the Imperial Parliament a scheme of union effectively ensuring just provision for the rights and interests of Nova Scotia. This was carried by *thirty-one* to *eight*. The Union Act was finally enacted by the Imperial Parliament on

will. The Secessionists, moreover, cannot be congratulated upon their patriotism, especially at a very trying time in Canada's history.

But the average Nova Scotian is very local in his ideas, and apparently cares next to nothing about the welfare of the great Dominion of which he forms a part. If he sees money in the connection with the Dominion, then the connection is approved; but if his pocket be touched thereby, no matter how lightly, he having no notion of self-sacrifice for the general good, commences to cry aloud for separation. But what separation is to bring him and how it is to benefit him he is by no means clear. Unscrupulous agitators and an unprincipled press have told him that the tearing asunder of the bonds of federation is the only thing that will benefit him, and he, without thinking the matter out for himself, strikes for secession.

The secessionist bubble was, however, completely pricked by Sir Charles Tupper during the last election campaign, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the movement will now die a natural death; at the same time it would appear that the Dominion Government might deal more generously with Nova Scotia, the 'better terms' demanded by the province not being on the whole so very unjustifiable after all.

March 29, 1867, and a Royal Proclamation was issued in connection therewith at Windsor Castle on May 22 of the same year.

But the Nova Scotians must be content with a little at a time, and not expect to get the much talked of 'better terms' all at once, whilst it is childish to cry out for an impossible separation, and positively criminal to desire annexation with a covetous neighbour across the border.

So far as one can understand the case, Nova Scotia was sought in wedlock by Canada; she consented, and the marriage was duly solemnised. She brought a rich dower with her, and Canada had every reason for being proud of the match; but by and-by Canada grew in size and strength and took other wives, and Nova Scotia, feeling herself slighted, grew peevish and discontented. Her first impulse was to apply for a separation, and to set up a separate establishment, but her evil advisers, amongst them a politically common man with a socially common name advocated absolute divorce, and, at the same time, re-marriage with a rapacious neighbour who had been for years tempting her from the paths of rectitude. But public opinion, not recognising the reiterated plea of cruelty and desertion, refused to grant a decree *nisi*, and the politically common man's unpatriotic suggestion to 'haul down the flag' and set up the colours of the aforesaid neighbour in its place has happily never been seriously considered.

Nova Scotia is legitimately wedded to the rest of Canada for all time, and the laws under which they

were made one permit of neither separation nor divorce. They are absolutely necessary to each other, and from the day they were joined together they became as inseparable as the Siamese twins; and any attempts to tear them asunder would be attended with grave danger to the body politic.

It is true Nova Scotia brought Canada more than she received; but it is ignoble and unworthy, now that the glamour of the honeymoon has worn off, and the wedding garments have faded and grown thin, to boastingly remind her spouse of how rich she was before marriage, and to peevishly wish that she had remained single all her days. It was in a great measure a marriage of affection on the part of Canada, but Nova Scotia persists in looking upon it as one purely of *convenance*, and now somewhat shrewishly cries out for increased settlements.

For my part, if I were a Nova Scotian, I should be far prouder of being a citizen of a great country stretching from ocean to ocean for close upon 4,000 miles, than merely an inhabitant of a comparatively small province containing less than 500,000 people.

I should do my best to forget local inconveniences and disadvantages in the desire to further the progress of the country at large; and, instead of trying to hamper the efforts of the Federal Government towards consolidation by parading the threat of secession, I should endeavour, by every means in my power, to

bring about an equitable *modus vivendi*. I should never be forgetful of the facts, that my province was as life itself to Canada, that it furnished the only efficient port on the Atlantic in winter, and that the control of its coal-fields was of vital commercial importance to the Dominion and of vital strategical importance to the mother-country.

I should know that on these grounds neither the Dominion nor the home Government could permit the idea of separation in any form, and I should, whilst scouting it myself, do my best to discountenance it amongst others.

A glance at the map will show the reader the imperativeness of the retention of Nova Scotia in the Confederation. Canada must have access to both seas at all times and in all seasons; and, although St. John, New Brunswick, is available, Halifax is the only good and thoroughly safe port that is open all the year round on the Atlantic side. There is, of course, Louisburg; but then Cape Breton Island is part and parcel of Nova Scotia, and in order to get to and from the west by rail, one must come through that province. I may mention that loyal little Cape Breton—the Ulster of Canada's Ireland, as it were—is entirely free from the taint of secession; and when the provincial government of Nova Scotia talked about seceding from the Dominion, she at once sturdily informed them that if they sought to carry

out their intention she would at once withdraw from her federation with Nova Scotia. This display of loyalty has, needless to say, had considerable effect upon the secessionary movement.

With Nova Scotia in the hands of the United States Canada would practically be cut off from Europe, and it is really difficult to imagine that any sane man in Nova Scotia would for a moment seriously consider the idea of annexation with that country. Yet there are prominent people in this eastern province whose political morality is so low, and whose sense of patriotism is so blunted, that they can publicly advocate a policy calculated to bring about the ruin of the country of their birth.

There is nothing in the world to prevent these renegades from going bag and baggage over the border to the land of which they profess to be so enamoured; but, wise in their generation, they know where they are best off, and so they remain foes within the fort, daily contriving to create a breach by which the enemy may enter.

One hundred and thirty years ago sedition amongst the Acadian colonists[1] was put down with a strong hand, but *nous avons changé tout cela*; and in this year of grace, 1887, sedition airs itself un-

[1] In his poem *Evangeline*, Longfellow, as some one puts it, has obscured the true facts of the expatriation of the Acadian colonists in 1756 'beneath a glamour of romance and pathos,' for political necessities rendered the course then adopted absolutely unavoidable.

checked in the newspapers, dines with comfort at its club, advertises itself with vulgar pomp in the carriage ways, takes no risks, and waxes fat, prosperous, and highly self-complacent.

If the Canadian Pacific people decide upon creating Halifax the terminus on the Atlantic side of their new air line from Montreal there is a great future for the city, but until the bad feeling between Canada and the United States arising out of the fisheries question has been surmounted there is no likelihood of this new direct line—which would make a short cut through Maine, U.S.—being constructed. But even if the line be built, it is by no means certain that the great railway company would make the terminus at Halifax, but that they would carry the line on to Louisburg.

History repeats itself, and the future will undoubtedly see a revival of Louisburg's ancient importance.

At an early period in their settlement of Canada the French became aware that the key to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence was held at the point where they eventually erected the city of Louisburg, and under their *régime* it became one of the strongest fortified places of that period. Louisburg was then the Dunkirk of America, and its famous walls, which made a circuit of some two and a half miles, being

thirty-six feet high and forty feet thick at the base, took many years to build. It is estimated that the French spent fully thirty millions of livres over the defences of this city, yet it failed to resist the attack of the New England farmers under the merchant Pepperal, who, in 1745, succeeded in storming the supposed impregnable fortress and adding it to Britain's possessions in North America. By the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, Louisburg was restored to France, but during the Seven Years' War, when the struggle between the two nations was fought out to the bitter end, resulting in the utter destruction of the sovereignty of the French on the American continent, it once more fell into the possession of the British, who decided upon its complete demolition.

We are told that it took two years to finish the work of destruction, scarcely a stone[1] being left standing upon another, and at the present day the site of the great stronghold can scarcely be traced.

The present Louisburg occupies a position across the bay opposite to where the fortified city once stood; it is a small, insignificant town of less than 1,500 inhabitants.

Louisburg, however, possesses a magnificent harbour, and its claims as the natural Atlantic terminus of any railway across Canada are far in advance of every other point on the eastern coast.

[1] Many of the larger blocks of stone were brought out from France.

Cape Breton Island is separated from the main land by the Gut of Canso; but in the immediate future it has every prospect of being riveted thereto as firmly and as lastingly as iron and mechanical ingenuity can bring about.

Whilst in Cape Breton Island I must not omit to mention the Bras d'Or Lake. This famous arm of the sea penetrates inland for fifty miles, almost dividing the island in twain, and every mile of it is full of a rugged and strange beauty, no two miles being alike.

This lake is the Yankee tourists' paradise, for they have nothing like it in their own country. For the European traveller it is not as yet very ready of access, and consequently its unrivalled beauties are not extensively known in the mother-country; but when we have West-bound passengers landing at Louisburg instead of at New York or Boston, all this will be speedily changed.

Cape Breton Island is chiefly famous for its mineral deposits, although agriculturally considered it is by no means a bad place; and at Sydney, a few miles distant from Louisburg, there is one of the most extensive coal-fields in the world.[1]

Should the action of the United States Govern-

[1] I have already, in a previous chapter, drawn attention to the immeasurable advantages arising from the possession of an inexhaustible coal supply at the Atlantic and Pacific termini of the 'Queen's Highway.'

ment render the construction of this projected line through Maine impossible, the Canadian Pacific Company, in order to carry out its quick through traffic scheme between the two oceans, would either have to make a short cut through the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick to Louisburg, or to make some arrangements for working the intercolonial in connection with their own system.

It is only, of course, a line running through British territory from start to finish which could serve as a national highway to Australasia and the East; and the projected line through Maine, whilst serving in time of peace to accelerate traffic between Europe and the Far West, would not be available in time of war.

As almost every one will be aware, the United States Government, in order to be as it were even with Canada on account of the treatment American fishermen have received at the hands of the Dominion authorities, have passed a retaliatory measure, by the terms of which all commercial relationships between the two countries are henceforth to cease. There is to be no buying on the one hand or selling on the other; no through communication by train or connection by ship, no exchange of social courtesies or religious views between the two peoples, who are henceforth to be as strangers to each other: and although it

is not expressly stated in the provisions of this extraordinary Bill—which reads more like a fulmination of the Nihilists than a serious measure passed by a serious people—Americans will, I presume, be altogether debarred from either marrying, dying, or being born amongst the perfidious Canadians, who will be equally denied like privileges amongst the liberty-loving Yanks.

This Bill has already become law; but, pending negotiations between the two countries for an adjustment of the fisheries dispute, it has not yet been put in force.

One can understand the righteous anger of a great people like the Americans, who not only rule the world, but dispute with St. Peter the possession of the keys of the gates of heaven itself, at thus being held in check by such a little Power as Canada; but to sympathise with them is quite another thing. Their fishermen have been guilty of an unwarrantable infringement of Canadian rights, and the Canadians are much to be commended upon the manly, straightforward attitude they have assumed in connection with the matter. They have made a stand for their rights, and the sentiment of the whole country is with Sir John Macdonald's Government in the action taken. Up to this the Americans have met all Canadian overtures for

an adjustment of the dispute with an arrogant assumption that there was nothing to discuss, alleging that the in-shore fisheries are open to American and Canadian fishermen alike. Not only has Canadian sentiment been derided, but her integrity has been threatened; and were it not for the knowledge that the Dominion was supported in its action by the home Government, Uncle Sam would doubtless ere this have taken active steps to satisfy his *amour propre*, which has been so roughly handled by the inconsiderate Canadians.

The United States Government, compelled to do something, passed the retaliatory Bill aforesaid, thinking that a policy of bluster and menace would succeed where arrogance and contempt of moral obligations had failed.

But the Canadians very wisely decline to be frightened thereby; and, whilst with all due modesty admitting America's infallibility, they sturdily contend that they would be the gainers instead of the losers by being placed under the threatened ban of commercial excommunication.

In fact, Sir Charles Tupper, in making his recent financial statement in the Dominion House of Commons at Ottawa, declared, amidst general applause, that both parties were of one mind—that Canada should maintain her admitted rights. The time had not come, and he trusted that it never would come,

when the Canadian House of Commons would permit any Government to shrink from a firm and temperate insistence on the maintenance of Canadian rights. With regard to the retaliatory Bill of the American Congress, Sir Charles declared that Canada was desirous of continuing commercial relations with the United States; and that if the provisions of the Bill were enforced, both countries, it is true, would feel a dislocation of business, but that the United States would feel it more than Canada, as their exports to Canada were much greater than their imports from Canada. Besides, as the minister very properly pointed out, if non-intercourse were proclaimed, the Canadian railways and Canadian ports would have the benefit of handling goods which are now imported through the United States, and Canadians would consequently purchase in the British market, instead of, as heretofore, in the American. In conclusion, Sir Charles dilated upon the advantages accruing from the possession of the Transcontinental Railway, which enabled the country to sustain any such attack upon her trade as was contemplated in the said Bill.

Those who have followed me stage by stage in the course of my long journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic will see how absolutely independent Canada is of the United States in this matter. A few years back the opposite was the case, when communication

with the North-West could only be had through American territory ; and the passing of such an Act to which the President has recently set his hand and seal would at that time have had a much better chance of forcing Canada upon her knees.

Under existing facilities Canada can send her commerce and the Imperial Government its troops and armaments the entire length from east to west over nothing but British territory.

The only point at which Canada is for the moment dependent upon the United States is in the matter of the Soult Ste. Marie Canal, connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron, which canal is on United States territory ; and under the terms of the non-intercourse Act it would, of course, be closed against Canadian traffic. But the Dominion Government has proved itself equal to the occasion by voting a large sum of money—$1,000,000, I believe—for the construction of a new canal on Canadian territory connecting the two lakes ; so that when this is finished Canada will have an independent waterway from east to west as well as an independent through railway system.

Although, as Sir Charles Tupper has intimated, trade for the time being would be seriously dislocated if the retaliatory Bill were enforced, yet in the end Canada would be a gainer rather than a loser by the policy. She, moreover, will have maintained her

position with dignity and commendable temperance, and one result of the Bill will be to strengthen the feeling of independence, and to completely kill every kind of lurking after annexation with a Power which, in the arrogance of its superior strength, has derided sentiment and acted generally as if it were superior to every sense of justice.

Canada has no desire to quarrel with the United States; on the contrary, she wishes to continue on good terms with her, but not at the sacrifice of her just rights. Through the crass blunderings of incompetent British officials Canada was shorn of much of her eastern possessions, and a glance at the map will show how she is robbed of a near approach to the sea by her natural boundary being comprised in the State of Maine, which State is so unfairly wedged in between the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick.

The story goes that the British boundary commissioners in the years gone by offered no resistance to America's preposterous claims to this vast tract of valuable territory, on the ground that it had little value from the fact that the 'demmed salmon wouldn't rise to the blawsted fly.' But the latter-day Canadian has begun to think and act for himself, and he naturally refuses to be guided by any such idiotic sentimentalities: he cannot undo the evil that has been done, but he is determined to protect what he

has left, and to resist to the utmost any further attempts at spoliation.

This the Americans should know; and they are probably as well aware of it as I am, but, having got all they wanted in the past by a policy of bluster and bluff, they think they may accomplish their present aims by a similar policy now. The Canadians, however, are not the people to calmly submit to be ridden over in this roughshod fashion; and it is high time that the people of the United States recognised this fact, and adopted another policy towards them.

I do not know how the negotiations between the two countries for a settlement of the fisheries dispute at present stand; but I believe the latest proposals made by Lord Salisbury, with the concurrence of the Dominion Government, to the Government at Washington were not only of a most friendly but of a most liberal character, such as that Government if animated by a spirit of justice could not in honour decline.

It is possible that the outcome of these negotiations will be the appointment of a joint commission to settle the questions in dispute. In such case great care should be taken with regard to the selection of the commissioners.

There are two men whose claims in this matter are pre-eminent, and upon whom the popular choice would at once fall. I refer to the Marquis of Lorne

and Sir Clare Ford, the British minister at Madrid: the former on account of his superior acquaintance with Canadian and American affairs; and the latter from the good work he did in connection with the Halifax Commission, and from the high reputation he enjoys for tact and diplomatic skill. Both know America well, both are extraordinarily hard workers, and they both have thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the question, so that they would be fully a match for any commissioners that the United States Government might appoint.

In the old days men served on commissions for the adjustment of Canadian claims who knew and cared nothing about Canada; but, although the mischief done by them may never be undone, there is happily little or no possibility of these blunders—which in many cases were worse than crimes—being repeated in the future.

I do not here purpose further entering upon the fisheries question, and I sincerely hope that ere this work is out the difficulties in connection therewith will have been removed, not for the time being, but for all time, and that Canada and the United States will henceforth live together in peace and goodwill.

There is room, ample room, for the two countries on this vast American continent; one has got the northern and the other the southern half; and,

although the division has not been quite fairly made, Canada will rest perfectly content with what she has, devoting the whole of her energies to the development of its resources. She has started a little late in the race, but she is rapidly making up for lost time; and she promises, at the present rate of progress, to be in the near future a serious rival to the very Power which had buoyed itself up with the delusive hope that it was simply a question of a few years when the eagle would stretch its wings over the whole of the American continent instead of merely over its southern half.

America's attitude of patronising commiseration has rapidly been changed into one of keen anxiety and scarcely veiled jealousy, for she sees in the construction of the 'Queen's Highway' and the development of through traffic in connection therewith no little cause for alarm, for she is only too well aware that the possibility of Canada successfully competing with her in the traffic to Australasia and to the East merely hangs upon a question of money. And this money question is in a fair way of being speedily settled.

First, as will be seen from a recent debate[1] in the House of Lords, the Imperial Government has practically pledged itself to subsidise the proposed line of steamers from Vancouver to Yokohama and

[1] Friday, April 29, 1887.

Hong Kong; but the exact amount is not yet determined upon, neither is the extent of the service.

The latest proposal in this direction comes from the Dominion Government, who offer a subsidy of $75,000 per annum, provided the Imperial Government will supplement it with $300,000, the service to be tri-monthly.

Secondly, the Canadian Government have agreed to subsidise a line of steamers from Vancouver to Australia; and, lastly, a line plying between Halifax and the West Indies. This new system of mail and passenger service will not only serve to bring the Colonies in direct touch with each other, and so enable them to become better acquainted than they at present are, but it will for a certainty give birth to an exchange of commerce greatly to their common advantage.

The patriotic Dominion Cabinet, now that Canada has the means of through communication between Europe and the distant East, is doing its utmost to promote Canadian mercantile interests in all parts of the world. It, in particular, seeks closer commercial connections with Spain; and I know, from inquiries I personally made whilst in that country, that the Spanish Government is exceedingly well-disposed in the matter. Spanish policy—thanks solely to the brilliant diplomat who represents Great Britain in Madrid—was never so English as it is now; besides,

the Spaniards are all the more favourably inclined towards the Canadians because the relations between Spain and the United States are at the present anything but cordial.

With regard to the traffic across the Atlantic, the Allan Line, which makes Quebec the port of departure in summer, and Portland, Maine, in winter, possesses for the present a very unsatisfactory monopoly.[1] The management of this line is not noted for either progress or politeness, and the Canadian public in consequence will unreservedly welcome the development of the Atlantic traffic promised by the Canadian Pacific authorities.

What class of steamers this great company will put on and where they will finally locate their Atlantic terminus time alone will show; the time, for a certainty, will not be long, for the Syndicate are men of action, carrying out with remarkable promptitude and thoroughness whatever they may have decided upon.

For the time being Halifax is the Atlantic terminus of the 'Queen's Highway'; and it was from there that I took my departure to the land of my birth at the conclusion of my journey from ocean to ocean.

As the ship glides out of the magnificent harbour,

[1] The Dominion and Beaver Steamship Companies, both well-conducted and efficient lines, are, however, doing much towards breaking down this monopoly.

my task comes to an end ; and I lay down my pen, for I have said.

But long after the coast line has disappeared from sight I look towards the land I love so well, and the waves as they break upon her shores will tell her of my love, and will not forget to whisper my ' Good-bye, and God be with you.'

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Mr. Stuart Cumberland's book, 'THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY,' is the only work extant which contains a complete description of the country through which runs the Canadian Pacific Railway; and every information appertaining to the highway across Canada to Australasia and the East, as foreshadowed in the debate in the House of Lords on April 29, will be found therein.

The following is a summarised account of this debate:—

PACIFIC MAIL SERVICE.

The Earl of Harrowby asked what course was intended to be taken by the Government respecting the proposals of the Canadian Government to estab ish a line of first-class royal mail steamers between the Pacific terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver City, and Hong-Kong, China, and Japan. The noble earl said his motion arose out of the completion of that great work, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which had probably brought about the greatest revolution in the condition of the British Empire which had occurred in our time. The people of England had not yet appreciated the enormity of a change which had brought the Pacific Ocean within 14 days of the English coast, whereas it could not be reached formerly within two or three months. The railway brought us into direct contact with the beautiful and productive territories of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, which were among the most singular and valuable possessions of the Crown. In comparing the time taken to go to Yokohama, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai by the best steamers under the new contract for 1888, he found that from England by the P. and O. route, *viâ* Suez and Brindisi, to Hong-Kong, took from 33 to 37 days, and by the Canadian Pacific Railway from 32 to 35 days; to Shanghai by the P. and O. route 37 to 42 days; by the Vancouver route 32 days; to Yokohama by the P. and O. route 41 to 45 days, by Vancouver 27 days. By the Cape, the time taken to go to Bombay was 31 days, by Vancouver 38 days; to Singapore by the Cape 32 days, by Vancouver 32 days; to Brisbane by the Cape 28 days, by Vancouver 27 days; to Fiji by the Cape 32 days, by Vancouver 27 days. Thus the route by Vancouver was, in many cases, better than the existing lines, and where it was not, it was an excellent alternative in case of difficulty or danger, as in time of war. Once this line were established the submarine telegraph would follow to the Australian Colonies, and we should not thus be left at the mercy of a hostile power for our communications in time of war. The strategical advantages of the position at Vancouver were important and undeniable. He believed that by putting armed cruisers into the hands of the Canadians in that most commanding position of Vancouver, more would be done to prevent hostile attack and convince the nations of the world that we were strong than by any other means.

The Earl of Onslow said the subject had occupied the attention of two committees, one of which had dealt with it almost entirely from the point of view of commercial and postal advantages, and the other from a strategical aspect. Since these committees had reported the subject had assumed a somewhat different aspect. A proposal had been made that the service should be monthly, and that her Majesty's Government should make a contribution of 60,000*l.* a year. Upon receipt of that communication a telegram was passed to the Canadian Government, inquiring whether they were prepared to assist in contributing to the subsidy. The Canadian Government had expressed their willingness to make some contribution from the Canadian funds, and that proposal was at the present moment under the consideration of her Majesty's Government. The Canadian and Pacific Railway management had already taken some steps to place the service in an efficient condition. He was informed that they had purchased three ships from the Cunard Company, and that the vessels were now on their way to Vancouver, with a view to being placed on service. The matter was receiving and would receive the most careful attention of her Majesty's Government, and as soon as a decision was arrived at on the subject the papers upon it would be laid on the table.

The Earl of Carnarvon would gladly accept the monthly service, in the sure hope and conviction that it would soon become a fortnightly service, for he shared entirely in the belief of his noble friend that when once the service was established commerce would grow, trade would be developed, and that the line from Vancouver to the East would at once become a source of very great wealth and power to this country. The subsidy would give us five distinct imperial and commercial advantages—first, a rapid through postal and passenger route to the East; second, the means of establishing an independent telegraphic line to the East; third, the means of rapid and cheap transport of troops and stores across the American continent to our Eastern possessions; fourth, a third, and possibly the most important, route to the East; and fifth, the provision of ships which would form part of the service at the Pacific end of the route, and which would be constructed as cruisers in accordance with the Admiralty requirements.

The Earl of Dunraven said it was clear that from a commercial and military point of view it was of the utmost importance that this route should be utilised. It was not a matter to be looked at from the narrow point of view of economy; but, at the same time, it could not be disputed that the country would get good value for its money.

Earl Granville said he looked into the matter more than a year ago, when the noble earl put a question to him as Secretary for the Colonies on the subject. The result of his careful personal investigation into the circumstances was that he came entirely to the conclusion that what the noble earl now asked was a desirable thing to do. The question was still under investigation when he left the office, and he was glad to gather from the statement of the Under-Secretary that some satisfactory arrangement was likely to be come to (hear, hear).

CHART OF THE WORLD
SHEWING
NEW ROUTE THROUGH
CANADA
BETWEEN
ENGLAND, CHINA, JAPAN,
AUSTRALASIA AND THE EAST.
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR Mr STUART CUMBERLAND'S WORK
"THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY"
FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC
INDIAN
OCEAN
SOUTH
NORTH
CHINESE
EMPIRE
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND
SAHARA

MAP OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA
DOMINION OF CANADA
HUDSONS
BAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN

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